JAN 1 0 '56

The Saturday Evening
POST
January 14, 1956 — 15¢

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JAMES CAGNEY'S OWN STORY:

I HOOFED MY WAY TO HOLLYWOOD

All Golfers Get Mad

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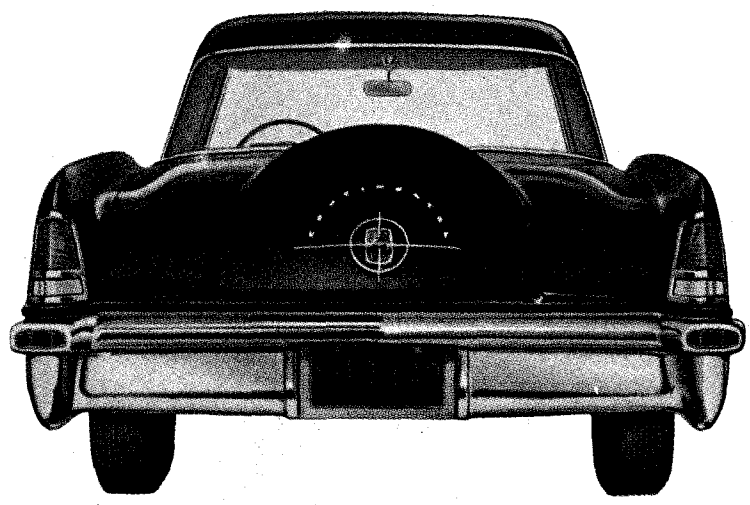


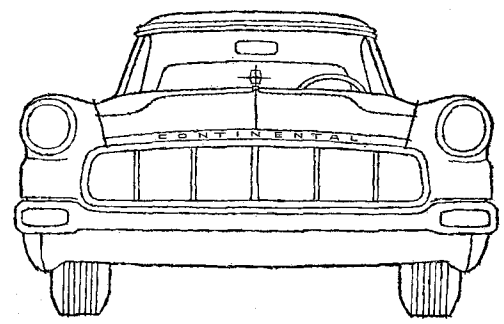
For the man who knows the secret of being inconspicuously important

There are some things you *sense*. They never have to be spelled out. Not even in a car.

Take the Continental *Mark II*, for example. It is a conservative car because of the deliberate simplicity of its styling. It is quietly dignified, yet in an excitingly dynamic way.

From the start, we have kept very much in our minds the kind of *man* in whom this kind of *car* would strike a responsive chord.

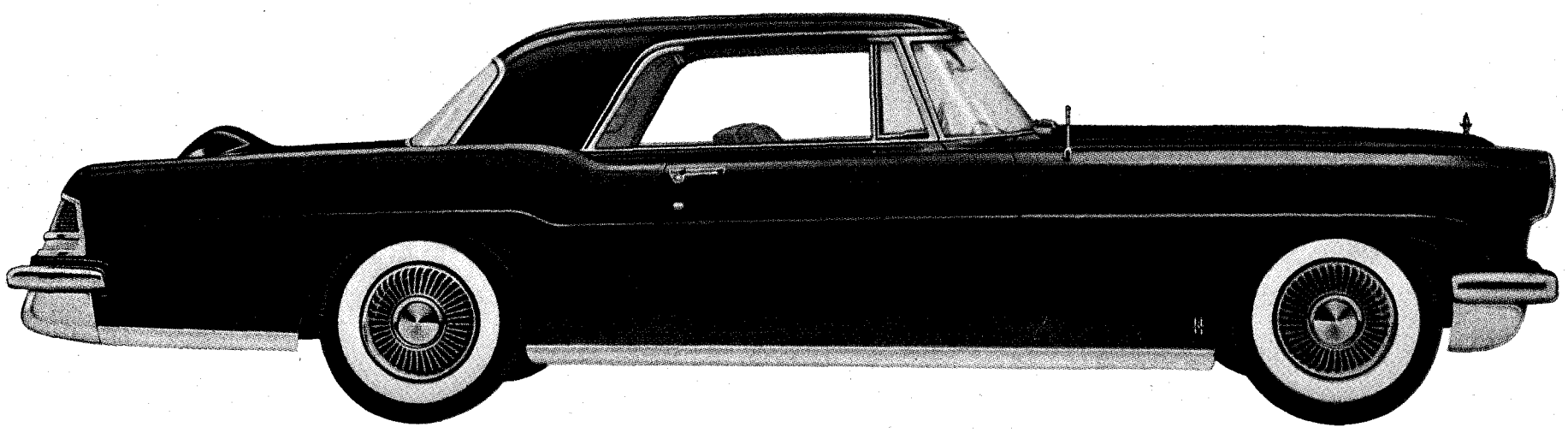
Perhaps that is why the Continental so aptly expresses, more than anything else, the subtle art of being inconspicuously important.



Continental

Mark II

Continental Division • Ford Motor Company



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LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH 4 TIMES BETTER THAN ANY TOOTH PASTE!

LISTERINE CLINICALLY PROVED FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN ANY TOOTH PASTE
BAD BREATH WAS REDUCED THIS MUCH BY LISTERINE
BAD BREATH WAS REDUCED THIS MUCH BY TOOTH PASTE
BAD BREATH WAS REDUCED THIS MUCH BY LISTERINE
BAD BREATH WAS REDUCED THIS MUCH BY TOOTH PASTE
NO SIGNIFICANT REDUCTION
1 HR. AFTER USING
4 HRS. AFTER USING

Germs are the major cause of bad breath—and no tooth paste kills germs like Listerine . . . instantly, by millions

The most common cause of bad breath is the fermentation of proteins which are always present in your mouth. Germs in your mouth attack proteins, cause them to ferment, and bad breath results. So, the more you reduce germs in the mouth, the longer your breath stays sweeter.

Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions!

Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions on contact . . . instantly halts the fermentation which they cause. Fifteen minutes after gargling with Listerine, tests showed that germs on tooth, mouth and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%; one hour afterward as much as 80%. That explains why in clinical tests Listerine averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than the tooth pastes it was tested against.

Listerine Antiseptic acts on many surfaces

You see, tooth paste depends largely on mechanical and masking methods of removing unpleasant mouth odors. But Listerine acts antiseptically on many surfaces . . . the teeth, mouth, throat. It kills disease-producing germs as well as many types of odor-producing germs. No tooth paste offers proof like this of killing germs that cause bad breath.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC... THE MOST WIDELY USED ANTISEPTIC IN THE WORLD

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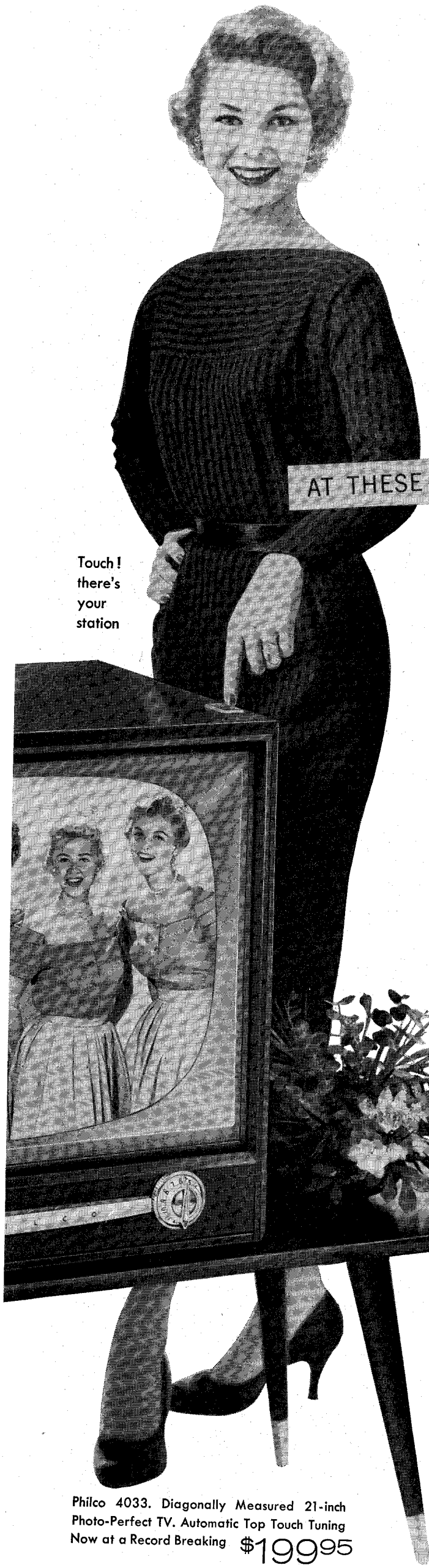
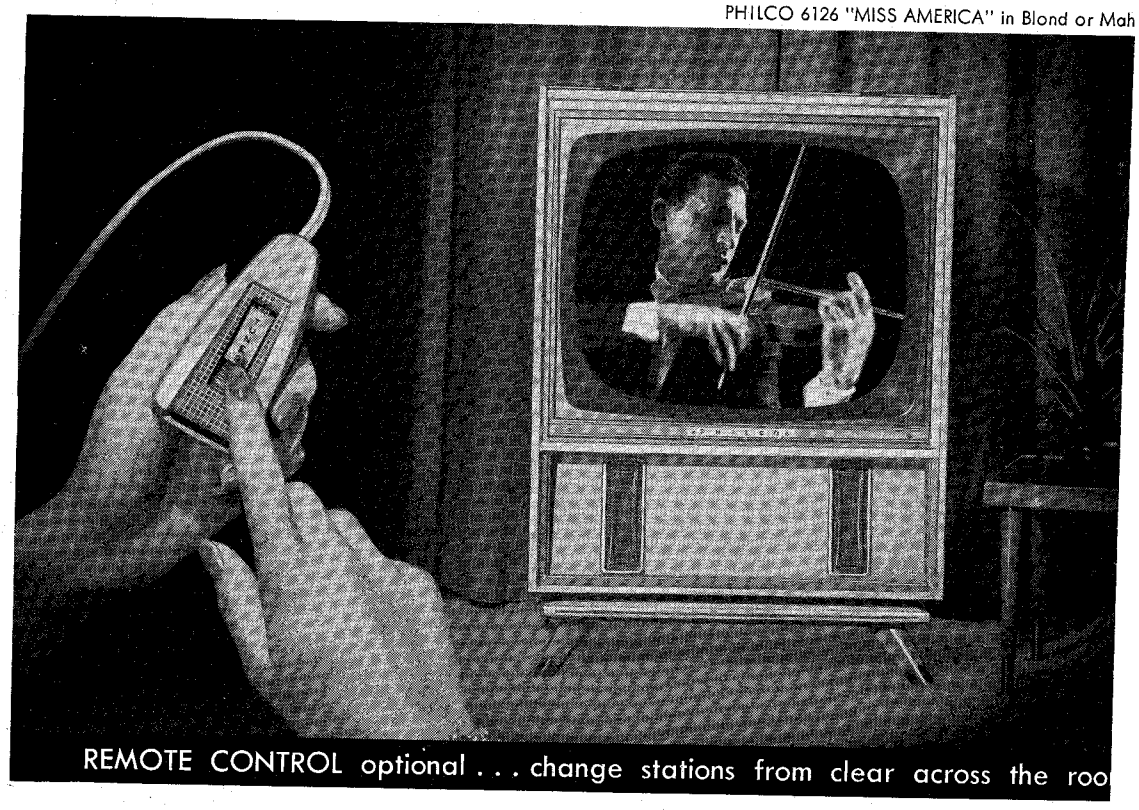


Touch! there's your station

Philco 4033. Diagonally Measured 21-inch Photo-Perfect TV. Automatic Top Touch Tuning Now at a Record Breaking $199.95

PHILCO 6126 "MISS AMERICA" in Blond or Mah



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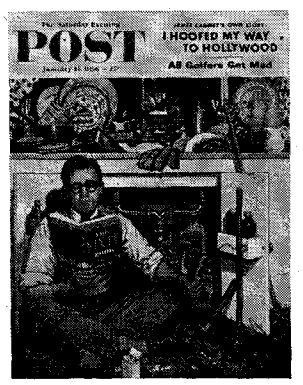

THE COVER

Steve Dohanos portrays Mr. Piper, a somewhat handy man. When that sink got a frog in its throat, Mr. P. simply could have phoned the plumber; but no, he'd rather take it all apart, and if it leaks when and if he gets it together, his wife can phone the plumber. As housewives know, the urge which househusbands have to fix things is habit-forming, like strong likker; time, food, sleep, loved ones—all are forgotten in the fever of lost week ends. Yet this keeps men out of mischief, such as poker and golf. And it does bring them the craftsman's creative glow, for all men except carpenters and plumbers are frustrated carpenters and plumbers. When a fixer has repaired an antique table, how his eyes shine, whether or not all four of its legs touch the floor at the same time.

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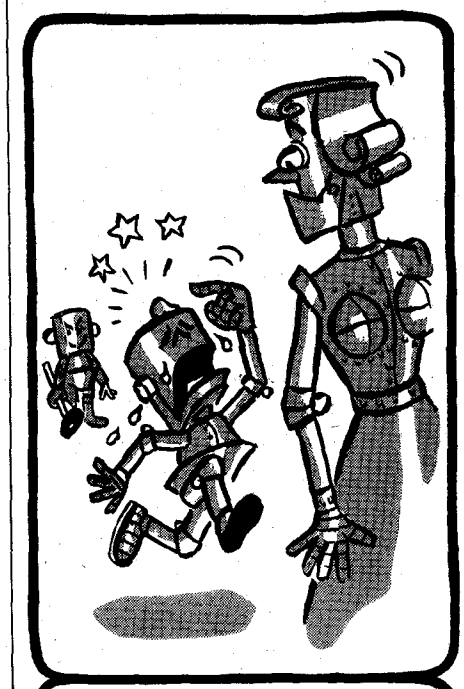

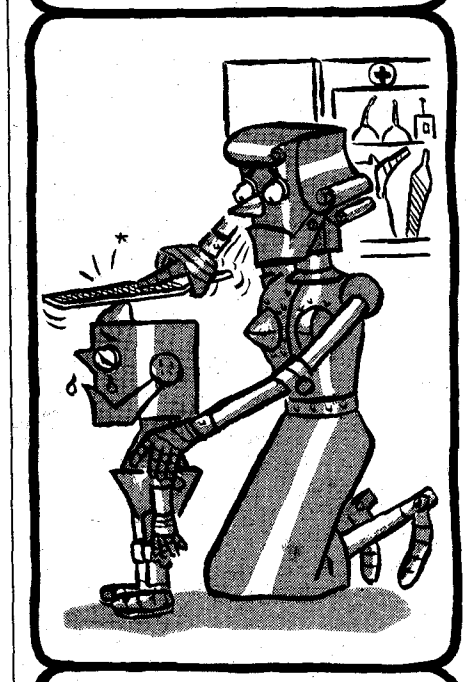

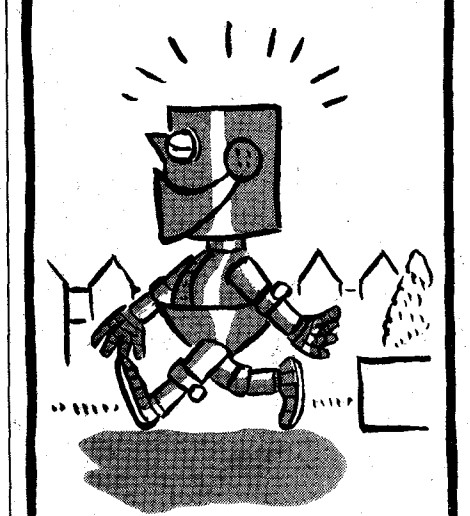

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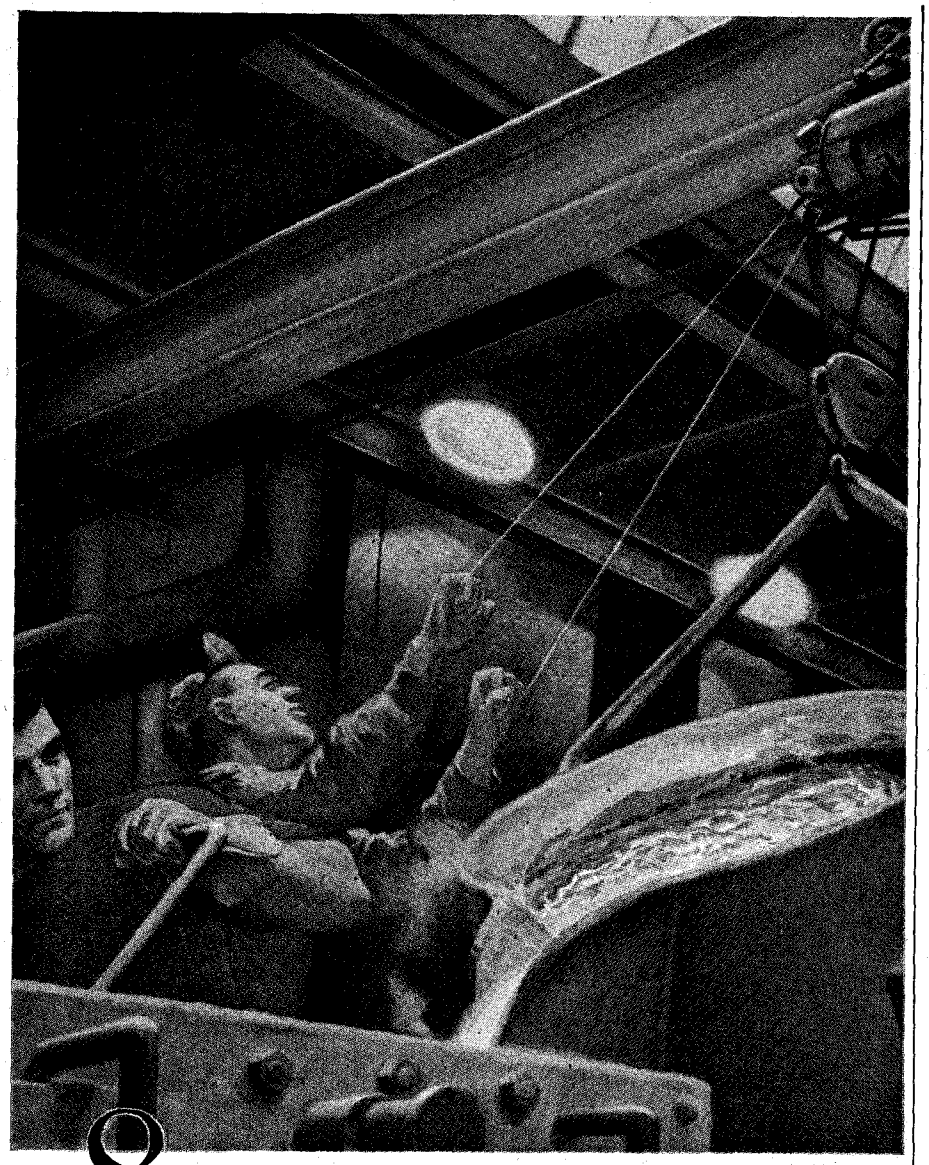

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Letters

Godfrey and Ex-Friends

Dear Sirs:

Godfrey really makes a petulant chump of himself in the Dec. 10th issue [Sixth of eight installments, THIS IS MY STORY, by Arthur Godfrey, as told to Pete Martin]. . . . Paternal Arthur tips his mitt in every paragraph, and the use of the word "sass" [in reference to Julius LaRosa] is the last straw. . . .

HELEN HUGHES
Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Good for you, Arthur. You have shown that you are a man, not a mouse. . . .

MRS. J. DUNCAN
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Pete Martin never could have grumbled that the Duchess of Windsor couldn't be turned into Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. He's made a perfectly dandy Tom Swift—All American Boy out of that Godfrey lad.

MRS. DEE SMALL
Marblehead, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

After reading Arthur Godfrey's story I am convinced he must be an extremely difficult man to work for. . . .

MRS. C. B. FISCHER
Freeport, L.I., N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

If Arthur Godfrey's explanations are true, he was "took" all right, and that is what gripes him so much. Imagine the all-knowing Godfrey being "took"!!!

HELEN HODDER
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

. . . According to his own statements, Arthur Godfrey has always been a jerk. He's just become a more famous jerk lately. . . .

When Marion Marlowe was appearing at a plush night spot in New York (famous throughout the country), he pretended not to know the name of it in his daily harangues. He was sniping at her on the air long before that engagement. He seems to enjoy humiliating people in public, never realizing that he's only cheapening himself. . . .

MRS. A. D. ANDERSON
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

I have always fought a lone battle with my family on the subject of Arthur Godfrey. Now, whenever I am challenged for proof to overthrow their criticism, I can give them my eight issues of the Post and say, "Here is the *real* story—written by a *real* man."

VIRGINIA HARRIS
Greenville, S.C.

Dear Sirs:

. . . The chapter concerning his former "Friends" merely confirms my suspicions, that press agents can make or break anybody—that is, anybody but Arthur the Great—who will go on as long as he cares to—amusing us, advising us and charming us.

MRS. JOHN P. MALONEY
Smithtown, L.I., N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

. . . We have the deepest respect and admiration for Mr. Godfrey and bought $1195.75 worth of Frigidaire appliances last year to prove that we believe in Arthur's sincerity where "his" products are concerned; to us, when Arthur says: "I know it's good" it's the seal of approval and if we need it we'll give it preference over *any* other brand. . . .

MRS. ANTHONY A. FIRLEY
Jacksonville, Fla.

Apple Polisher

Dear Sirs:

Please accept my congratulations on your December 10th cover.

Artist Dick Sargent's boy is the most fetching apple-polisher of the year.

C. W. BRADY
Fairfax, Va.

Dear Sirs:

. . . While I am not an art critic, I think this cover belongs among the Masters.

ANDREW HILEMAN
Smethport, Pa.

Hospital Tale

Dear Sirs:

THE PATIENT IN ONE-SIXTEEN by Ronald Sercombe (Dec. 10) is one of the most touching and beautiful stories I have ever read . . . a gem of technical perfection, with keenest heart appeal. . . .

JOHN E. PEMBER
Roxbury, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Shame and double shame on the editors . . . for printing such a hackneyed vulgarism as "the man upstairs" in the story by Ronald Sercombe. . . .

What's wrong with calling God by His name?

I hope The Man Up There boots your editor and Mr. Sercombe into the arms of The Man Down There!

MRS. EDWARD G. SCHARF
Chevy Chase, Md.

● *Mrs. Scharf, you shock us!—ED.*

Blind Trouble Shooter

Dear Sirs:

HE'S BLIND, BUT HE'S A WIZARD by Ben Pearse, Dec. 10, is excellent . . . makes my heart feel good to learn that private industry is doing so much to help the physically handicapped. . . .

I am one of many employed by the State Highway Department of Ohio with a physical

(Continued on Page 6)

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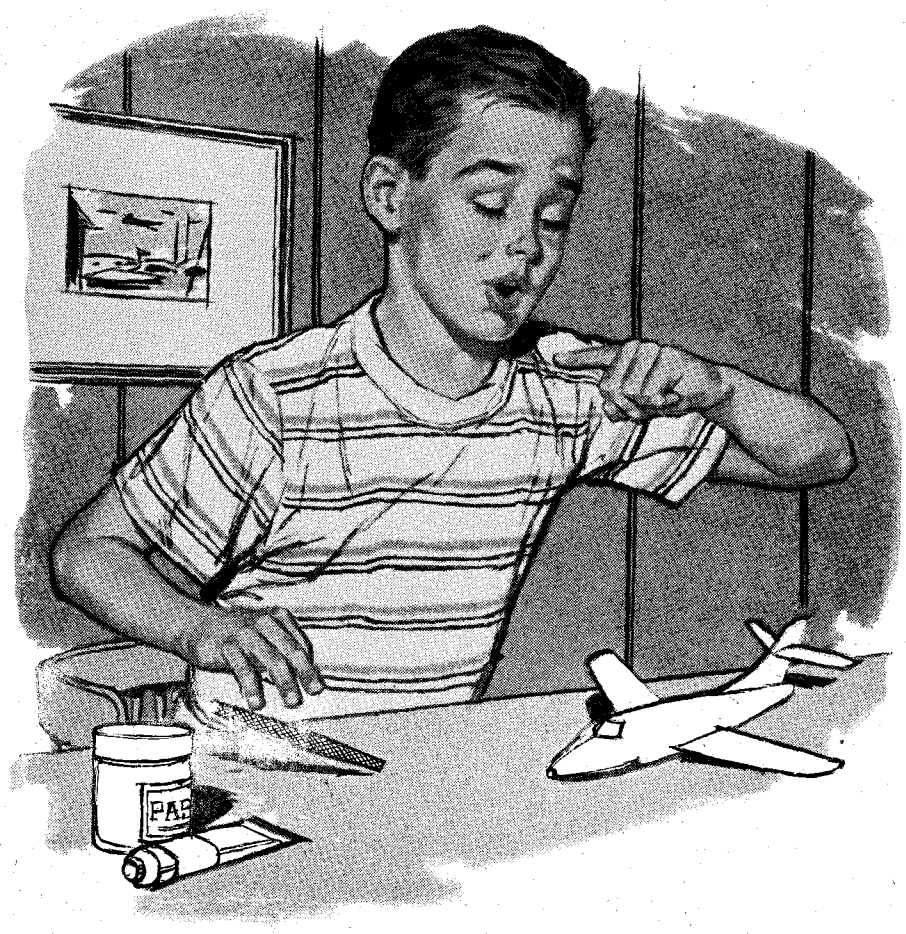

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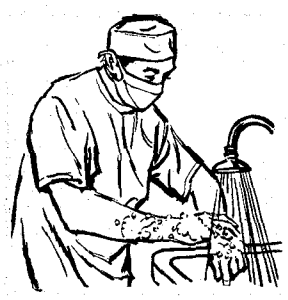
Cuts and scratches are bound to happen . . . yet, when they do, it's always a minor tragedy to the youngster involved. So don't add to his pain by using an old-fashioned, "sting and stain" antiseptic. Soothing BACTINE does the germ-killing job and does it in a gentle, soothing way that children like. BACTINE is a fresh-smelling, crystal-clear liquid that will not stain skin or clothing. Try BACTINE . . . an exclusive formula of MILES LABORATORIES, INC., makers of ALKA-SELTZER.

At all Drug Stores . . . 3 convenient sizes



KILLS GERMS ON CONTACT

Tests prove BACTINE can disinfect hands as effectively as a surgical scrub used before an operation. A standard surgical scrub is a 7-minute soap-and-water scrub, plus a one-minute soak in alcohol.

MILES LABORATORIES, INC. • ELKHART, INDIANA

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

handicap. It pays dividends to those who hire the handicapped.

JOHN BEACH
Bowling Green, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Oh, for goodness' sake! You forgot to give Irvin Hershowitz's own amateur call-sign. It's W 3 H Q G.

R. V. ANDERSON (W3NL)
Washington, D.C.

Twins, Twins, Twins

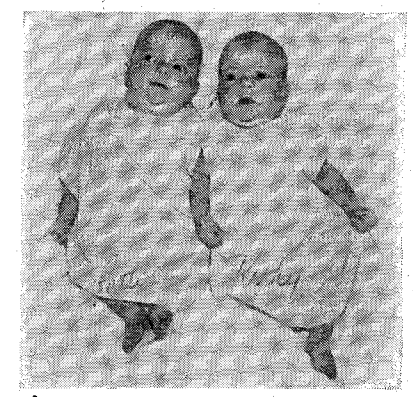
Dear Sirs:

I'm afraid Harry Bell's story in the SEP on Dec. 10, . . . THEN WE HAD TWINS, would frighten all prospective mothers of twins. Such a job he makes of it! We had two sets of twins in two years. We're hoping for a third set! Besides our twins, we also have three other children.

MRS. RUSSELL E. PETERSON
Harvey, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Ours is an identical story . . . except that it took place exactly two months later, August 15, 1955, at St. Luke's Hospital in Pasadena. From the rush to beat



the five-week-early stork to the assembly-line feeding routines we are in complete agreement . . . we were blessed with girls, Kathleen Mary and Patrice Eileen. . . .

MRS. RICHARD PENN
San Gabriel, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

. . . If we didn't know better we could swear [Harry Bell's] story was our very

own. We, too, have a five-year-old, Nancy, adopted by my husband (my child by a former marriage) and she turned into a most radical tyrant. . . . Our twins were preemies, also. . . .

MRS. ROBERT LOUSIGNAU
Detroit, Mich.

Men of History

Dear Sirs:

That editorial by Paul Jones (Dec. 10), HUMAN HISTORY IS MADE BY MEN, NOT "TRENDS" contained a lot of meat.

History has too often been written by long-haired highbrows without a trace of

humor whose one purpose seems to be to extract the last iota of human interest from the narrative.

The English conquest of New Amsterdam in 1664 certainly would not have made as good reading without Peter Stuyvesant's peg-leg stomping through it.

PAUL BAILEY
Former President
Suffolk County Historical Society
Amityville, New York

Religion in Russia

Dear Sirs:

Representing the official journal of Missouri Baptists with a 405,000 constituency, please let me express my appreciation for your very fine article I WENT PREACHING THROUGH RUSSIA [by V. Carney Hargroves, D.D., Dec. 10]. . . .

H. H. MC GINTY
Editor, The Word and Way
Jefferson City, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I immediately went out and bought a dozen copies and presented them to some of my benighted friends who do not regularly read the Post.

J. WINSTON PEARCE
Minister, Seventh Baptist Church
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sirs:

. . . [The article] carries a powerful message, we feel . . . our pastor mentioned your article in his sermon last Sunday and recommended that we all obtain a copy.

LOGAN FOWLER
El Cerrito, Cal.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

17, 18, 19–Margery Lewis. • 20, 21–Mac Conner. • 22, 23–Gene Lester. • 24–John Fernie. • 25–Wide World, International, Wide World. • 26–Colorado State Patrol, Pat Coffey. • 27–U.S. Forest Service, two from International. • 28, 29–Arthur Lidov. 30–Sisouphan (CARE), two by Yale Richmond (CARE). • 31–Harry Schaare. • 32–Warner Bros., two from Penguin; Culver. • 33–Warner Bros., Larry Keighley. • 34, 35–Ivan Dmitri. • 36, 37–Robert Meyers. • 41–James R. Bingham. • 43–Bill Shrout. • 45–Anonymous. • 92–Gene Lester, Larry Keighley, two anonymous; John R. Wells.

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Now you can make living longer more enjoyable!

Your later years can be your fullest years when you receive a lifetime retirement income provided by New York Life's low premium Whole Life insurance.

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Economies made possible by Whole Life's minimum face amount of $10,000 are passed on to you in low premiums. So you can probably afford more Whole Life insurance than the $10,000 minimum in order to increase both family protection and retirement income.

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Please send me, without any obligation, full information on your new Whole Life insurance coverage. Also please send me your booklet, "A Man and His Dream."

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NEW STORY OF MILK BEING WRITTEN BY AMERICAN DAIRYMEN

Milk drinkers nearly everywhere are witnessing today an amazing record of modern dairy service . . . featuring availability and convenience never before experienced!

Millions of dairy farmers, 25,000 dairy owners and their plant employees, and 100,000 friendly milkmen begin before dawn each day to see that our daily milk supply reaches us without fail . . . at the store or right to our door!

SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED, TOO! OVER HALF OF ALL BOTTLED MILK IS NOW IN PAPER CARTONS . . . AND MOST OF IT IS IN THE PURE-PAK CARTON PICTURED ABOVE . . . THAT "POURS LIKE A PITCHER."

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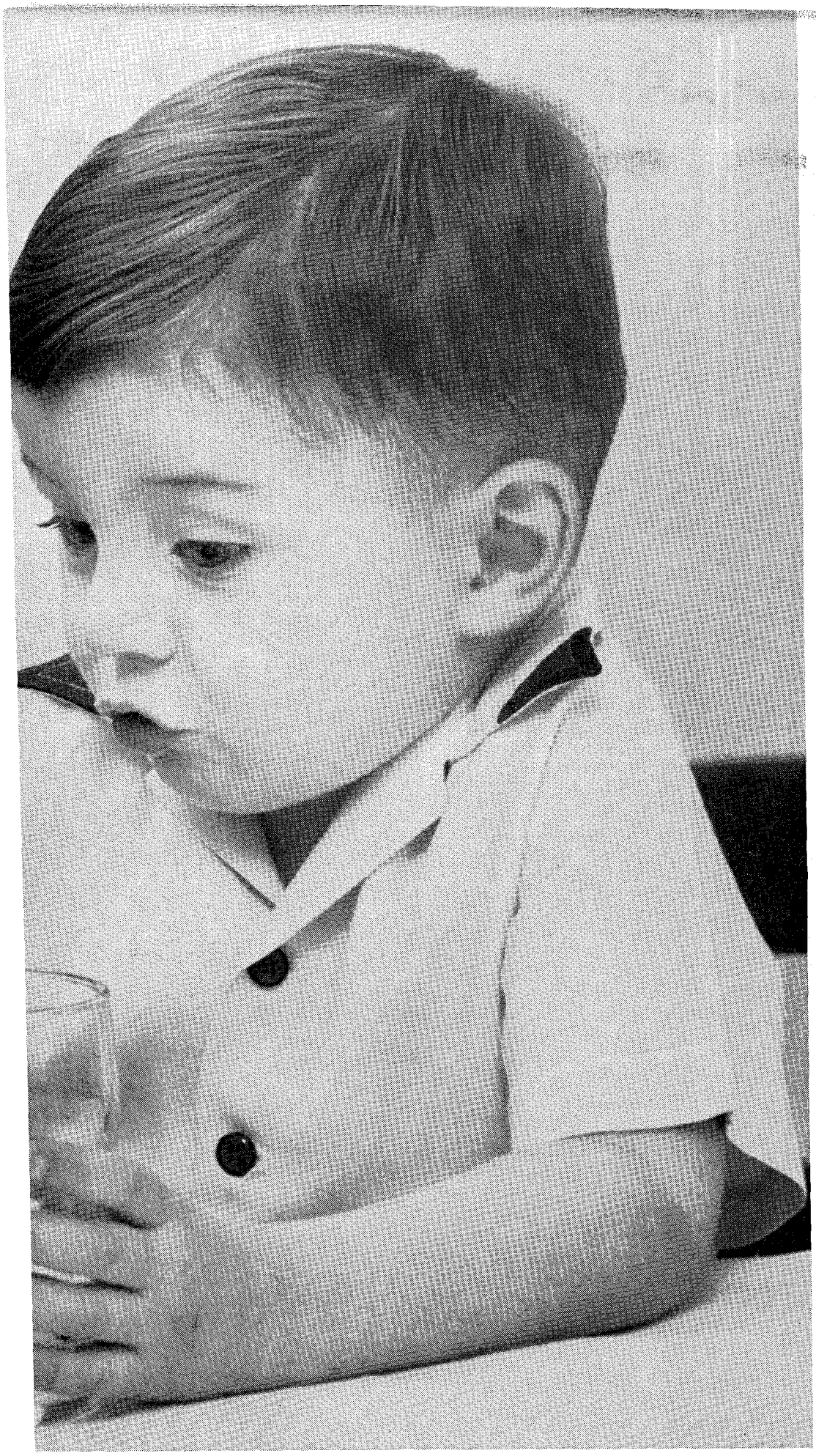
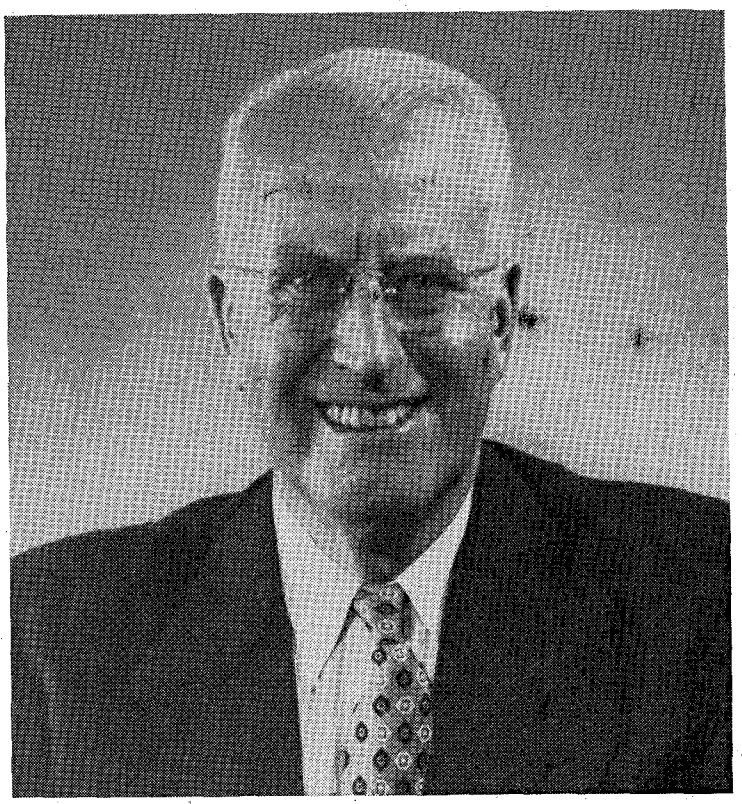
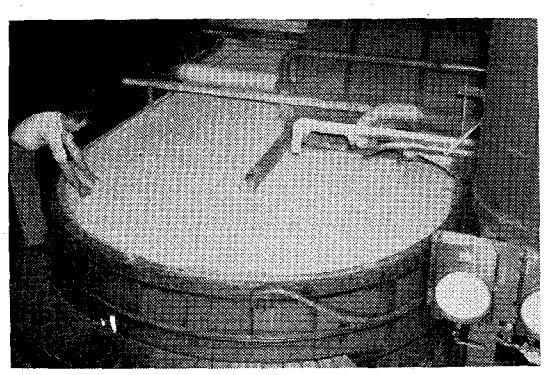


Dairies all over the country now offer home-delivered milk in Pure-Pak disposable cartons. For names of dairies serving your community, call Western Union Operator 25.

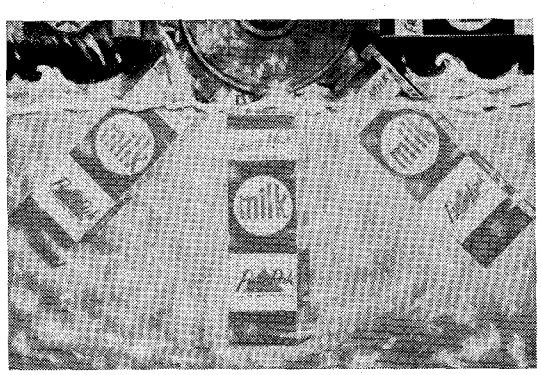


"All milk distributed by Southern Dairies, Inc. in the Southeastern part of the United States is packaged 100% in paper cartons, and has been since 1954," says W. S. Obenshain, President of Southern Dairies, Inc., Charlotte, N. C.

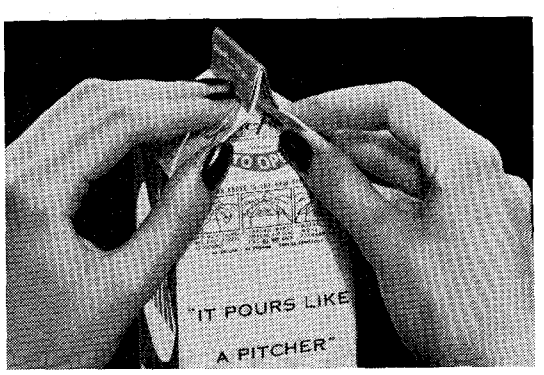
MILK IN PURE-PAK MEANS A FRESH CONTAINER EVERY TIME... WITH UNSURPASSED CONTAINER CLEANLINESS... FROM VIRGIN PINE FORESTS TO YOUR VERY OWN TABLE!



Pure-Pak cartons begin with virgin timber, grown like crops, and made into paper . . . in water so clean you could drink it!



Cartons are immersed in pure, hot paraffin just seconds before being filled with milk . . . an exclusive Pure-Pak sterilizing feature!



Exclusive tamperproof seal protects pouring spout and cannot be accidentally flipped open . . . extra protection for your family's health!

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Editorials

"Freedom of Travel" Isn't for Red Agents

Perhaps the most important objective in the Communist effort to break down the United States security system is the passport office of the State Department. Our regulations deny passports to "persons, who are members of the Communist Party," or who "engage in activities to support the Communist movement," or of whom there is reason to believe that "they are going abroad to engage in activities which will advance the Communist movement."

This is naturally an inconvenience to the Communist conspirators, who, true to form, are spewing forth a dense propaganda smoke screen designed to persuade the American people that the State Department is under the domination of reactionaries and "McCarthyites" whose purpose is to prevent "liberal" scientists, economists and sweet singers from going abroad.

Actually, the number of would-be travelers who have been refused passports is very small. In the first ten months of 1955, a total of 478,059 applications had been received and 473,703 passports issued. Thus there were 4356 persons who did not get passports. Of these, about 3900 failed to complete application forms, which were returned for further information. This leaves 456 actual rejections. Some of the unsuccessful applicants were insane, others had a record of discreditable conduct, such as passing bad checks abroad or making it necessary for Uncle Sam to bail them out. Still others were habitual criminals.

The number turned down under the regulation denying passports to Communists or fellow travelers during this period of almost a year was thirteen! So as far as numbers go, it does not appear that the State Department is carrying on a vendetta against liberals or intellectuals. In any event, the actions of the department in this regard are not a caprice of John Foster Dulles or his minions, but are stipulated in an executive order issued in 1951 during the incumbency of former Secretary of State Dean Acheson.

The right of the State Department to regulate the issuance of passports in general has not been seriously challenged. But Judge Luther Youngdahl, of the Federal District Court for the District of Columbia, has asserted that, to comply with "due process," the State Department must support its denial of a passport with "all evidence upon which the office may rely for its decision." His Honor mentioned the harm done by "the secret informer and the faceless talebearer whose identity and testimony remain locked in confidential files." This is about how any American would react to use of "informers" if he knew nothing of how the Communist apparatus operates.

But if the identity of those who expose Red applicants for passports must be revealed, the best way to get a passport would be to become a Communist secret agent! For the State Department insists that it cannot disclose the source of its information regarding the activities of Communist conspirators without smashing whatever defense we have against the Red conspiracy. The phrase "secret informer and faceless talebearer" in Judge Youngdahl's decision suggests busybodies who write poison-pen letters. Usually these "informers" are carefully trained FBI agents who have infiltrated the Communist apparatus and enable the Government to keep a check on what the Communist Party is up to. When the identity of these men is disclosed, their usefulness is at an end.

The destruction of this security apparatus is the real objective of many Communists who apply for passports. They have no intention of going abroad, but they hope to force disclosure by the State Department of the names of our secret counteragents. In recent months a considerable increase in passport applications by the Red brethren has been noted. Even if the passport authorities cannot be blackmailed into exposing our undercover men, the Reds hope to embarrass the Government by constant hue and cry over new "outrages."

Undoubtedly there is a problem—for security officers, judges and ordinary citizens in their thinking—how to square our traditional American jealousy of infringements on human freedom and our distrust of "informers" with the necessity to protect this country from an active conspiracy to destroy every freedom. But surely "freedom to travel" is not compromised by regulations necessary for national safety—any more than freedom to drive a car down Main Street is violated by regulations which attempt to keep automobiles out of the hands of morons and homicidal maniacs.

Anyway, it is time to think of the subject in terms of what is going on, and not be misled by the Communist effort to call the whole nation to arms whenever a Communist or a dupe thereof is denied a passport.

DUFFY'S CARTOON

Up for Adoption.

What's Wrong With the Way We Pick Vice-Presidents?

It was perhaps natural that anxiety over President Eisenhower's illness should inspire some questioning of the process by which Vice-Presidents are nominated and of their assigned role in the Federal Government. But some of the changes suggested were impractical, to say the least.

In our first four presidential elections, the loser in the contest for the White House became the Vice-President. This worked all right as long as John Adams, a kindred spirit, was Washington's second in command. But the coupling of Adams with Jefferson, and later of Jefferson with Aaron Burr, demonstrated the inherent flaw in the system, which was changed by constitutional amendment in 1804. Since that time, Vice-Presidents have always been of the same party as the President and presumably politically compatible with their chiefs.

In debating the 12th Amendment, before submitting it for ratification, the Senate even considered abolishing the vice-presidency. If he was to be the fifth wheel of a coach, why keep him at all? The decision was to retain the Vice-President. He has no fixed duties, other than to preside over the Senate, which he may or may not do, as he chooses, except in form. His role, therefore, is that of an understudy, ready in the wings. The very fact that, if he goes to the White House, he leaves no void anywhere else in the Government may be an asset rather than a liability.

This is not to say that a young and active

(Continued on Page 12)

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FRANCO-AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK OWNED BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Spaghetti Sauce—for all the world like Italians make!

Rich, red and hearty—with lots of meat

YOU SHOULD SEE all the good ingredients *that go into this great* FRANCO-AMERICAN Spaghetti Sauce with Meat.

The meat we use is the kind *you* would buy—tender, fine-quality beef. The tomatoes are vine-ripened beauties. The onions, celery, spices, parsley—*all* of the fourteen ingredients—are carefully chosen and lovingly cooked.

That's why this good Franco-American Spaghetti Sauce has the slow-cooked flavor of the real Italian kind.

Of course, given a couple of hours, *you* could make a sauce like this yourself. But why should you, when you can have Franco-American in 3 or 4 minutes! So tonight, why don't you cook up a batch of *your* spaghetti, smother it with *our* sauce—and enjoy yourself!

And now Franco-American Spaghetti Sauce with all that meat is at a new low price—about 7¢ a serving.

Spaghetti Sauce with Meat

by *Franco-American*

NEW! *Try this one, too! It's meatless Spaghetti Sauce with Mushrooms!*

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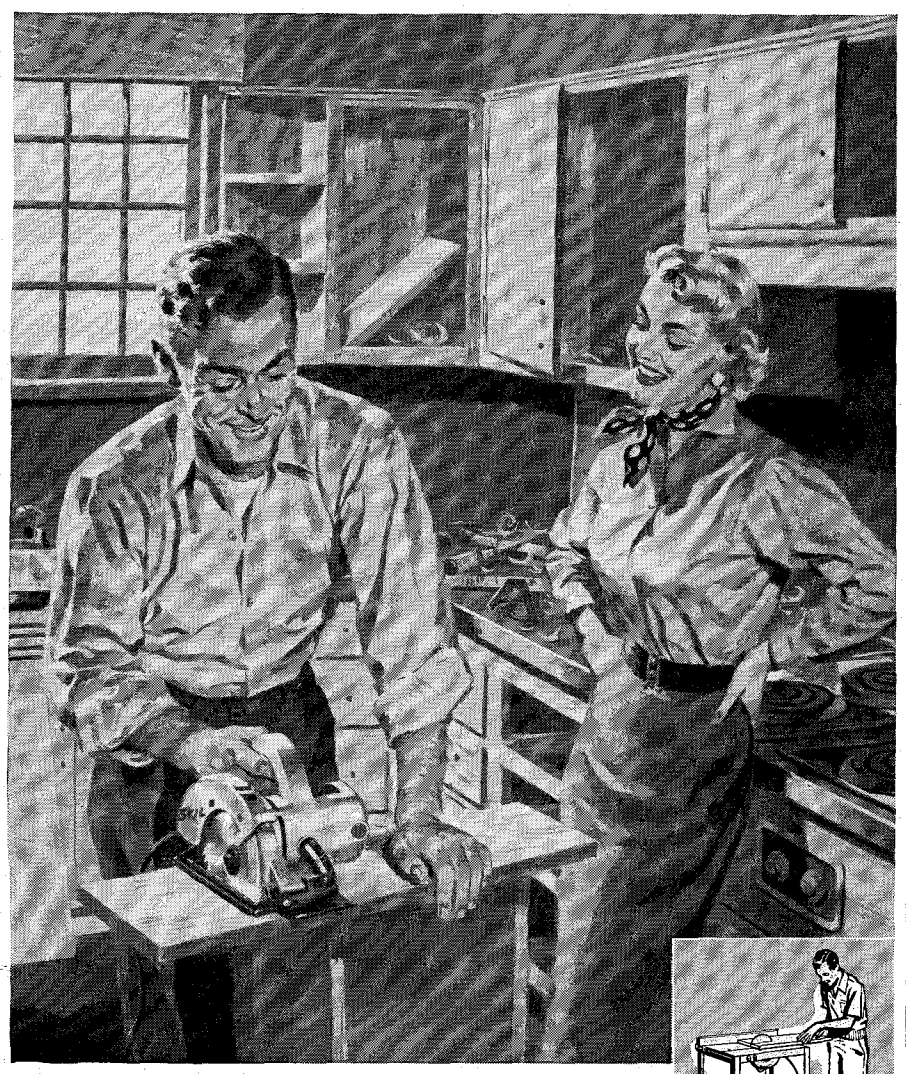
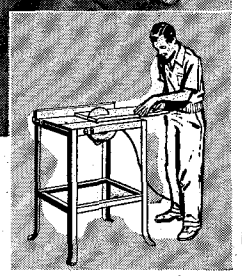
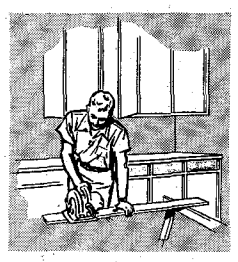
It Becomes Something Special to Her Because You Built It Yourself





Convert SKIL to a tilting arbor table saw with optional SKIL table. $39.95



Make cabinets, cupboards, closets easy weekend projects with SKIL Saw!

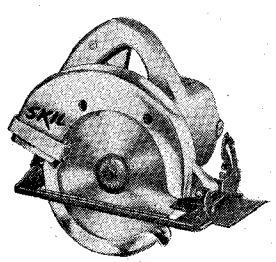
Extra rooms, extra storage spaces, are easy to build with SKIL Saw!

SKIL Helps Any Man Become an Expert Craftsman and Woodworker

Have you ever known the thrill of building something with your own hands? Watched your family glow with pride over your skill? It's a thrill to remember. And you can make it yours with the help of SKIL Saw—even if you've no special talent for carpentry.

SKIL Saw makes easy fun of building! This saw is so simple and safe to operate, even a boy can handle it. And yet it has plenty of power plus the features of big saws. The minute you pick up SKIL, you're ready to bevel, miter and rip lumber. Mounted in its accessory table, SKIL Saw becomes a precision, tilting arbor table saw for accurate cabinet work.

Model 526 SKIL Saw—Only $49.95



Use it in a hundred ways. To cut through plywood, sheathing, siding, even stone or metals. Lightweight and easy to handle. Built-in bevel and depth adjustment for accurate cutting. *Safer*—automatic blade guard and trigger type switch. *Rugged* powerful motor, sturdy die-cast aluminum housing.

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Send for Valuable SKIL Chart 105. Shows You How to Build Kitchen Cabinets. Only 10¢.

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I enclose 10¢ for SKIL Chart 105, that tells how to modernize kitchens by making built-in cabinets.

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Editorials (Continued from Page 10)

Vice-President, like Mr. Nixon, cannot make himself useful in a hundred ways, as he does. But to talk about splitting the constitutional powers of the presidency, in effect creating a kind of duumvirate, makes little sense.

It is obvious that much of the public alarm expressed was worked up by people who do not like Mr. Nixon. That is hardly a sound basis on which to alter the constitutional frame of government. Seven times in our history the transfer of the Chief Executive's powers has been made without question and without popular agitation. That means a lot.

During the election year of 1796, Jefferson wrote Madison concerning the vice-presidency. "It is the only office in the world," he said, "about which I am unable to decide in my own mind whether I would rather have it than not have it." He thought it "honorable and easy," a "tranquil and unoffending station," which would afford him "philosophical evenings in the winter, and rural days in summer."

At the worst estimate, the Vice-President is a stand-in, but the most important stand-in it is possible to imagine. And the abilities developed and the record made in office by those VP's who have moved into the White House will stand comparison with the records of the elected Presidents whom they succeeded.

We Were a Little Too Coy About Outer Mongolia

The farcical result of last month's maneuvering in the United Nations over the lamentable "package deal" by means of which eighteen new members, including five communist satellites, were to have been taken into the lodge makes it look as if the United States delegate might just as well have voted his principles in the first place. As it was, the State Department, and even the White House, put the heat on Chiang Kai-shek and the Chinese Nationalist delegate at the U.N. not to veto the application of Red satellite Outer Mongolia. All concerned admitted that the admission of Outer Mongolia was against the terms of the U.N. Charter and that "package deals" were frowned upon by the Court of International Justice, which, in an advisory opinion handed down on May 28, 1948, declared that "every application for admission should be examined and voted on separately and on its own merits." Outer Mongolia is considerably less qualified for admission to the U.N. as a "sovereign state" than is Texas.

Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge denounced the package deal in ringing terms. But for various reasons—the basic one being that the Soviet Union had threatened to veto the "good" applicants unless U.N. accepted the Red stooges—we attempted to persuade the Chinese to lay off and let the deal go through. Obviously no Chinese politician could face his public after voting to concede the "sovereignty" of territory which China still claims as its own, and Doctor Tsiang cast the adverse vote against Outer Mongolia. The U.S.A. gloriously "abstained." The Soviet delegate promptly vetoed all of the noncommunist applications.

Then, when, according to U.N. reporters, everybody was "stunned" and "stricken" by this awful event, the Soviet delegate suddenly reversed his field and, to the consternation of all, accepted a deal by which all the candidates got the O.K. except Outer Mongolia and Japan.

This leaves the U.S.A. in a splendid posture to be blackmailed all over again, with Japan as the pawn. Japan, of course, is the Asiatic country we most want in the U.N., and the Kremlin, understanding this, can be counted on to insist that to get Japan we shall have to accept Outer Mongolia or maybe even Red China itself. When and if that issue arises, we shall have to make our decision on principle, for there seems to be no remaining out on the basis of expediency. If we do not want the U.N. to become a communist drop-house, we shall have to pick up our principles off the floor and act on them, come what may.

Whatever we do, the "uncommitted millions" will be told that it is all our fault. The Soviet delegate, Doctor Sobolev, couldn't have taken a dimmer view of the United States if we had had the courage to stand by the plain terms of the U.N. Charter from the beginning and "veto" all the Red satellites.

Strangely enough, one still hears echoes of the discreditable proposal that the Nationalist Chinese should be thrown out of the United Nations for the crime of opposing a deal which nobody had the effrontery to defend on its merits. Walter Lippmann, for example, wrote exultingly that Chiang Kai-shek's "days as the representative of China in the Security Council were numbered anyway"—apparently because his veto of the package deal indicated callous "disregard of the feelings of the whole United Nations." If it is possible that a country can be bounced out of U.N. for embarrassing its fellow members in a phony piece of business, then it seems to us that the days of the United Nations, as the upholder of international law and morality, will surely be numbered, and ought to be.

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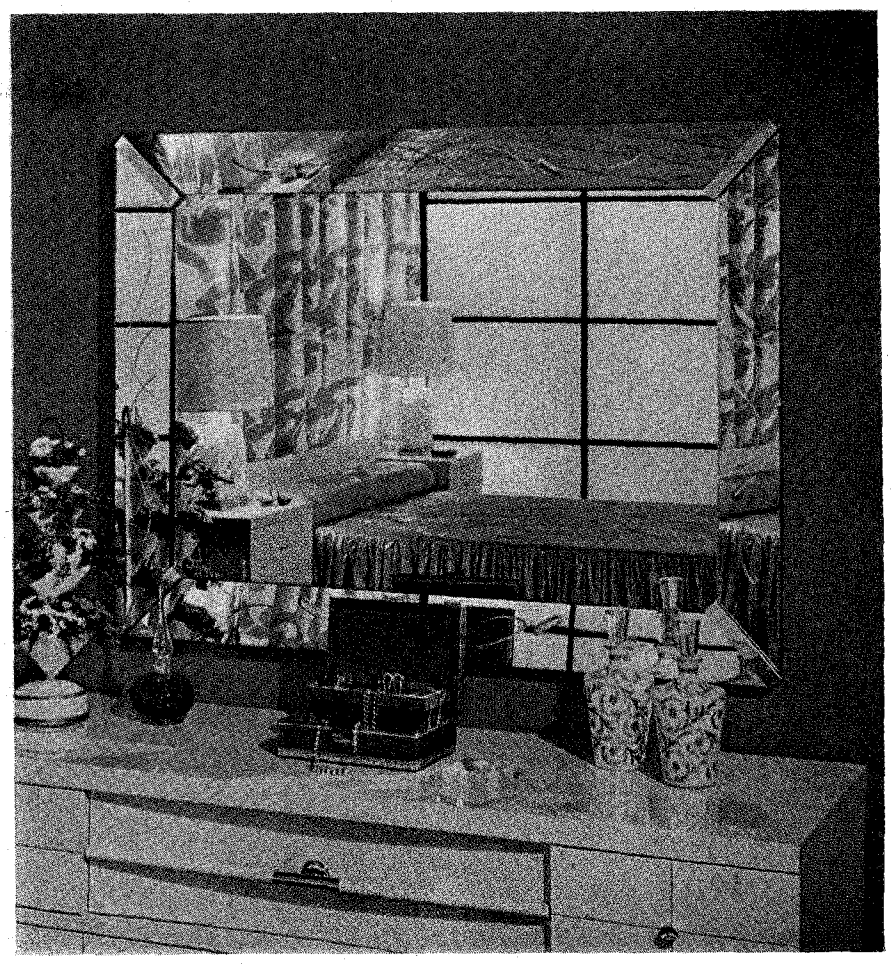
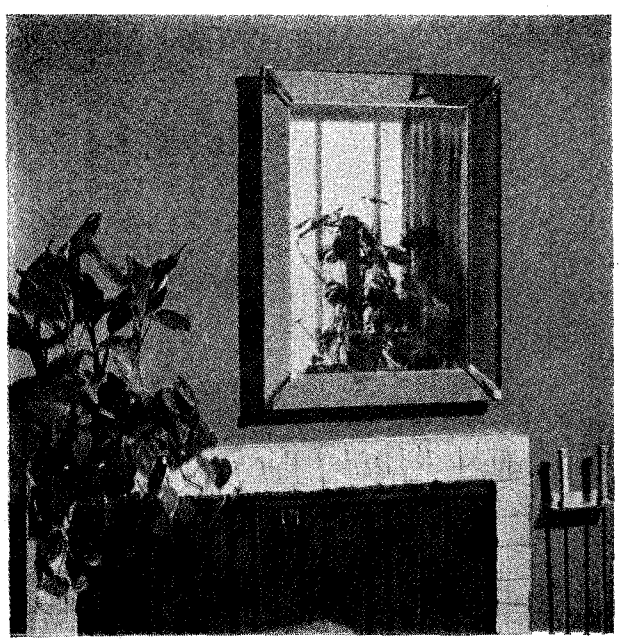
IN THE DINING ROOM, this ready-to-hang mirror, with its clean lines and modern frame, adds a note of excitement. And the plate glass server top both protects and beautifies.



HERE'S A SHADOW BOX mirror with delicate figurations which is a perfect complement to this bedroom's furnishings. The room looks larger, lighter, smarter, thanks to its mirror.



FOR THE UNUSUAL, this positioning of a shadow box mirror off-center of the fireplace is an ingenious touch, proving especially effective when used with the balancing greenery nearby.

THIS THREE-PANELED venetian-type mirror expresses a bright sophistication in room decoration—a sophistication in harmony with the feeling of this modern living room.

How to wake up your home with decorative plate glass mirrors

IN THE HALL or entrance-way of your home, you will find an attractively framed, ready-to-hang mirror like this one a real convenience for yourself and guests.

When you decorate your rooms with ready-to-hang mirrors of Pittsburgh Plate Glass, you achieve . . . at reasonable cost . . . a new feeling of excitement, spaciousness, and luxury. And, as you can see from the few shown here, you have a wide choice of attractive mirror styles—plain or decorated, framed or unframed—to fit any décor.

Why not bring this mirror magic into full play in every room in your home? You will find it the most effective decorating idea yet. And what's more, mirrors like these are *easy* to put up yourself.

WHERE TO BUY. Decorative, ready-to-hang mirrors are obtainable in a variety of styles and sizes from your department or furniture store, your local glass or building supply dealer. Their names are listed in the Yellow Pages of your telephone book in the "Glass" section.

MADE PG FROM PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS
MADE IN U.S.A.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL. It's your assurance that the mirror manufacturer has used Pittsburgh Polished *Plate Glass . . . long famous* for its distinguished beauty and distortion-free reflections.

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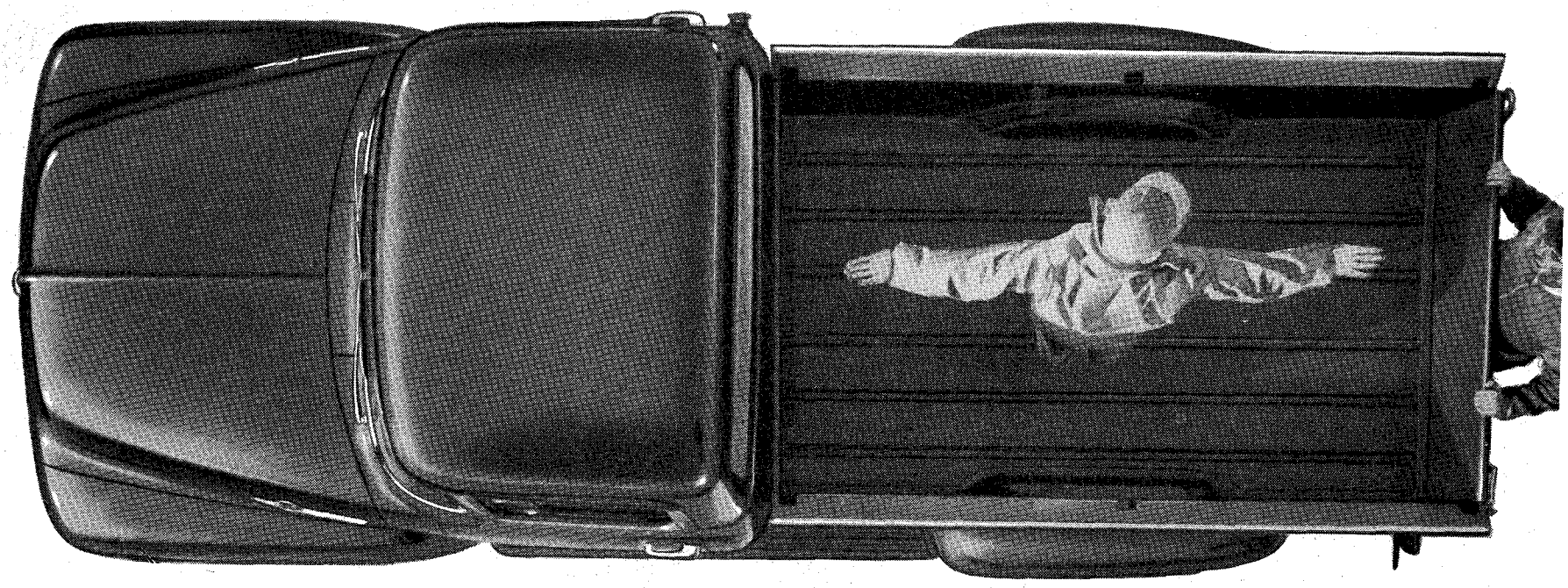

Any way you look at it—
Ford gives you the mos

Most Power! New '56 Ford gives you more horsepower per dollar than any other Pickup truck. Choice of 167-hp. Y-8 or 133-hp. Six, both Short Stroke.

Most Capacity! Biggest box in the half-ton field! New Ford 8-ft. box on 118-in. wheel base (optional at small extra cost) offers up to 19 cubic feet more capacity than other half-ton Pickups.

Most Safety Features! Only Ford Trucks offer a Lifeguard steering wheel and Lifeguard door-latches (standard equipment). Seat belts available at low extra cost.

Most Comfort! New cab! It's DRIVERIZED! Only Ford has it! New wrap-around windshield with built-in visor. Exclusive seat shock snubbers . . . Custom Cab (available at worthwhile extra cost) includes 5-inch foam rubber seats.

Compare it! Compare it with *any* other Pickup, and you see why you get the most Pickup truck for your mor in a new Ford for '56.

Compare *power* and *capacity*, for example. When y do, you'll find the new Ford Pickup gives you more hor power per dollar than any other Pickup (based on co parison of net horsepower with suggested list price). Yo

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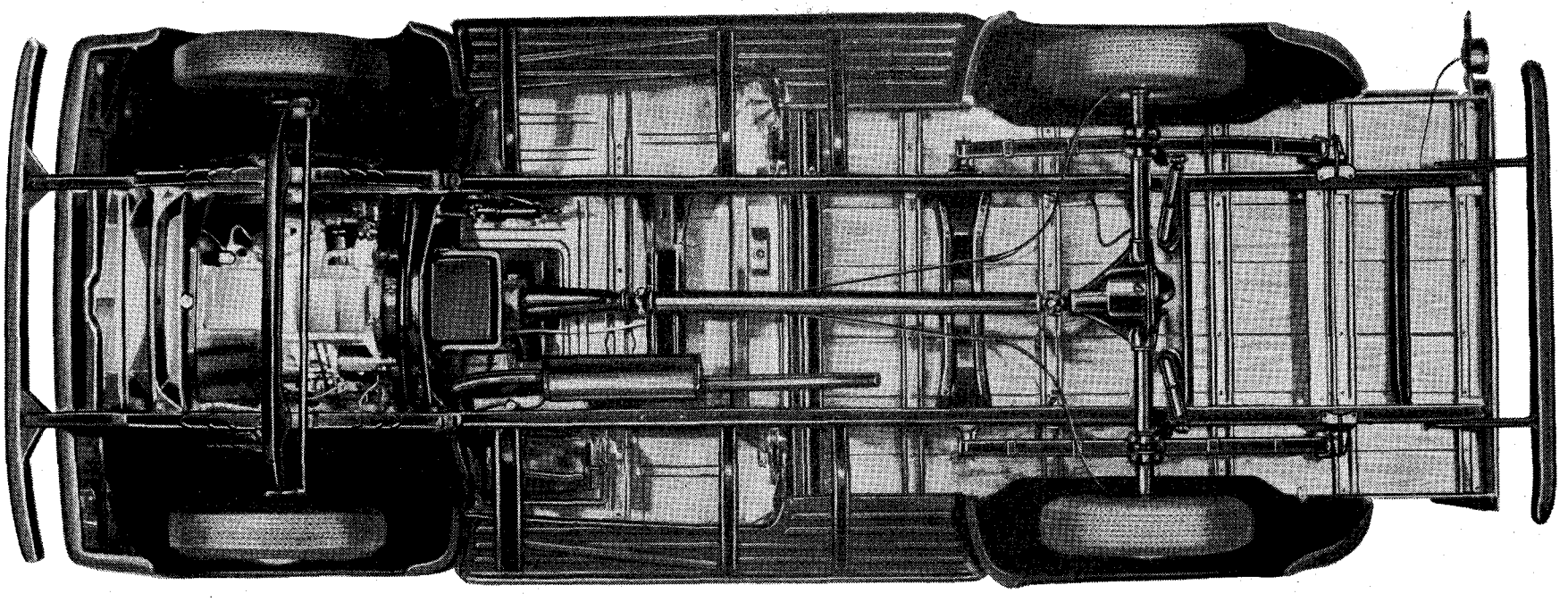
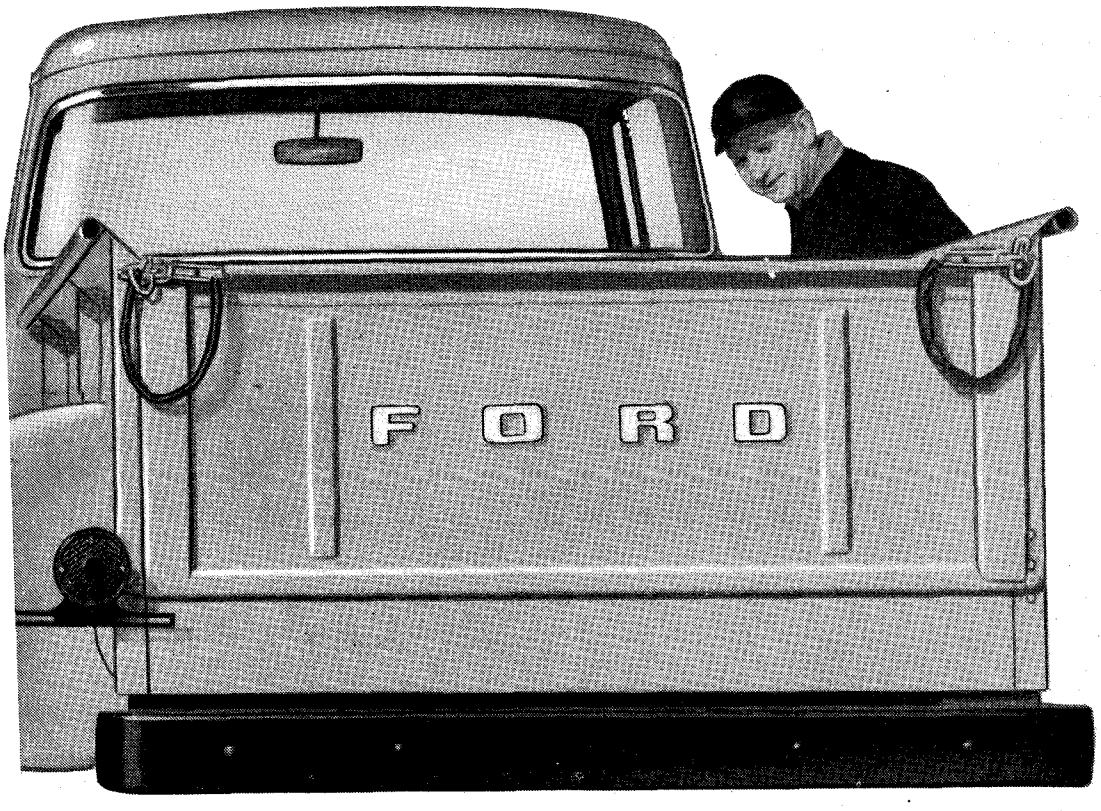


Bird's-eye view (left) shows the extra capacity you get in the 8-ft. box now available on Ford half-tonners. *Worm's-eye view* (above) shows rugged truck construction throughout, with wide-tread front axle, rugged parallel rail frame, tubular drive line and husky hypoid rear axle.

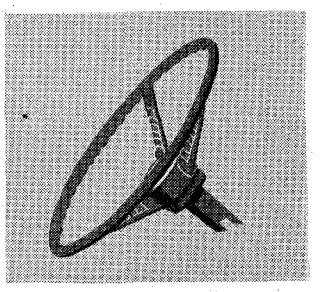
Pickup truck for your money



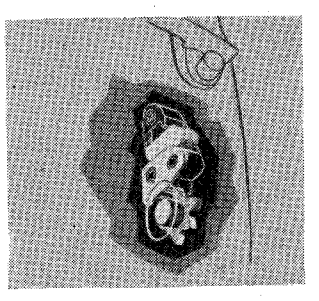
find that Ford's new 8-ft. box offers more cu. ft. acity than any other Pickup in the 5,000-lb. G.V.W. ss (6½-ft. Pickup box standard on 110-in. wheel base).

Compare *safety* and *comfort*. You'll find that Ford gives Lifeguard features available in no other truck. You'll the new Ford cab is in a class by itself for comfort convenience. It's DRIVERIZED! Only Ford has it!

Only Ford gives you Lifeguard Safety Features!



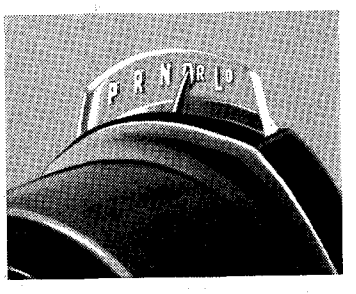
New Deep-Center Lifeguard steering wheel helps protect driver from steering column.



New Lifeguard door latches add protection against doors jarring open on impact.

The driving treat that can soon pay for itself... FORDOMATIC

Fordomatic ends clutch repairs . . . cuts maintenance costs . . . acts as a "shock absorber" for the power train. Fordomatic makes driving easier. Also helps trade-in value. (Available at worthwhile extra cost.)



'56 Ford Economy Trucks

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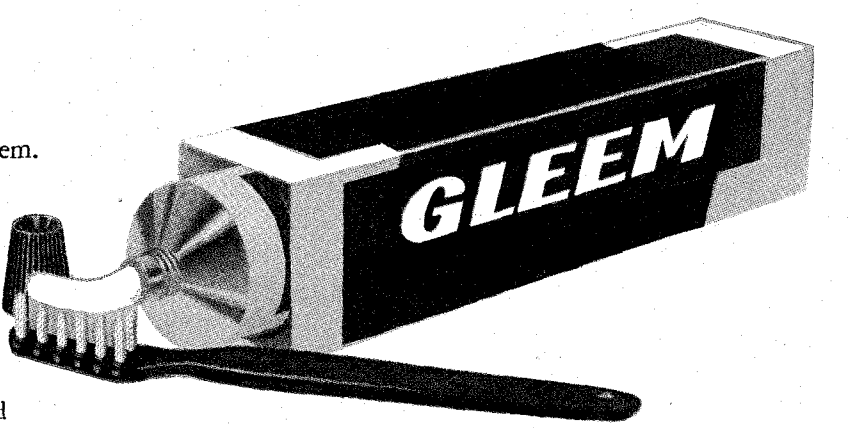
New Gleem Toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal

JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys decay- and odor-causing bacteria!

Mouth odor stopped all day for most people with *one* Gleem brushing. Scientific tests prove just brushing with Gleem before breakfast gives *all-day* protection against unpleasant mouth odor. So start your day with Gleem.

If you, like most busy people, just can't brush after every meal, change to new Gleem. One Gleem brushing *destroys up to 90% of bacteria* (major cause of tooth decay and mouth odor). Only Gleem has GL-70 to fight decay . . . helps stop decay action with each brushing!

Kids love Gleem's taste. That's proved by flavor tests. So it's easy to get youngsters to use Gleem regularly. And regular after-meal brushing is a *proven* way for children to reduce tooth decay. So get Gleem for your family—it's the fastest-growing toothpaste in the U. S.!



Only Procter & Gamble's new GLEEM has GL-70 new cleaner and decay fighter!

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The Saturday Evening
POST
FOUNDED IN 1821 BY
Benjamin Franklin

My Child Lives Again

By HELEN R. MC[illegible]

Now, at seven, after four years of silence and fear, Sandy is becoming interested in things outside herself. She is learning to laugh once more.

A mother reports how she rescued her little daughter from a dim, speechless world of emotional disorder, after the doctors had given up.

The other day my seven-year-old daughter, Sandy, her brown eyes sparkling with mischief, sprang to my lap, knocked the newspaper from my hand and shouted, "Boo!"

It was one of the happiest moments of my life, for this seemingly ordinary incident was another milestone marking her return from a world of shadows to the sunshine and joy of normal childhood.

Sandy is a lovely child, slim, delicate, marked with the grace of excellent physical co-ordination. Her intelligence is normal, and she has unusual abilities, in the keenness of her observation, in her perceptive insight. But for four years she has not talked. For a good part of that time she was unable to laugh, unable to love, unable to play. Distrustful of everyone, she could not look directly at another's face.

She is not alone. There are an estimated 500,000 emotionally disturbed children in this country who have withdrawn from the main stream of living to a tightly locked world of their own. They are the most neglected of all children with problems—barred from most schools, misunderstood by members of their own families, often deprived of treatment through lack of adequate facilities or the high cost of those few now available. Yet these are children who can repay with happy and useful lives all the effort put into their care. To fail to help them is to condemn them to heartbreak, and load society with the cost of useless, dependent lives.

As the mother of such a child, I can tell you that seeing her open her heart little by little to love and affection is an exciting experience. It is a creative task, challenging, sometimes discouraging, but always paying off in the joy of seeing a child come to life again.

Her father and I feel also that we have gained a deeper understanding of all children, and so have been better parents to our three other, wholly normal children. Perhaps the story of our experience will help other parents,

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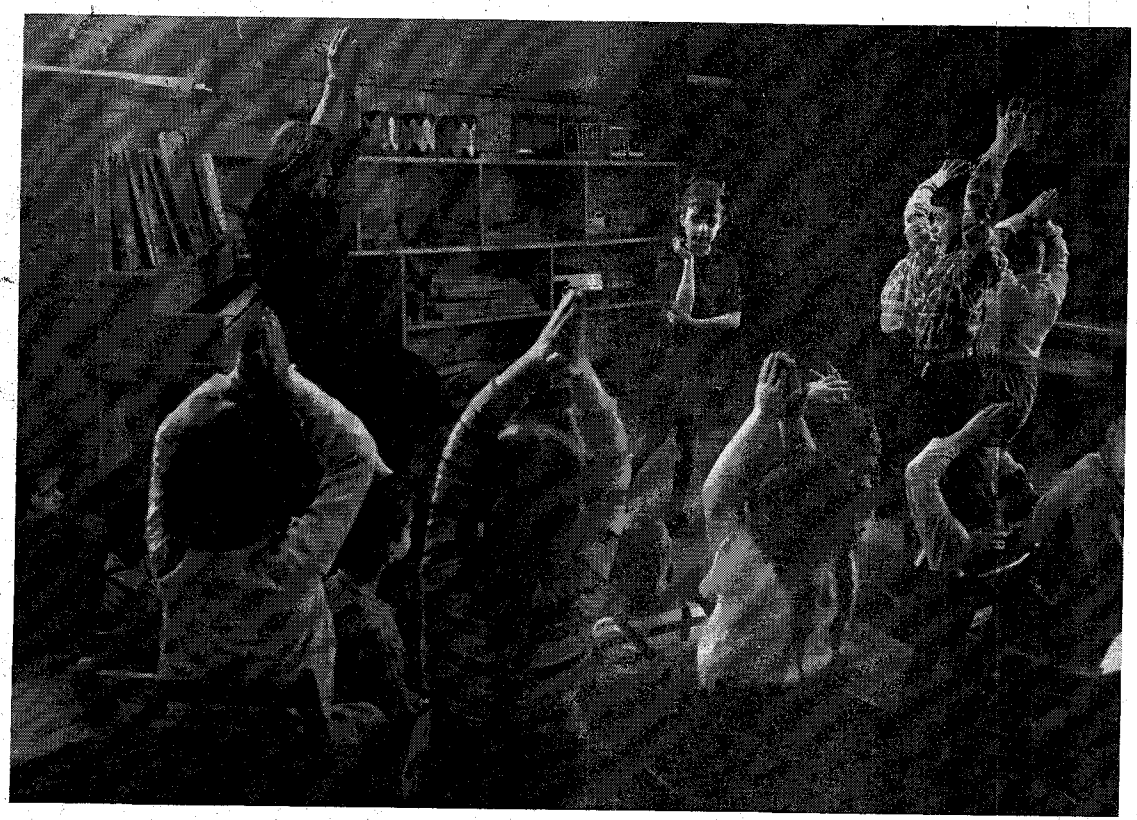
Sandy hugs her mother on awakening. The photographer took this picture in the mirror—the sight of the camera frightened the child at the beginning of the day.



Sandy, who is just beginning to talk again, attends a small, private school near her home in Philadelphia. She loves school, and it has done much to hasten her recovery. Here, she joins her classmates in a game.

confused and frightened on finding that a child has retreated into the gray land of emotional disorders; perhaps it will show that these children are the victims of circumstances, not yet fully understood, which could have overwhelmed many another child.

I am not discussing here the millions of children with lesser problems of emotional origin—children who wet the bed, children who steal, or who have temper tantrums, or who cannot get along with others, children who are extremely nervous or frightfully shy. For these millions, help is easier to obtain. They have school counseling services, remedial programs and agencies giving special help in many fields. I believe the psychiatric-guidance clinics are more willing to treat them. Moreover, since treatment is not likely to be so prolonged, the cost of it is within reason.

Our experience may illustrate the situation faced by those who cannot get help so easily. Of course, no one story is exactly like another. Even today no one has told us with exactitude what happened to Sandy, or why, but the story of her short life offers many clues.

Liveliness, determination, amiability—these were her special characteristics in the first year of her life. She—our second child—arrived at three A.M. on a warm February morning in

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Her mother uses Sandy's interest in drawing to reduce the emotional barrier behind which the child has withdrawn.

Sandy enjoys dressing in grown-up clothes and preening herself in front of the mirror. "A little, ordinary thing," says her mother, "but to me a minor miracle."

Photography by MARGERY LEWIS

Sandy's father reads the little girl's favorite story, Pinnochio, to her, her little sister, Marcie, and brothers, Lynn and Jeff. "We give Sandy all our love. . . . And our reward is seeing the shadows of loneliness leave her eyes."

New Orleans. "Weight, 7 pounds, 11 ounces; length, 21½ inches; injuries and congenital anomalies, none," the attending doctor wrote on the pages of her pink baby book. "One of the prettiest new babies I've ever seen," was his comment. He was to be Sandy's adopted "uncle" and friend as long as we lived in New Orleans. His affectionate medical care, had it continued, might have changed the course of her life.

By the time Sandy was eight months old she had turned her stroller into a walker and toddled on fat legs after the rest of the children in our block. They flowed from one yard to another hardly noticing that there were boundaries between. A singular air of self-possession clung to Sandy in everything she did as a baby, whether it was rocking her doll and crooning "*bébé, bébé*" as the New Orleans cook had taught her, or fitting blocks in the roof of a toy house. She was imitative and intensely feminine, entranced with a mirror and with new clothes or shoes.

Her happy and uneventful babyhood lasted until she had just passed her first birthday. One Saturday afternoon I found her diaper stained a tarry black. I called our doctor. "What would cause such a discoloration?" I asked without too much alarm. (Continued on Page 56)

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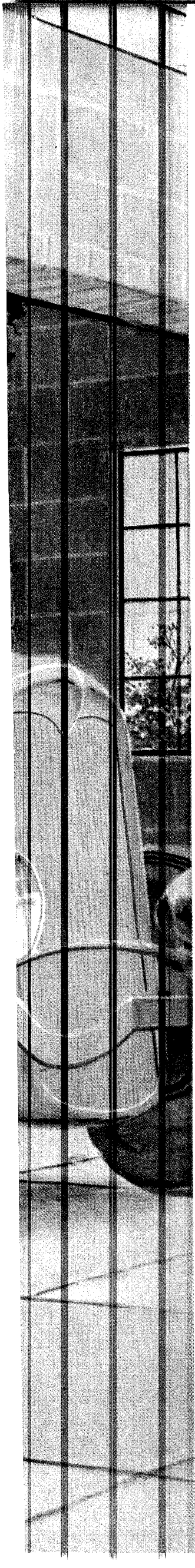
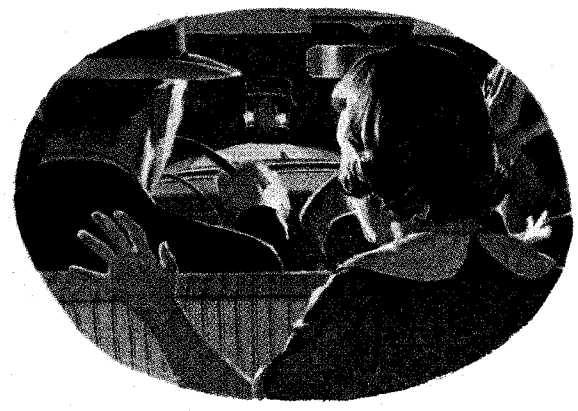


They were looking for excitement, and if they hurt someone, so what?



Biff felt his chest freeze as the red car kept coming down his lane, its lights blinding, piercing.

52 MILES TO TERROR

By ALEX GABY

There was a little, persistent ache in his right shoulder, as there always was now when he was behind the wheel for more than an hour or two, but that was all. Everything else was fine.

Another three hours at this rate, and they would be at Mildred's. That would make it after eleven; the children would all be too tired for roughhouse, and by twelve just the grownups, he, Paula, Mildred and Frank —— They would all have a drink and talk a little, laugh a little; have a nice, quiet good time.

He shifted his weight and the ache went out for a second, like a candle snuffed, but was back again. He changed position, hunched against his door.

"Shoulder bothering you some, dear?" Paula looked at him, the excitement of the trip lifting the corners of her mouth.

He glanced at her and back to the long, straight road. "Same as always. Nothing to worry about, hon."

"Let me rub it, dad. You want me to?" Ruth, in the back seat, hunched forward and began to knead his shoulder. He saw her earnest, ten-year face in the rear-view mirror, her dark hair wind-blown, frizzled astride her head like a maniacal mop. Her eyes were intense, staring down at his shoulder, and the intensity puckered her mouth while her strong little hands kneaded his shoulder. Doing a good job of it too.

"Ruth, please," Paula said quietly. "You know you shouldn't bother your father when he's driving. The way people drive these days, it's bad enough, without all that tugging and pulling."

Ruth stopped the kneading and sat back in her seat. "Gee, how much longer, dad?" she asked. "I can't wait to see Aunt Mildred and the kids and everything. You know?"

"We'll be in Crockerville in a few minutes," he said. "Then only a hundred and twenty miles to Waco."

Paula leaned closer to him. "Getting tired, dear? Three hours against that sun, I wonder you're not blind. And, Biff, slow it down a little, will you?"

He glanced down at the speedometer. Fifty-five. Speed creeps up on you on these long, straight stretches, he thought. But that's Texas—long, straight stretches. "Paula, I'm only doing a little over fifty. Relax. No one more careful behind a wheel than I is—I am—I is. I like 'I is' better."

"'I is' is right," she laughed, and leaned close to him, nuzzling her nose against his cheek.

He looked down and noticed that her face was as shiny as marbles, reddened with the heat and the dust that came in with the wind through her window, loosening her hair, but lovely as always—lovely to him.

He stole a quick look in the rear-view mirror at Ruth, and saw her in profile, gazing out her window, whistling something horrible between her teeth, and for one piercing instant he felt so sorry for her, alone, while he and Paula ——

The sign for Crockerville came at them, and he slowed down to thirty miles per hour. DON'T HURRY TO KILL OUR CHILDREN. POPULATION 2196. WE WANT TO KEEP IT THAT WAY! the sign said.

In the center of Crockerville, at the only major intersection in the town, there was a light. It was red, and he stopped. A car pulled up on his right with a squeal of brakes. Glancing across to the car, he saw that it was red—incredibly red—with all the chrome removed, and the whole body lowered so that it nestled over its wheels like a short-legged bug.

"Hot-rod," he said, nodding toward the red car. "More and more of them around."

Paula looked at it and wrinkled her nose. "It looks like some kind of a throwback. A hybrid or something. Why do they do that to perfectly good cars?"

He shrugged. "They soup them up to really go. Me, I'll take Steady Nelly here."

"I like Steady Nelly too," Ruth piped up from the back seat. "I'll bet we could beat that old thing, couldn't we, dad?"

Paula whipped her head around to glare at Ruth. "You can just make up your mind, young lady, we're not going to try!" she snapped. "That's just the kind of thing you read about, all this racing on the highways!"

He laughed and hunched over the wheel. He tapped the accelerator and gunned the motor several times.

She turned on him. "Biff! What's wrong with both of you? You're not going to race that idiotic thing!" No matter how many times he threatened to do something spectacular in the car—and never did—she always reacted. It was a private little joke with him.

The light changed. "Watch this!" he hissed through clenched teeth. "That underslung meat wagon, we'll take 'em!"

(Continued on Page 80)

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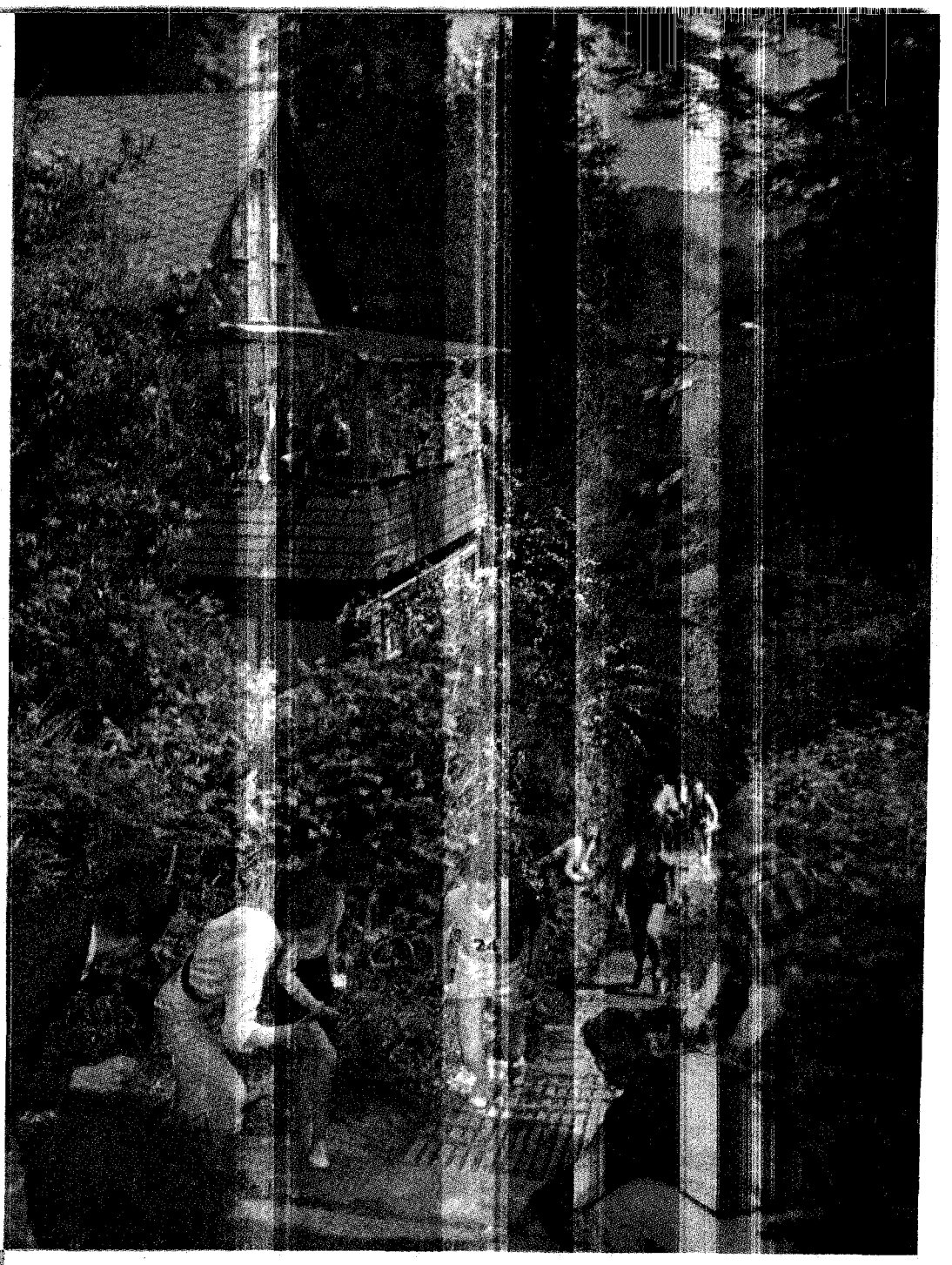
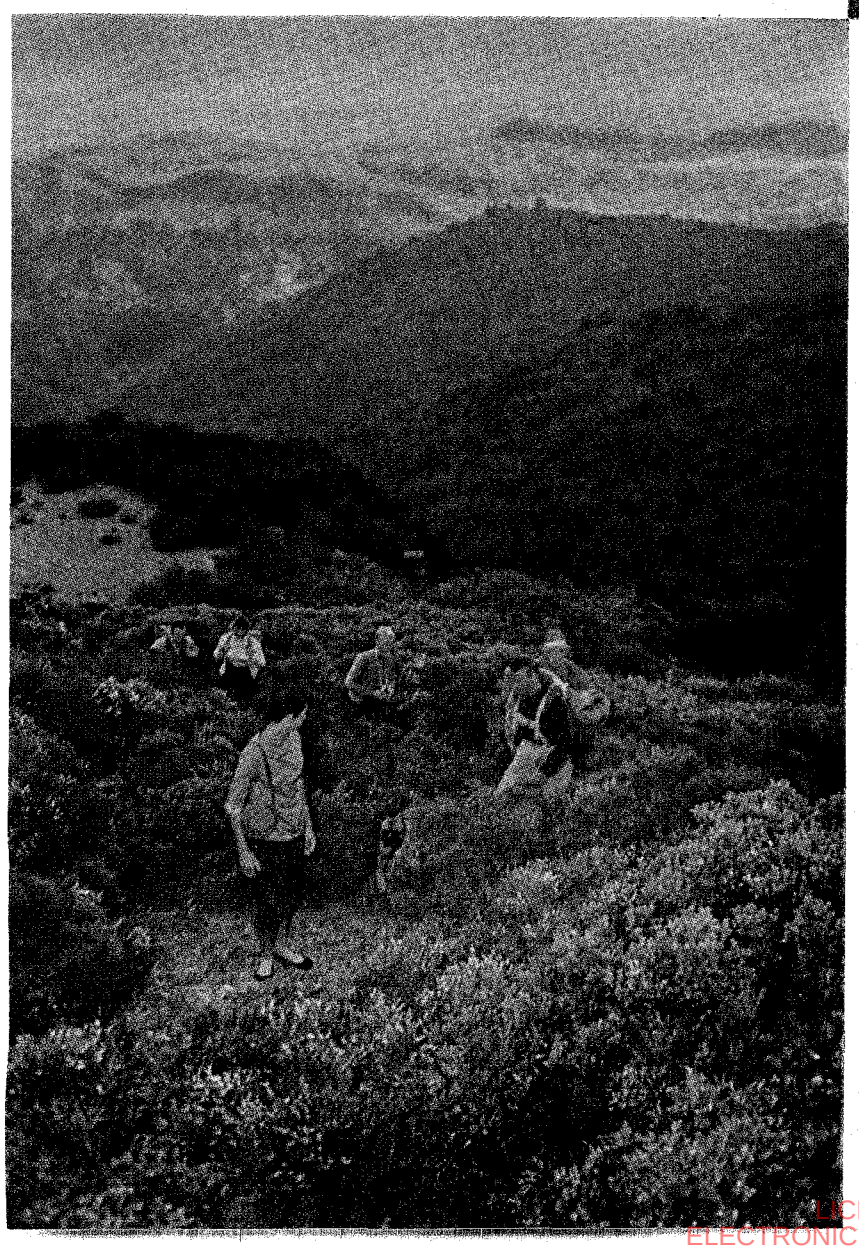
They Commute to the Wilderness

In Mill Valley, a secluded suburb of San Francisco, deer romp in gardens, skunks invade living rooms and postmen have been known to get lost in the middle of the town.

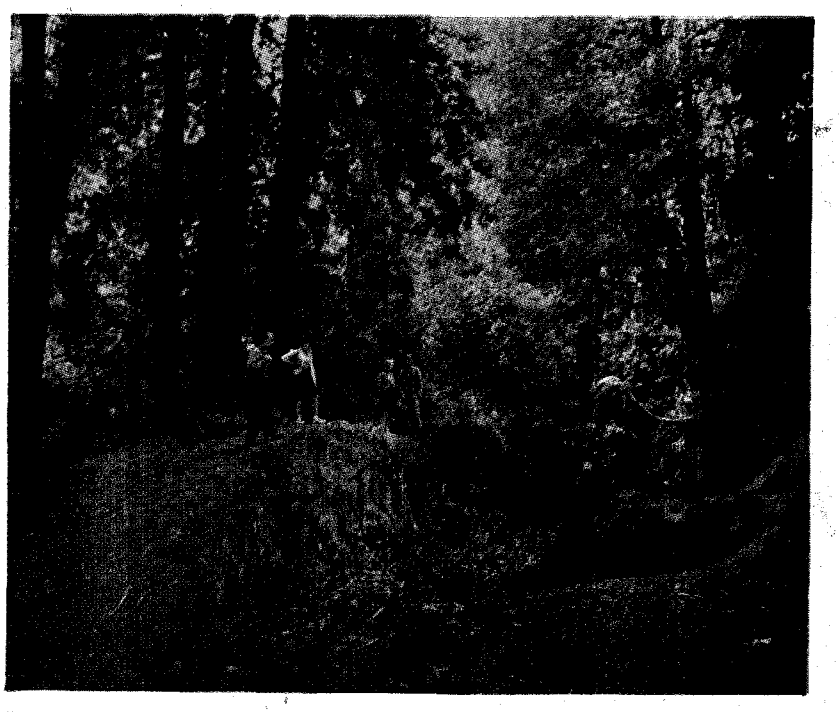
By ELMONT WAITE and GEORGE S. WELLS



Mill Valley's biggest sporting event is the annual Dipsea Race, a seven-mile cross-country run which starts with contestants dashing up one of the town's "streets." Here the runners are passing Harry Warner's place on Cascade Way.



The town lies at the foot of Mt. Tamalpais, and each weekend serves as base camp for swarms of climbers intent on conquering the 2600-foot ascent.



Even parts of "downtown" are so secluded that strangers frequently need a guide to find their way around. City hall is 300 feet away from this wooded glen.

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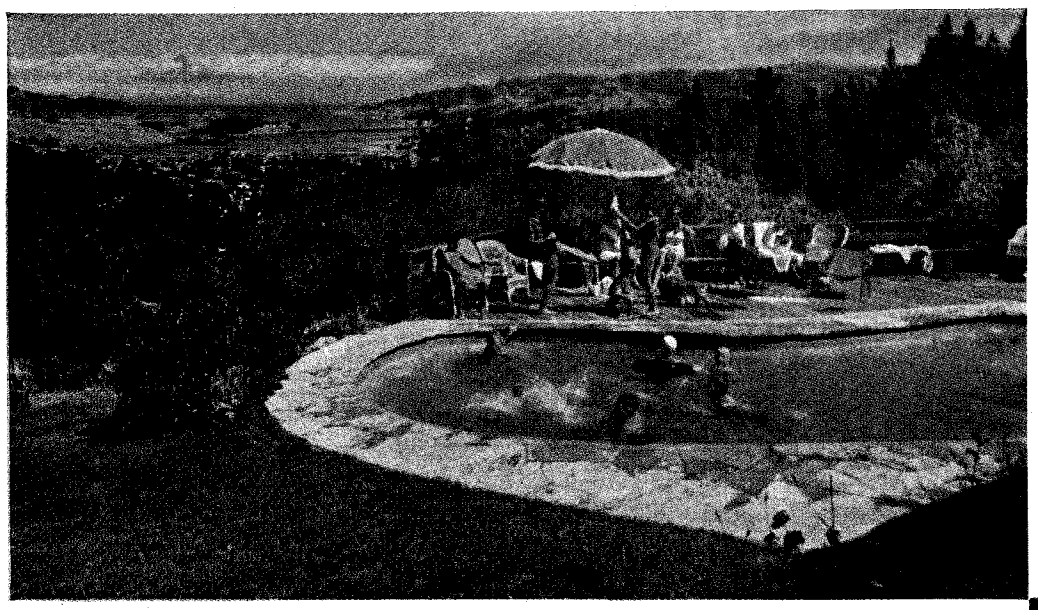


A swimming party at
Mrs. Vera Schultz's hillside home.
Most Mill Valley breadwinners
work in San Francisco,
eight miles away
across the bay.

Mrs. Ray Hasenauer entertains a pair of
raccoons in her yard. Housewives feel
less neighborly toward footloose
skunks that wander into
their houses.

John Thomas Little, newest recruit among the mounted postmen of Mill Valley, California, was thoroughly lost in the middle of town. Mill Valley is a community of 8000 within sight of San Francisco, but Little couldn't sight anything. Not a single house. Nothing but redwood forest.

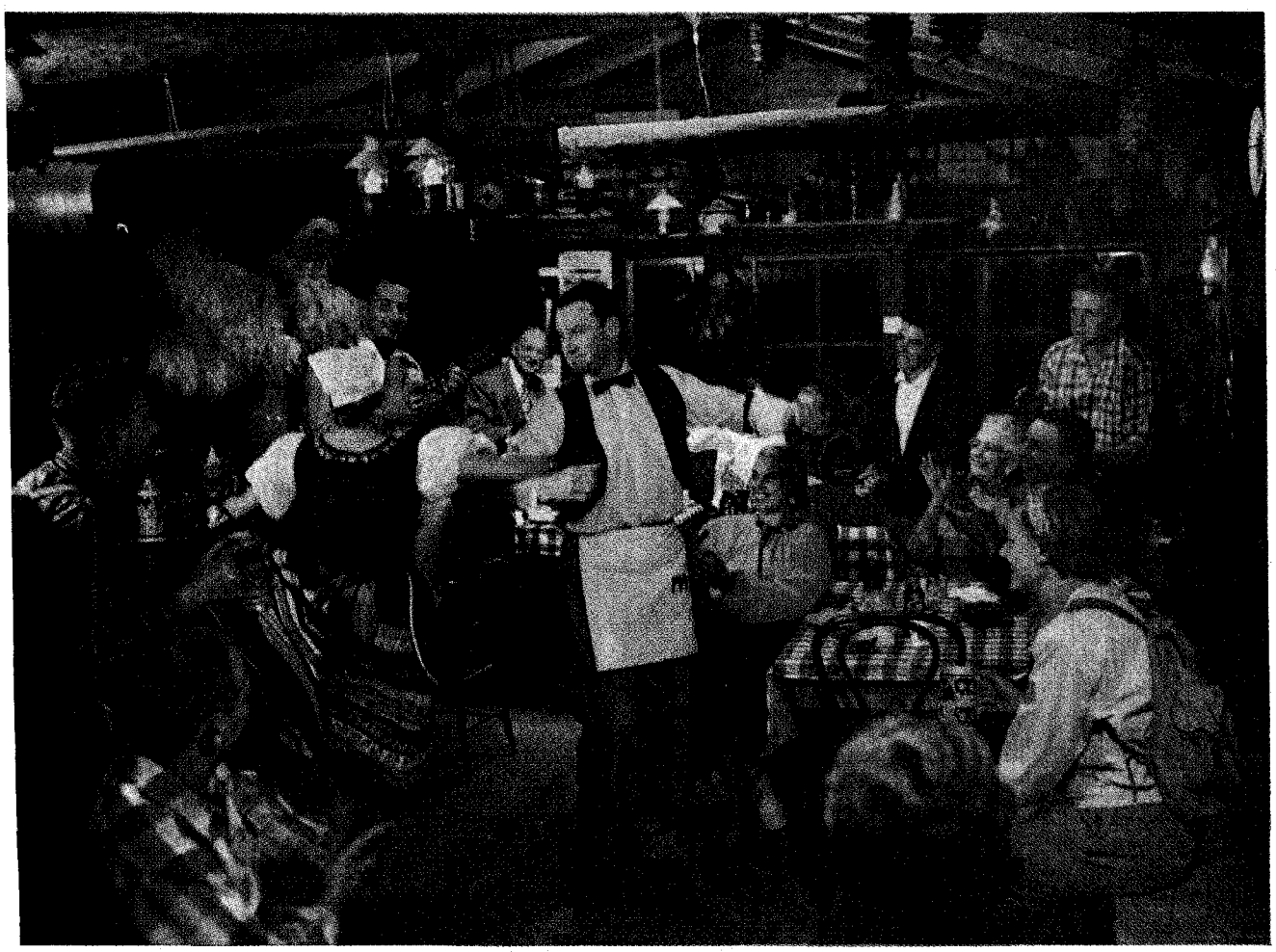
Eventually, he found a half-hidden mailbox, then a winding trail which led him to a rustic residence, from which he telephoned his central office to plead, "Will you tell me where the hell I am?"

He had missed his street, he learned, for the simple reason that it wasn't there.

Postmaster John McSweeney denies that he ever seriously considered setting up a department of lost-and-found postmen, but to him Little's plight was an old story. Mill Valley has seventy-two "invisible" streets, which are simply pedestrian trails or stairways winding up the forested slopes of Mount Tamalpais. Mailboxes, happily, are ranged along the vehicular streets; a package, however, must be delivered to the house itself—a feat requiring sound wind and the training of a *coureur de bois*.

But the problem of the postmen on Mill Valley's 10,000 steps is only one of a raft of inconveniences which, paradoxically, make this town the American commuter's dream.

Consider, for example, the "troubles" of the Kent O. Seymour family, high on a wooded mountain (Continued on Page 70)



Pat and Marion Vincent do
a German folk dance for customers
at their Mountain Home Inn,
just halfway up Mt. Tamalpais,
which is a favorite haven
for weary hikers.

Photography by GENE LESTER

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The Girl Back Home

She was only a child when he went away—but that was years ago!

By DAVID WALKER

Strathdrin was ahum this summer day. It hummed with a slumberous hum of bees; it hummed with another lively hum. A prodigal son was expected home.

Miss Dura Murdoch of Drin, accompanied by three Scotties, paid a morning call upon her head forester, who was thinning a larch plantation.

"On the three-o'clock bus, Miss Dura," he said, in answer to her question. Mr. McKinney was a solemn and dignified man, an elder of the kirk.

"To think of John being a bachelor of science," said Miss Murdoch. "We must watch our forestial *p*'s and *q*'s. How long is he staying?"

"Just the one month," said Mr. McKinney. A furrow etched his brow. It might have been a furrow of unease. "Jock has a good job seemingly," the father conceded.

"Lack of brains and brawn were never his troubles," Miss Murdoch said. "I must say I shall be delighted to see John again, notwithstanding the attendant perils. The glen has been a helluva dull place since he left. We could do with a good shot in the arm." Miss Murdoch was a lady of wide taste in literature and wide mastery in language.

Mr. McKinney tutted about the oath. "A shot in the arm, did you say, Miss Dura?" he inquired.

"An injection of vitality," she said. "Talking of which, how do you propose to work off John's superabundant energy?"

"Just that," he said. "Just wor-rk, Miss Dura. A wor-rk-tired man has no scope for mischief."

"Poor boy," she said. "It's his holiday."

"Six days thou shalt labor and the seventh rest," he said.

What a dogmatic old so-and-so you are, she thought, but said, "The nights do make me rather nervous, salmon being none too plentiful this year."

"I'll see he's that tired he'll be no bother," said this Calvinistic parent, and changed the subject: "Would Miss Dura be walking by the kennels?"

"I would," she said.

"Them roe deer have been at my young trees again." Mr. McKinney coughed. "It would be a waste of wor-rds for me to be speaking about it."

(Continued on Page 73)

He stared at her from
top to toe and back again.
"It's wee Janet."

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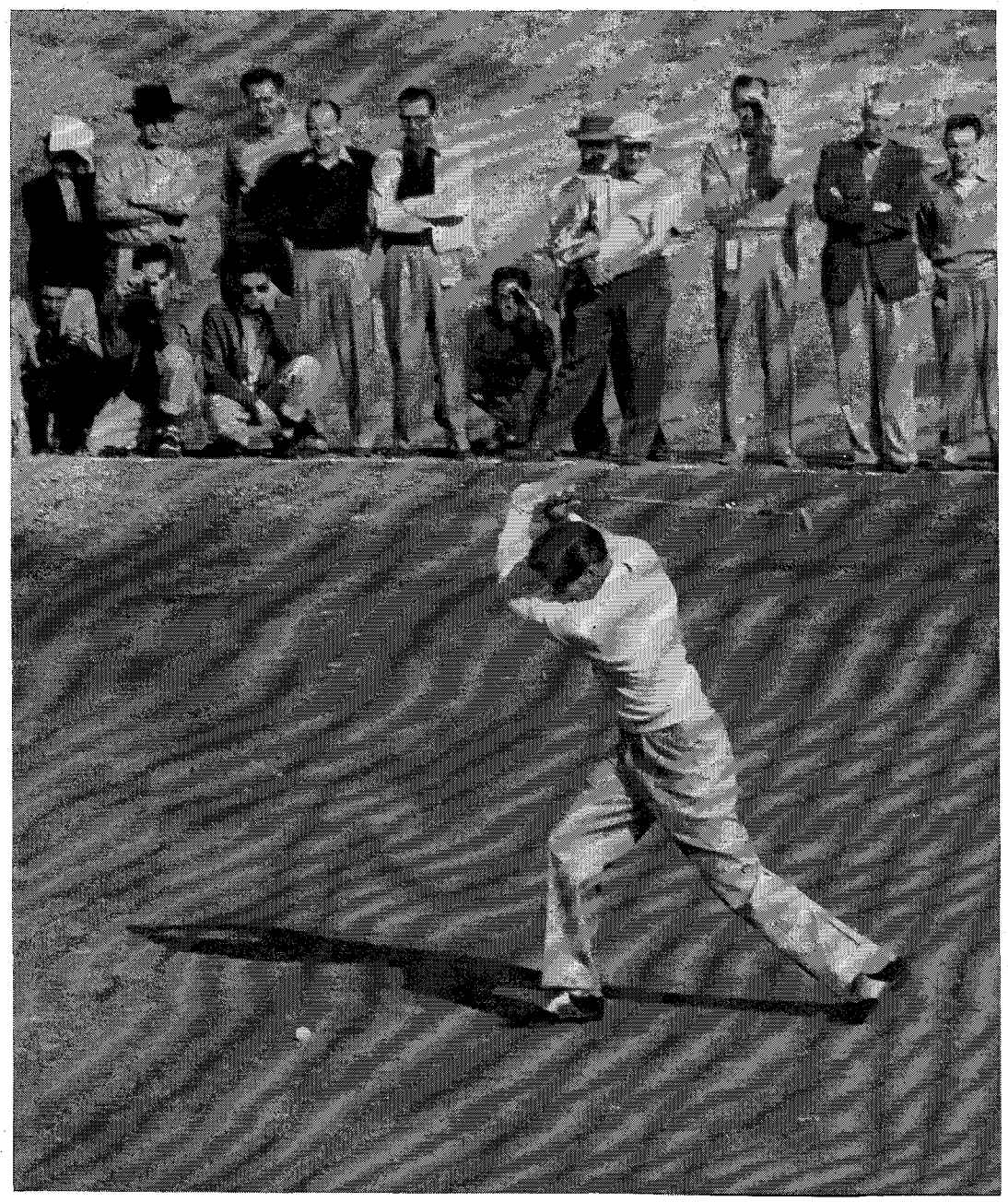
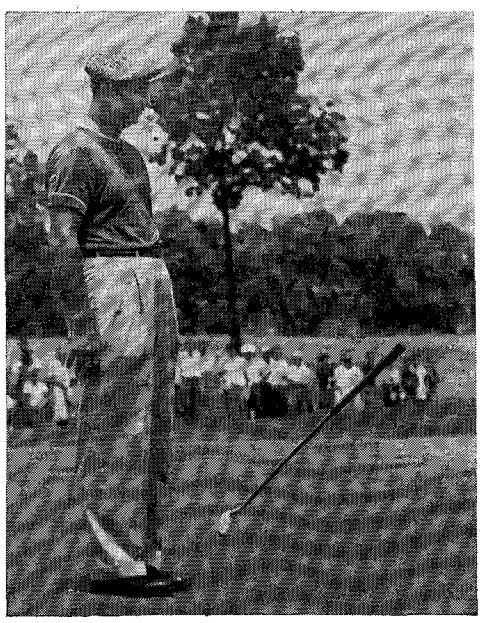
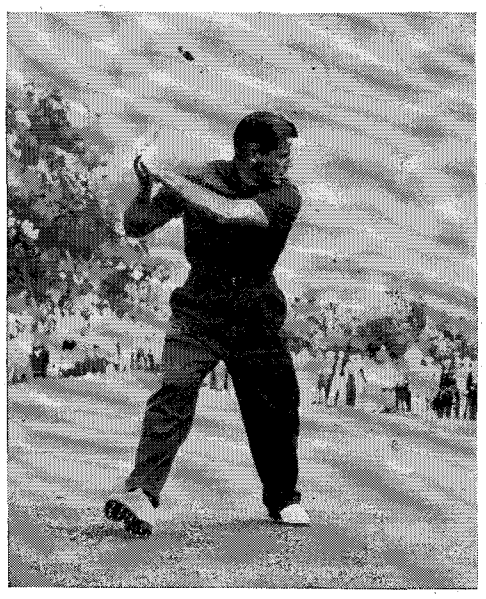
At the 1954 Los Angeles Open golf tournament, temperamental Tommy Bolt seeks vengeance on the ball that perversely refused to co-operate on a two-foot putt.





Study of a golfer who has just three-putted. The stricken subject is "Sunny Jim" Demaret.



Bo Winninger goes into his war dance after flubbing a crucial shot in a recent match.

The coolest-headed pros blow their tops, enraged duffers wrap their clubs around trees, and even Ike has been known to do a slow burn when he muffed a shot. One player's blowup cost him $40,000. Here's why

All Golfers Get MAD

By Melvin Durslag

On the eighteenth hole at the 1954 Los Angeles Open golf tournament, Tommy Bolt, of Houston, Texas, who breaks clubs about as often as he breaks par, which is frequently, surveyed a two-foot putt with the cool, professional air of a master gem cutter making a study of the Hope diamond.

Bolt, who is known also as "Terrible-Tempered Tommy," "Thunder Bolt," and the "Human Vesuvius," circled the hole three times, examining the terrain from every angle. Delicately he plucked fragments of grass from the path of the ball. Then, from a kneeling position, he tried to calculate the curvature of the green. Finally drawing a careful bead on the hole, he addressed the ball and tapped it gently. It rolled straight for the cup, but, at the last second, suddenly veered off course and stopped three inches wide of the mark.

Tommy stood for a moment in disbelief. Then his face flushed and his muscles tightened. With an almost mechanical reflex, he raised his putter high above his head in the manner of a wood chopper wielding an

(Continued on Page 87)

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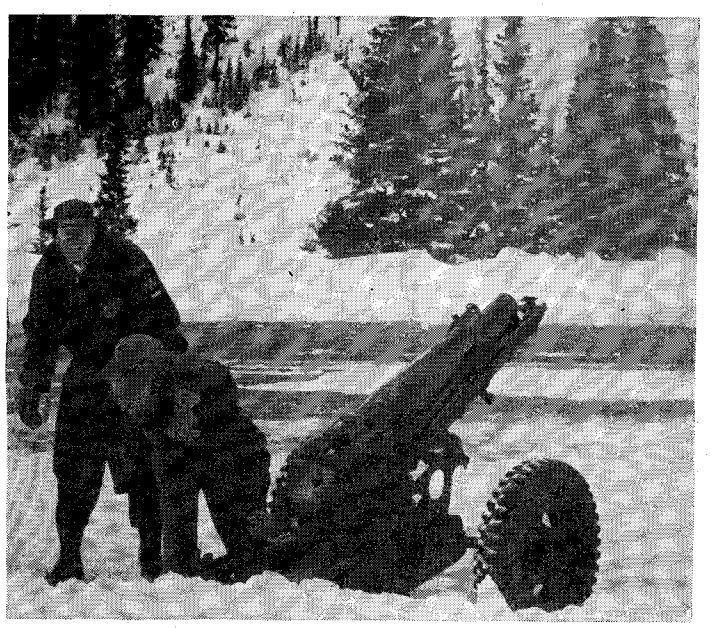
Near miss: High in the Colorado Rockies, a man-made avalanche hurtles down. It barely missed the trailer truck—one that got past a highway patrol in the slide area. Below: avalanche-busters Clarence Maire, Dick Stillman and Ted Bakken fire the 75-mm. howitzer they use to trigger slides.



Fighting the White Death

An avalanche-buster tells how he "shoots down" the masses of snow that terrorize travelers in the Rockies.

By Montgomery M. Atwater

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A road crew cuts through one of the avalanches that frequently block Rocky Mountain highways.

In the blinding smother of the January blizzard the big semitrailer ground slowly up the long grade on the east side of Wolf Creek Pass. It was after dark, and even the truck's powerful headlights could push their beams only a few feet into the white nightmare. As it churned over the great peaks of the Colorado Rockies looming above the pass, a half-solid mixture of wind and snow bored in on the truck from every direction. Even the heavily loaded trailer shuddered under its impact.

On the throne of the big rig, Ray Bradshaw fed power gently to the diesel. With snow piling up under the drive wheels, one clumsy jab at the throttle would put him in a skid. The thing to do was keep moving ahead. Ray eased his outfit around a curve, and swore. Ahead of him a blaze of lights silvered the whirling snow. Too many lights for one car. He was close enough to pick out the revolving flasher of a plow. He stopped.

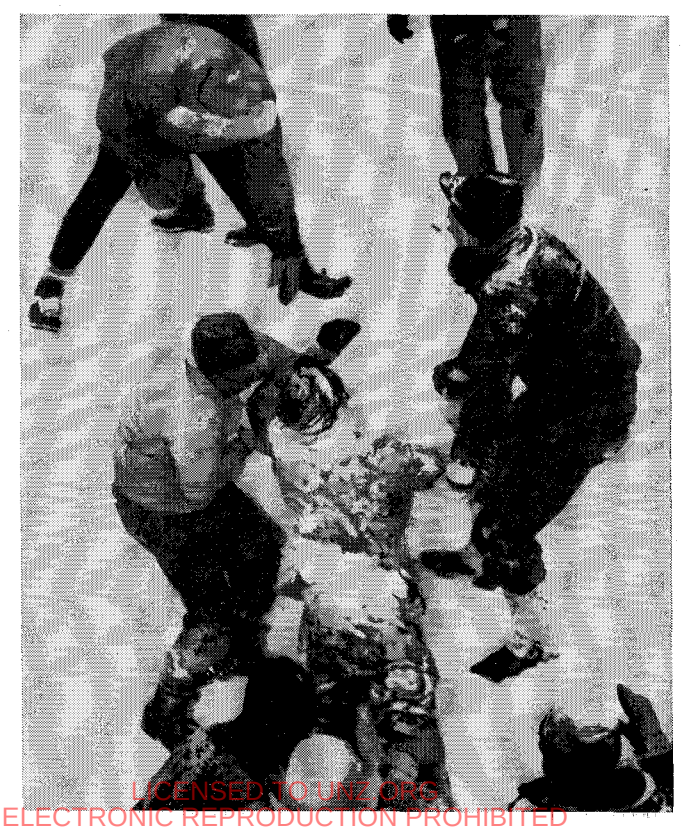
A plow operator, gaunt-faced from weariness, floundered over and told him that drifts were choking the road faster than the rotaries and V's could throw it out. He warned Bradshaw to stay where he was until they came back for him.

But Bradshaw didn't stay. Why and when he moved, how he even got the big rig started again are mysteries that will never be solved. Somehow he did move. From the safe place where the highway men left him, he ground on through the screeching dark until his outfit stalled—in the middle of an avalanche path. There the White Death came for him and for Earl Croft, his relief driver.

That New Year's night, 1952, was a night of terror and disaster on Colorado highways. The blizzard struck on a front 200 miles wide, from Berthoud Pass on the north to Wolf Creek and Red Mountain on the south. In the alpine meadows, in the forest and on the naked slopes above timberline, wind-driven masses of snow piled higher and higher. When at last the top-heavy loads broke loose, whole mountainsides avalanched.

At Berthoud, Dick Stillman, a snow ranger of the United States Forest Service, and Sam Huntington, a ski-lodge operator with his own snowplow, untangled a twenty-car traffic jam just before the Floral Park slide engulfed the highway. Farther down, pure luck saved a bus and its load of passengers. The gigantic Stanley Peak avalanche swept both legs of a switchback on Highway 40 while the bus was in the hairpin. In Wolf Creek, Bradshaw and Croft lay dead in the wreckage of the semi, under thirty feet of snow. When the storm ended, all motor traffic through the Colorado Rockies was at a standstill. Hundreds of people were marooned; many of them had missed death by inches and seconds. It was days before the maintenance crews could fight through the last of the enormous barricades of snow.

Death and destruction by avalanche are nothing new in Colorado. Since the first gold miners invaded the high country, there has hardly been a winter when the tidal waves of snow have not smashed a building, caught a train or a car, swallowed a human being. The winter of 1951–52 was simply a climactic one which made private citizens and public officials alike conscious of the White Death as never before. (Continued on Page 63)



Above: skiers free Jose Covarrubias, alive but unconscious, from the California snowslide which trapped him for fifteen minutes. Less lucky was William Marquis (left), who perished in an avalanche at Colorado's Loveland Pass.

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By PRENTISS COMBS

STAY OUT OF MY WAY!

Roark had killed a man once. Drive him far enough, and he'd do it again.

Roark was lean as a hungry hound and Indian brown from the beat of the Mojave sun. Worry lines gashed his forehead and deep sorrow furrows ran from the jutting boss of his cheek down to his bony chin. His frame was all worked-out, whang-and-whip leather, all stringy meat, tough as six feet of barb wire and lasting as a hickory handle.

The boy was big twelve or puny fourteen. His tow hair was turning brindle under its load of sweat, his nose was mean red under the peel, and the freckles fought for space room under the burn.

"Paw," the boy sulked, "can't we let this go till the evening cool?"

Roark pulled out his red bandanna and wiped his face and neck. Then he shook his head. His voice was deep, and mountain slow. They both wore bib overalls and blue work shirts carrying a wringing load of sweat. Under the new wet were white lines, raggedy and stiffened, of back sweats, dyed far and beyond the reach of scrub brush or washboard.

"A. J., you just purely got to work at rooting out that streak of lazy in you 'fore you reach to be a man. Nobody got a speck of use for a shiftless man. Us Roarks ain't much. None of us ever amounted to a hill of beans, but we're workers. None of us was ever welfarers. None of us ever dickered off our pride to keep our lazy satisfied. I don't aim to have no young'un of mine toting home charity vittles. Get a move on, boy."

A taut string stretched from peg to peg, outlining the shallow foundation trench of the new chicken house. The boy moved to where the pick lay beside the trench. The pick was heavy, its head rusty and hot as a dime-store skillet. The handle was sweat-and-callus-smoothed. Five swings with the thing made the boy's thin legs weak, and his middle hollow and sick.

"Reckon I'll just get me a drink of water."

A. J. dragged himself across the blazing ground to the short two-o'clock shade thrusting itself invitingly from under the chicken house. A tongue-lolled mongrel lay there, sprawled, loose and hot as an old army blanket. The boy picked up the gallon jug wrapped in wet gunny sacking and rinsed his mouth. Then he began to drink. He breathed in long through his nose, the wet sacking smelling good, gulping the cool alkali water until his stomach turned a little sick. He looked under his brows at Roark bending his wiry length into the shovel. A. J.'s mouth was outpushed and sulky, fighting the yoke of work like a half-broke mule colt. The running sweat was turning cool in the shade, and he sat down.

Not thinking, not even getting a picture of what he looked at, he moved his eyes over the clumped mesquite and scattered sagebrush, the alkali shining silver white in the bare spots. Over all the gray waste the pounding heat made jumpy patterns of heat image. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Roark throw down his shovel. Uneasily, the boy stirred to get up as his father moved toward him; then, with his lower lip pushed out, feeling mean and worm-small, he slumped back against the wall.

Roark came into the shade, squatted and rolled a cigarette. He started to talk, drawling and deep—worry talk. Over his words they could hear the peck-peck and fretful cluck of the Leghorn pullets feeding desultorily and complaining of the heat.

"A. J., I do wish you wouldn't make me always be on top you, pushing and working up a mean on you." He pushed his hat far back on his head and let his worry lines get deeper. "I ain't just talking to you, pappy-like. I fairly do need some man help this summer. Do I maybe get this place in some kind of shape before fall, I might just be able to scrape through. I fail and we go back to yanking peaches and pulling bollies, being down-talked to and living out of a trailer house the rest of our natural lives. A man don't get many chances. He fails—why, he just purely fails. Do things go halfway good, we could maybe dig in here. Your maw could leave off living like poor-white trash, cooking meals over a outside fire, and have a regular dwelling house. You could go to school steady."

He reached over one big hand and shoved it with affectionate roughness back and forth through the boy's wet mop.

"You hear me, son? You going to do like I say, boy?"

A. J. nodded glumly.

Dig in. Dig in, paw said. Dig in like a grave. He remembered with yearning the roadside bed-downs and the humming migratory camps. The frying meat in the skillet and the breast-choking thrill of boy mischief in the night, creeping in the dark shadows of the tents and cabins. The fast-changing thrill of being a kid among kids, sniffing new places, people and things. The magic of the fires at night and the running, crying games of Red Rover; Run, Sheep, Run; and Kick the Can. To trade all that for this

(Continued on Page 52)

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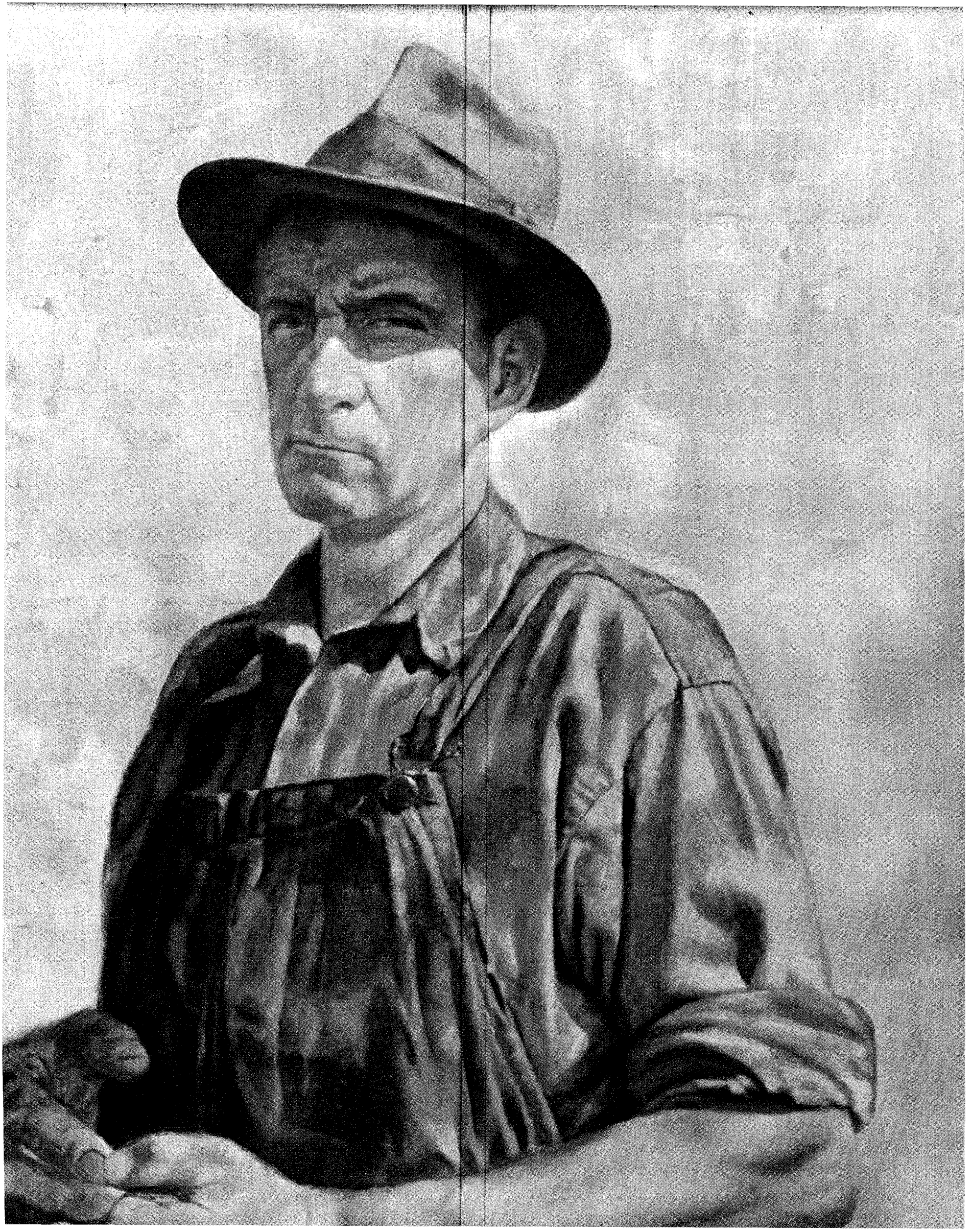

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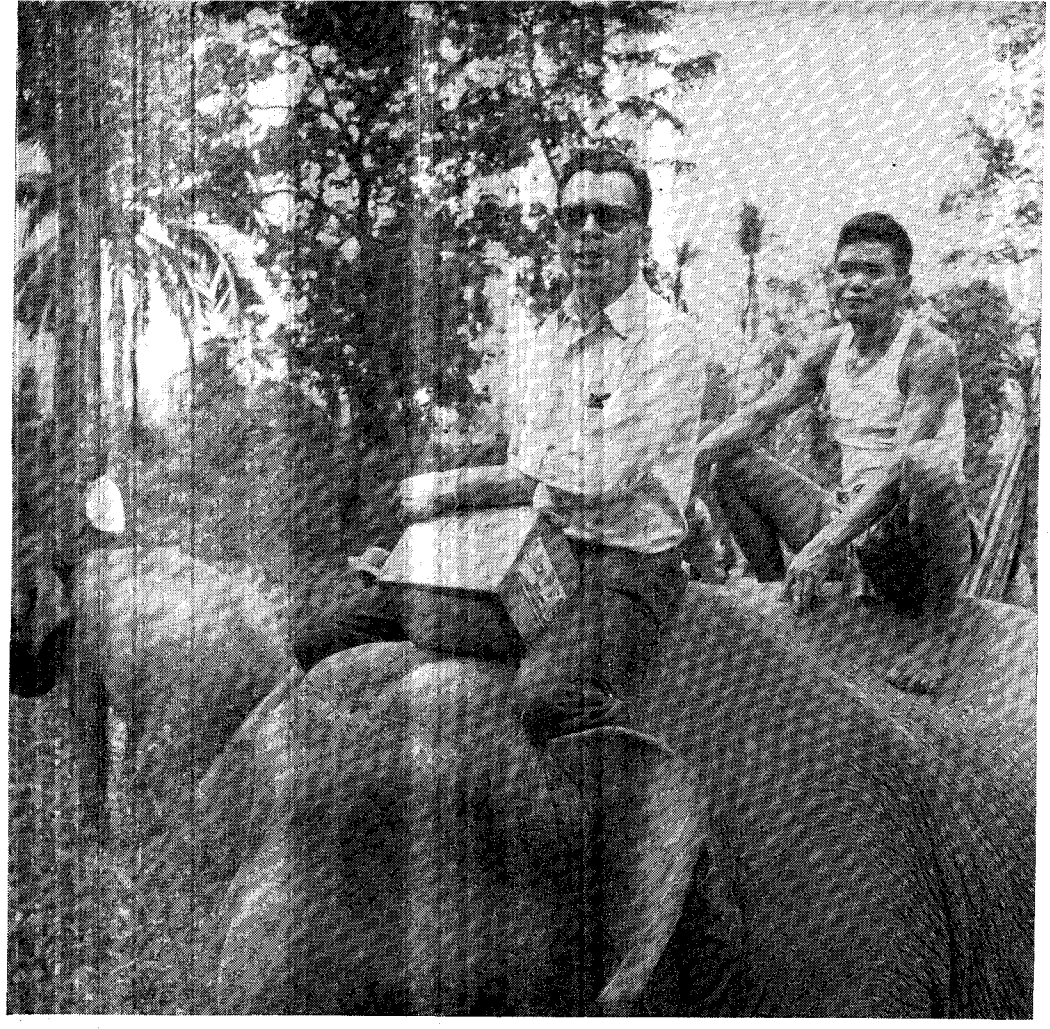
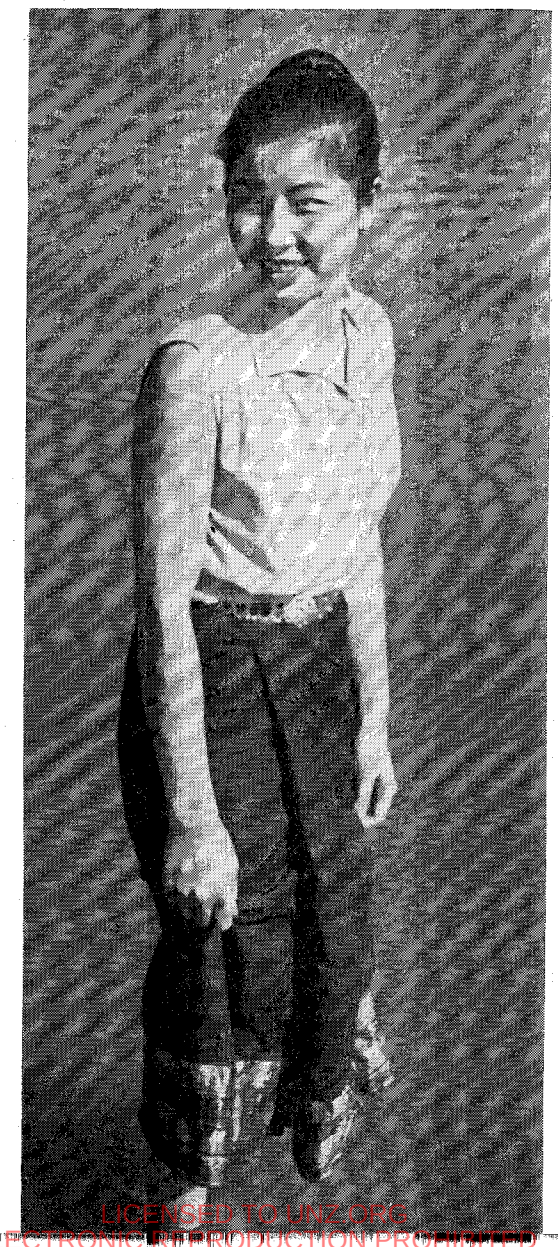
"Don't Forget Madame's Elephant"



At Luang Prabang the author (dark glasses) used elephants to deliver his food parcels.

The author, head of a U.S. relief mission, reveals what life is like in Laos, an unbelievable Asiatic kingdom which finds itself caught in the communist nutcracker. By ODEN MEEKER

Refugee kids with gifts from America. Laotians from Red-held sections of the country came to get CARE packages despite propaganda that the contents had been poisoned.



The princess royal of Laos cools her regal feet in the River Mekong. "The Laotians are gentle people," the author reports. "They ask only to be left in peace."

VIENTIANE, LAOS.

I was walking down First Avenue in New York City with Warren Pinegar, chief of all CARE's missions overseas, when he suddenly asked me, "How would you like to go to Laos?" I said, "Fine," or something like that, and a few hours later I found myself being shot—like a pea through a pea shooter—through the CARE machinery.

The accounting people introduced me to their simplified system, designed to be comprehensible even to the most unmathematical housewives. But the A-1-A and A-1-B and B-1-A forms, and the Consolidated Monthly Inventories, Transshipment Receiving Reports, Claims Progress Memos, and the rest revolved in my head and left me with new respect for the housewife. CARE got me a new passport, flew me to Washington and back for visas, bought me a typewriter with a polyglot keyboard, and also a supply of traveler's checks.

A couple of days later I found myself aboard a Stratocruiser headed east, looking admiringly at my Laotian visa. It was No. 3 on the books of the legation in Washington. I was still a little dizzy from the scramble of getting off. But soon, soothed by the deft ministrations of the BOAC stewardesses, I began pondering the facts I had hastily collected about the remote land where I was bound.

The Kingdom of Laos is one of the three independent states of Indochina—four, now that the Vietminh have made a communist state out of North (Continued on Page 64)

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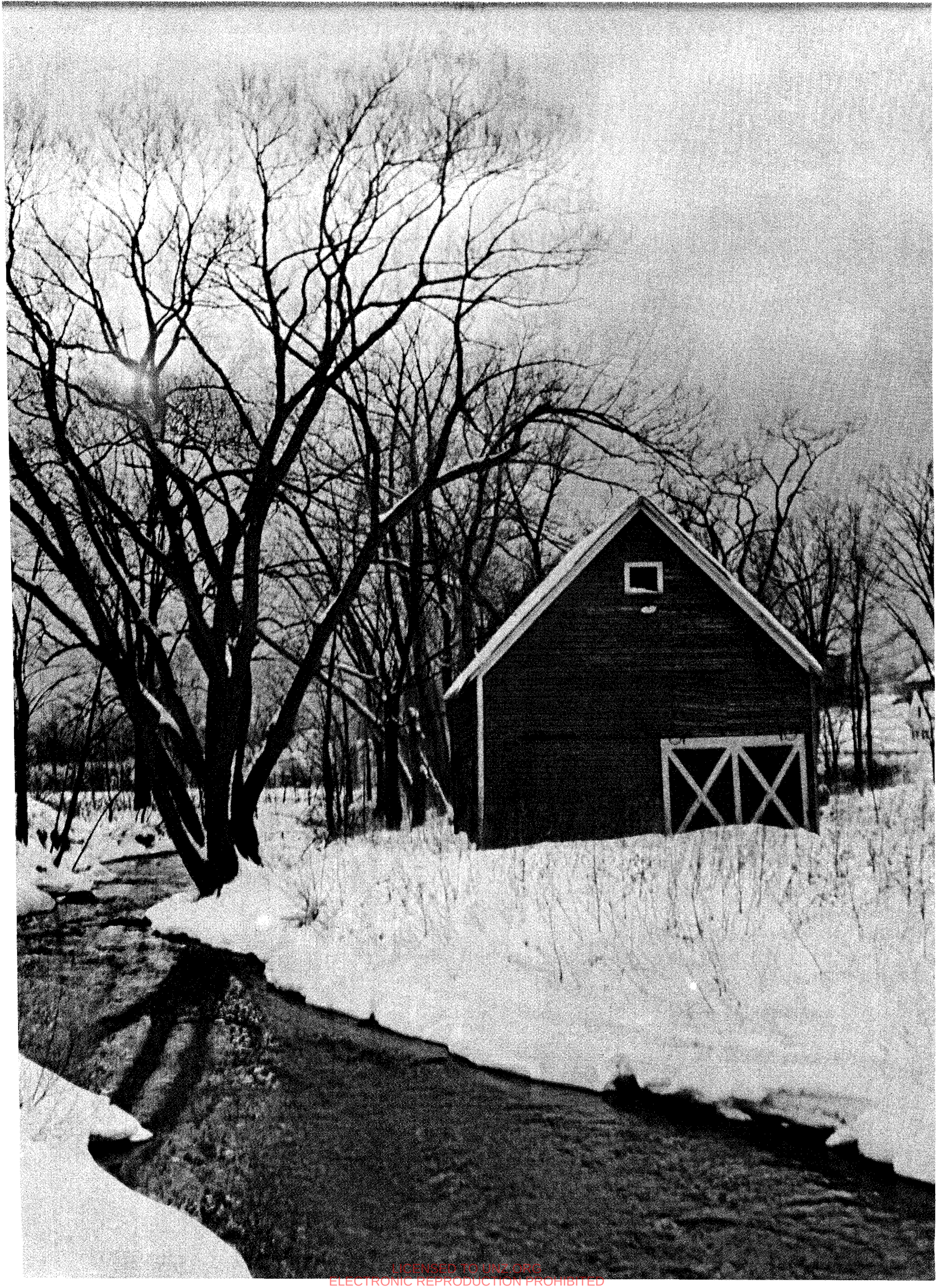

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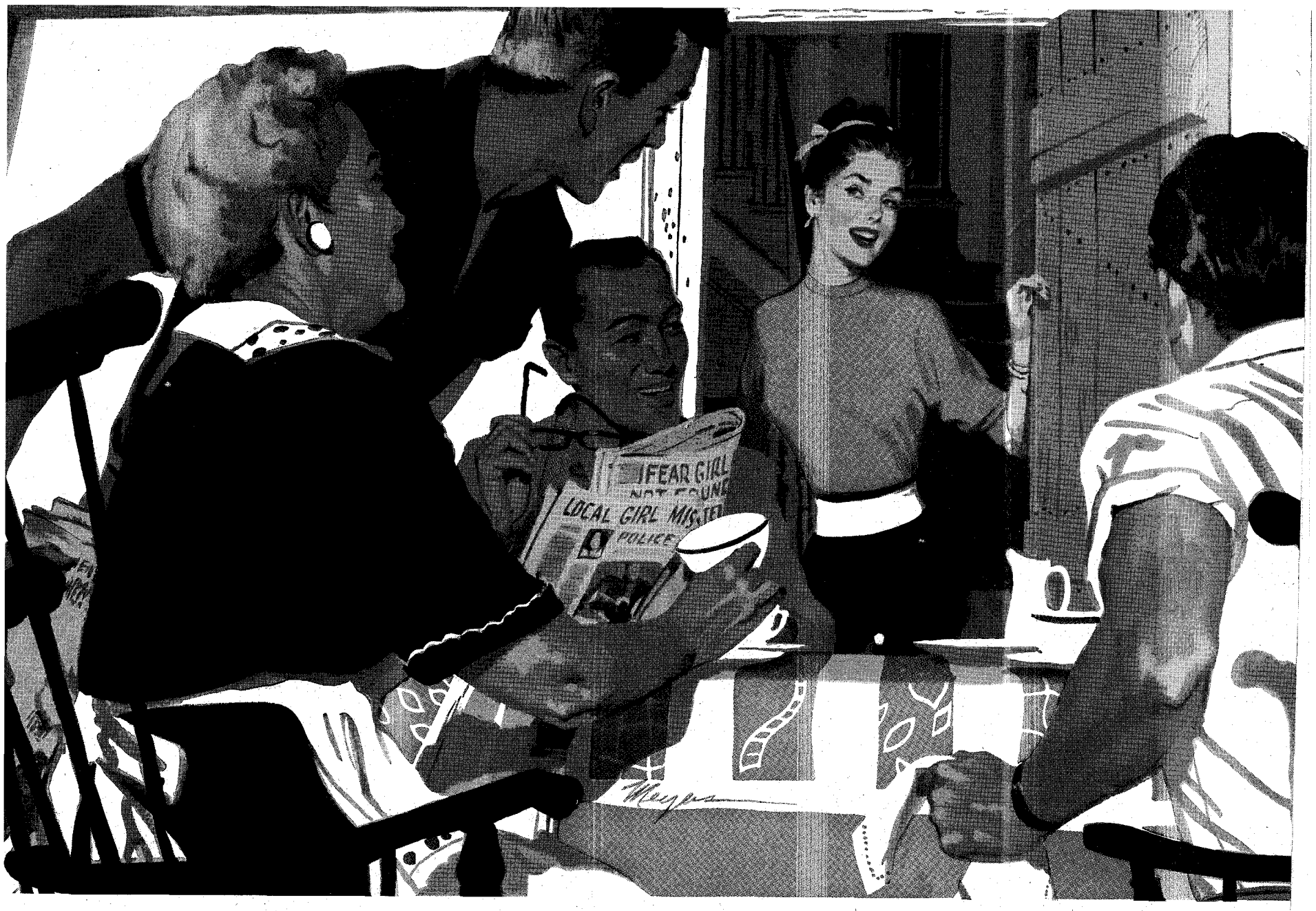

"Hello, everybody," said Sue, from the kitchen doorway. David let out a sharp, startled breath.

Those Midford Girls

By BARBARA J. HUNT

Sue was back home again. But where had she been? And why had she disappeared?

"She's all right," Mrs. Midford told David Hanna. "She must be. Sue's too level-headed to ——" Mrs. Midford was afraid to imagine the meaning of her youngest daughter's disappearance. Sue was young, and her efforts to get on the stage in New York had ended in disillusionment.

A couple of days ago Mrs. Midford had been alone in her big New England home. Now David lived there and two other young men from the university—English instructor Carl Kraft and a Chinese student by the name of Wong—had arranged to rent rooms. But because her husband was dead and her three daughters were grown, Mrs. Midford wanted to sell the house.

The first prospective buyer was a fake swami whom real-estate broker Israel Page brought around. Then came Miss Harrid and Mrs. Blenkham, who wanted to establish an old-fashioned finishing school for girls. Finally, there were the Allbrights, an arty Boston couple who knew Mrs. Midford's daughter, Ruth. The third Midford daughter, Marilyn, saw through the Allbrights' shallowness and sold them a monstrous old chair called the Iron Maiden, for $200. The Allbrights wanted to put its "stark agony" under a painting by Modigliani.

Marilyn had just divorced a rich New Yorker named George Stafford. Now she had her eyes on Carl Kraft. "I like big redheads," she told her mother.

At the moment, neighbors and newsmen were besieging the Midford house for stories on Sue's disappearance. David was getting rid of these people while the women cleaned up rooms for Wong and Carl. Then Mrs. Midford and Marilyn got an idea: By feeding wild

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stories to reporters, they could get Sue on page 1, where she would read about herself, realize her family's concern about her and come home.

CONCLUSION

By the time Carl Kraft arrived, promptly at four, his room was swept and dusted. The antiques were in the basement, the rummage stacked in the hall and the sealskin cape hanging in Marilyn's closet. Wong helped Carl bring his luggage in, then Carl helped them all clean Wong's room. Over the whine of the vacuum cleaner they caught the jangling of the doorbell and the telephone, and in the intervals when they turned the machine off, they heard fragments of David's voice.

Marilyn said wistfully, "I wish I could catch what's going on down there. If he's doing half as well by the rest of them as he did by Mrs. Blenkham —— Oh, I wish George were here!"

"I should think," said Mrs. Midford, "that George would be the last straw."

"But it would do him so much good to see how the other half lives!"

"America is very peculiar place," said Wong thoughtfully.

"The situation you find here," said Carl, "is not exactly typical."

"No," said Marilyn. "It's only till we get her off Page Thirty-two."

"I beg pardon? I do not understand."

Marilyn explained. Growing appreciation spread over Wong's face as he listened. "I catch on," he beamed. "Publicity!"

"The great American institution," said Carl.

Mrs. Midford felt a pang of trepidation. As the three young ones looked at one another, there was a light in their eyes that she didn't quite like. "Now, children, I do think we ought to be a little careful. Publicity can be a two-edged sword."

"American soft drink is universal," said Wong dreamily, "solely from publicity."

"I think you ought to root around and find some pictures of Sue, mother."

"Please, children! This is a serious matter. We can't ——"

"The very least Sue should get out of it is a Hollywood contract," said Marilyn.

"Ransom notes from wicked Orientals," said Wong. "Very newsworthy items."

"No!" said Mrs. Midford. "I'll have none of that! A little fun is one thing, but ——"

"She's right, Charlie," said Marilyn. "It might get you into trouble."

"Too bad," said Wong regretfully. "Kidnapers and mad scientists make very good roles for slinky Orientals. So then what is left for me?"

"You can quote Confucius," said Marilyn. "Lift the whole thing out of the realm of the ordinary."

"I doubt that Confucius had the right answers to this," said Mrs. Midford caustically.

"Confucius very wise man," said Wong, smiling beatifically. "He had answers to everything."

At that moment the telephone and the doorbell rang simultaneously. David yelled, "Hey! How about somebody giving me a hand?"

Wong, Marilyn and Carl sprinted for the stairs and tumbled down them like three eager puppies. Mrs. Midford followed slowly. She didn't know just how or where things had got out of hand. Any one thing, on the face of it, should have been all right: hiring David to mow the lawn, Marilyn coming home, talking to Israel Page, giving rooms to a few lonely boys —— All innocent acts, taken separately.

Even stirred together, with Sue's disappearance thrown in, she couldn't understand how they could make such an unearthly brew. But perhaps when you got a few lonely youngsters together, and all of them had been badly hurt, one way or another, and you gave them a little sense of security, they reacted with exuberance. Their unbearable tension snapped and animal spirits rushed in to fill the vacuum. But there ought to be a limit. One shouldn't ——

At the bottom of the stairs, Marilyn grabbed her. "And this is my Aunt Sephrina, of the Philadelphia Staffords, you know. Mr. Holly, of the Boston Mail, Aunt Sephrina."

"Pleased to meet you, sure," he mumbled. "Now all I want's a brief statement from Mrs. Midford. And a few pictures of the missing girl."

Wong loomed suddenly out of the shadows by the grandfather's clock. "Oh, yes," said Marilyn. "This is my brother Wong. Come on out and meet Mr. Holly, Charlie. Don't be shy."

Wong bowed. "Great honor to have your presence in our humble house."

Mr. Holly drew back slightly. "Er—your brother?"

"Yes," said Marilyn. "It's a very interesting relationship. Don't you have any brothers, Mr. Holly?"

"Um. Mind if I get this little statement from Mrs. Midford?"

The telephone jangled. "Modigliani speaking," said David efficiently. "Sorry, Mrs. Midford's gone to Siam. Yes, you can quote that."

Mr. Holly said, "Siam, eh? We interviewed a Mrs. Blenkham when she left the house a while back, and Continued on Page 76)

"Oh, mother!" Sue said. "It's been awful! Just plain degraded awful!"

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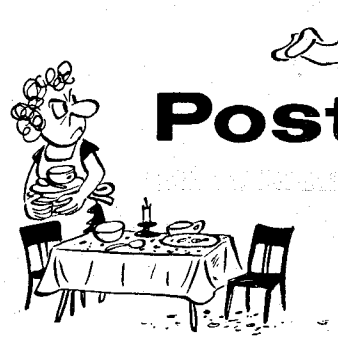

Post Scripts

Letters You'll be Writing Eventually, So Why Not Now?

January 14, 1956

James Weatherby Burdick, Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
BURDICK & BALDING POWER ENGINEERING
1127 Eastern Avenue
Cleveland 12, Ohio

Dear J.W.:

Happy New Year and here's to a year of continued cooperation and prosperity for all of us!

Our Akron "gang" was certainly flattered, J.W., when you showed up at our Christmas office party. Your presence really "made" the occasion. However, it has just been called to my attention that you may or may not have taken offense at some remark I was supposed to have made while the Christmas "spirits" were flowing. I believe you know me well enough, J.W., to know I certainly would never make any remark like that, but I believe I can pinpoint and clear up any misunderstanding that may or may not exist. It was after Florence Hartzig spilled the platter of Baked Salmon on your lap (and believe me, Flo felt terrible about it the next day) that I may or may not have said it fitted right in with the sloppy management around here, but if I did make such a remark, J.W., I was certainly referring to the fact that the Salmon should have been placed farther back on the buffet, and I think you know me well enough, J.W., to know that.....

Ivy Hall
Jan 14

Dearest Eddie —

Was I "blitzed" when I got back after the "holidaze" and found I'd forgotten to mail your present! Honestly what a boo-boo! Honestly I thought I'd flip! Anyhow it is on the way —hope you still like that crazy wire-box piano! Thanks loads for the darling bracelet! It's just darling! Guess all you Deke's are up to your hips getting ready for the Feb. Winter Carnival — what a "function" you tossed last year! — and I guess you've got lots more important things to do than read letters from me, so....

Deke House, 14 Jan

Dear Aunt Edith,

Wellhere it is a new Semester and Im really "hitting the books"as we say and I want to ~~tha~~ tellyou how much I am enjoying the Complete Works of Arnold ~~Toinbee~~ Toynbeyou sentt me for Christma s. It is right down my"alley" as you mightsay, be casse I am having a little trouble with Hist. a nd Professor Lithgoe says there is nobbdy as ~~sss~~ sound as Toinbe because his thoughts about Hist. are very sound.Thank you very much. Hope New York isnt too cold now altho I guess its coldenough, Mother writes that your leaving ~~for~~ a 3-mo. trip to Bermuda andI was wondering if your apt.was going to be empty because I and ~~Cindy~~ Charle s Baker my roommate are coming into NY the week nd of the 3rd to do some reserch and Ithought since your apt. is near the library it would be very handy to....

January 14, 1956

Dearest Mother & Dad Hawkins,

-- Home again, all safe & sound, & what a wonderful Christmas we spent withyou, the whole family together! John@s still raving about your Christmas turkey, Mother Hawkins-- I just wish I knew what you put in that dressing! Incidentally, did he happen to leave his Scotch plaid wool shirt in the hall closet? We can't find it anywhere! Also if you should run across Penny's little pink sweater and mittens and Johnny's lift-truck, the one he broke Christmas Day, would you mind terribly putting them in one big package and.....

Francine Hallowell Schmidt
240 Chelmsford Ave. Apt #8
~~4215 WILLOW VISTA AVENUE, APT.16~~
CHICAGO ~~27~~, ILLINOIS

Jan 14

Dear Aunt Mae & Uncle Jim —

Thanks ever so much for the lovely printed stationery you sent for Christmas! I guess I didn't tell you I moved the first of Dec. because I found this wonderful apartment with a view!! — but I always need some-thing to write on anyhow and the paper itself is just lovely.....

Saturday

Dear Grandma and Grandpa,

Thank you for the teddybear pocketbook, it is cute. Mother and Daddy gave me a short formal for Dancing Class Night and a pair of real sheer nylons and Auntie Dot gave me a real ~~red~~ rineston lipstick it has pearls on the top. Thanks for the teddybear....

BY PEG BRACKEN

"He's a very picky eater."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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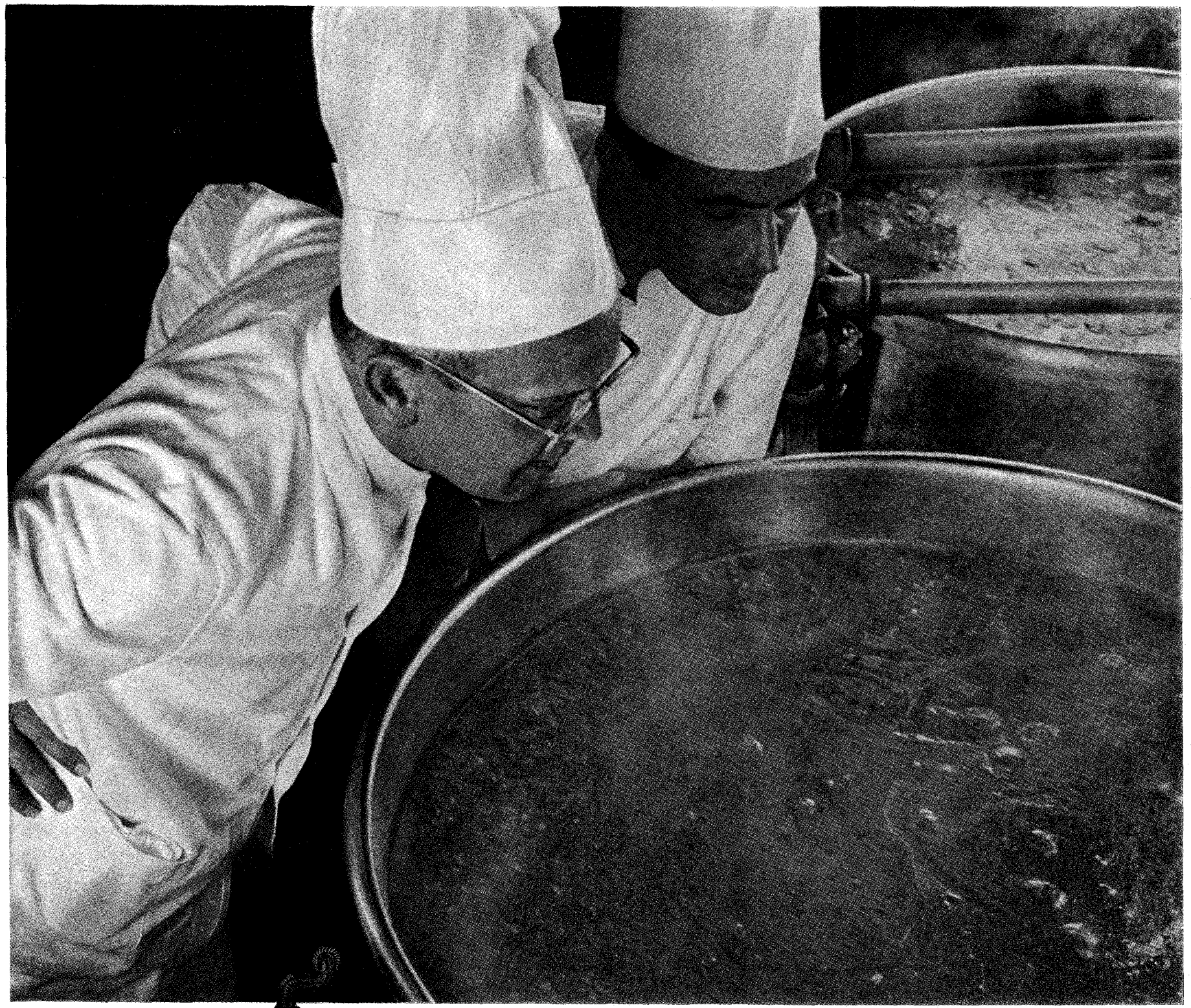

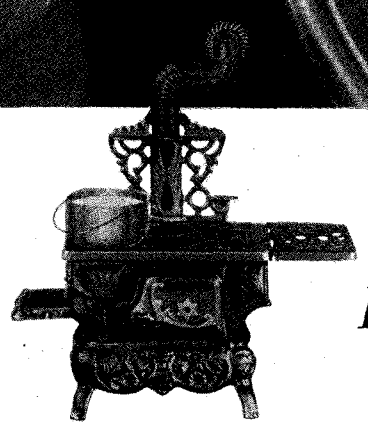

The Campbell Simmer

How this gentle, old-fashioned way of slow heat keeps the flavors in

When grandmother put the soup kettle on the back of the kitchen range and let it simmer for hours, she knew exactly what she was about.

So even in these hurry-up times, Campbell still prepares its soup stocks by simmering them long and slowly.

This gentle, old-fashioned way of slow heat blends the flavors of the good things in the kettle. Like any good home cook, we want to keep the flavor and aroma in the broth and not let it escape.

When the soup stocks and broths have been simmered this careful way, we get down to the final blending of the soup with the happy results that you see here.

Patience like this is standard practice in the sparkling Campbell Kitchens where the blending of subtle flavors is a craftsman's art. This is one of the most important reasons why all the good foods fixed by Campbell always taste so good. For, as the Campbell adage says:

"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

"We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation."

Campbell's

Soups • Tomato Juice • Pork & Beans
V-8 *Cocktail Vegetable Juices*
Franco-American *Products* • **Swanson** *Products*

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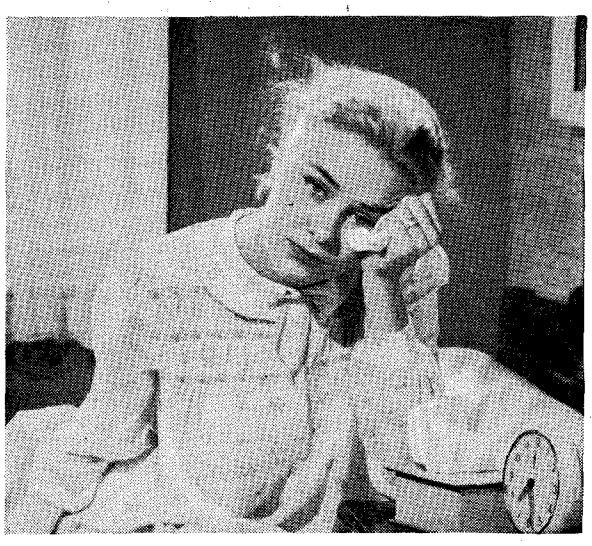
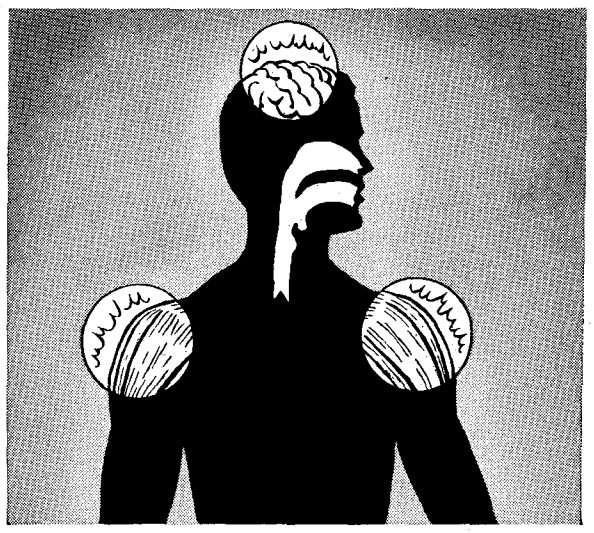
COLDS! EVEN VIRUS COLDS!

Newly Discovered Compound Of Medicines For Control Of Cold Suffering Lets You

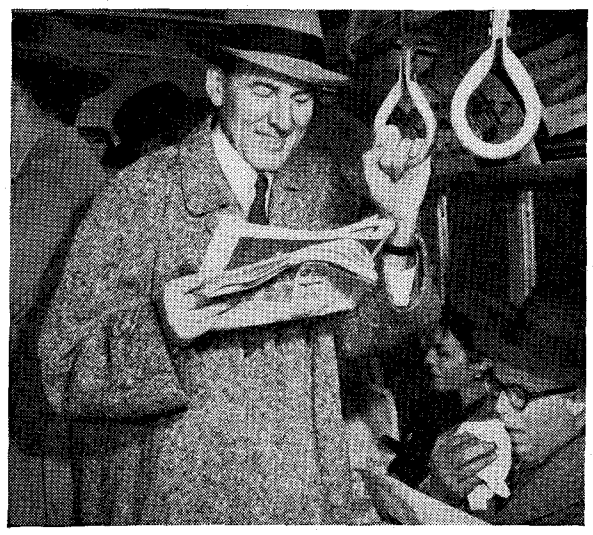
Throw Off Effects Better!
Break Them Up Faster!
Shorten The Time You Suffer!



Most people can't stay in bed with colds—they've got to get on the job. New Super Anahist Cold Tablets help you feel better—look better—work better, even when you have a *virus cold.*



Super Anahist helps lower fever, relieves pain of headache and muscles, shrinks swollen membranes—actually breaks up effects of colds better. You can go your way without that sniffling, sneezing misery.



Only Super Anahist combines precious, resistance-building Vitamin C into this effective formula. That's important—because the vast majority of people follow diets deficient in this vitamin.

SUPER ANAHIST®

helps defeat fever, sneezing, aching effects of Virus Colds!

Here, at long last, is the medical answer to the suffering of Virus Colds, so prevalent in America. Super Anahist Tablets now combine a unique combination of five cold-fighting wonder drugs, never before contained in a single compound.

Results are amazing! Super Anahist helps fight the toxins that poison your system during a cold—even a virus cold. Super Anahist helps put back in your blood what the virus drains away—helps lower fever—reduce pains—even shrinks swollen membranes. You *feel* better, almost at once!

What's more, you *look* better, too—so that you don't carry those ugly signs of a cold to your job. Super Anahist helps clear up red, watery eyes—puffy skin—unpleasant nasal discharge and sneezing.

Best of all, you can *work* better without that dragged-out, half-dead feeling that accompanies a virus cold. And Super Anahist even helps your body resist more serious illnesses that can follow a cold.

Be prepared, if the cold virus attacks your family. Get safe, effective Super Anahist Tablets. Bottles of 20, 98¢. Special Children's Size Tablets, 32 for 98¢.

GUARANTEE

We believe that new SUPER ANAHIST is the most effective product of its kind on the market today, and guarantee its results.

If SUPER ANAHIST does not satisfy you completely, return the unused portion to the Anahist Co., Inc., Yonkers 2, N. Y., and your full purchase price will be refunded.

REGULAR OR CHILDREN'S SIZE

And on Nasal Spray, Cough Syrup or Chest Rub—the name Super Anahist means "Best Medicine for Cold's Distress"

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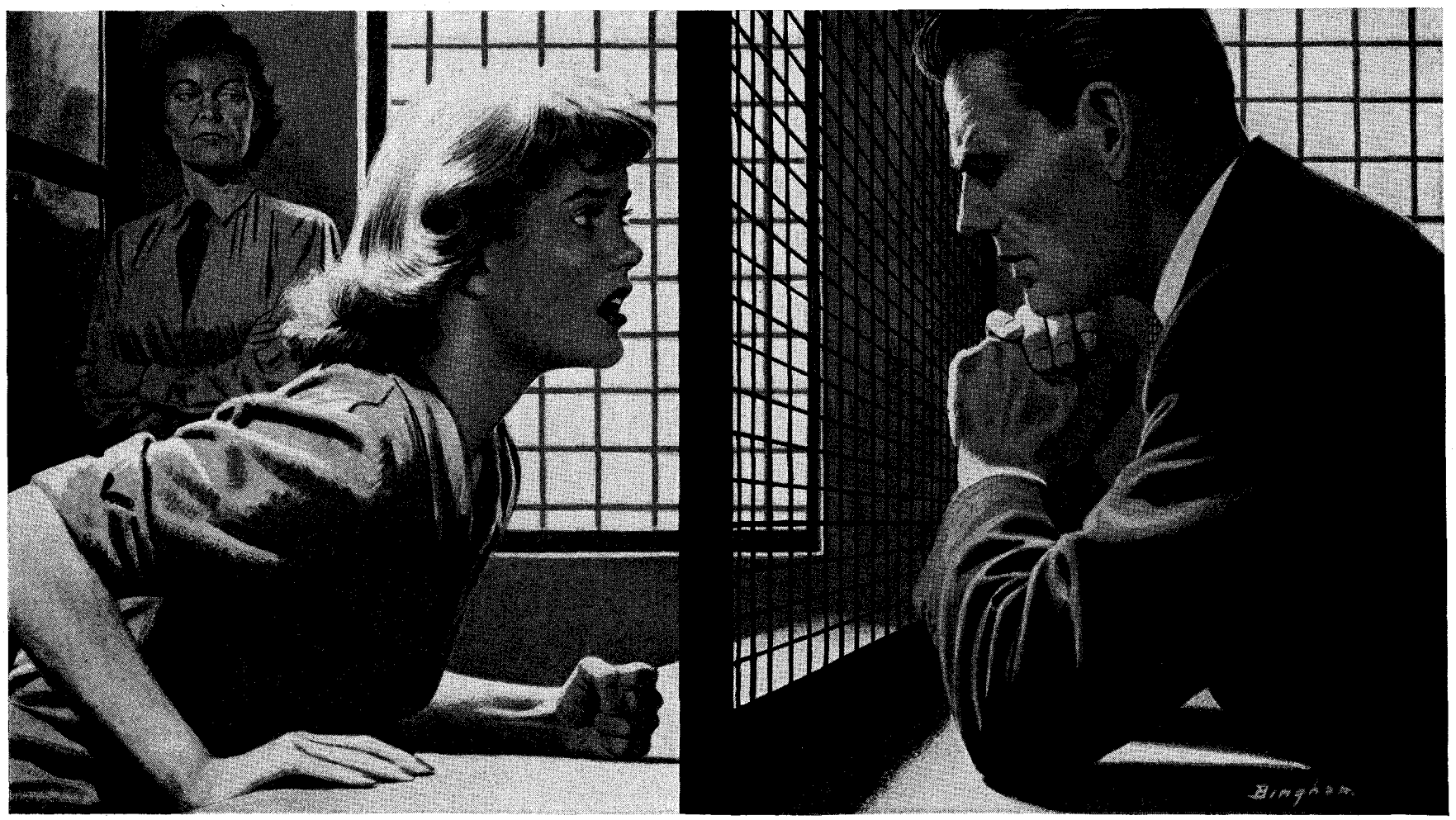

"How does all that affect my case?" asked Nadine. "It makes it look as if you could have killed him," Perry Mason replied.

The Case of the Missing Poison

This was Perry Mason's task: To prove his client not guilty of a crime she had already confessed.

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

John Locke turned to Perry Mason. "You'll have to hide me," he blurted. "I can't afford to talk to the police because of what I know."

Locke's fiancée, Nadine Farr, had told her psychiatrist, Doctor Denair, that she poisoned her so-called uncle, Mosher Higley. Doctor Denair called on Perry Mason for counsel. Nadine explained that she obtained the poison to kill herself because Higley refused to let her marry Locke.

According to Nadine, she killed Higley by unintentionally giving him some of her poison. She had thrown the bottle of tablets into a nearby lake. Mason recovered the bottle. Nadine's story appeared to be a hallucination, for the tablets were a sugar substitute Higley always used. Meanwhile, District Attorney Hamilton Burger learned of Nadine's story. Burger's men found a second bottle in the lake. This one contained cyanide. Burger accused Mason of having planted the first bottle.

Mason called Nadine for an explanation. She had left her motel with Jackson Newburn. Newburn's wife, Sue, was Higley's niece and heir. She hated Nadine and resented her husband's friendship with Nadine.

Mason tracked down John Locke to see if he could explain Nadine's confession. Locke revealed that Nadine had stolen some cyanide from his laboratory. He feared she intended to commit suicide. Cap'n Hugo, Mosher Higley's servant, found the poison and returned it to Locke. Four tablets were missing.

John knew his testimony might convict Nadine. On the advice of Della Street, Mason's secretary, John decided to marry Nadine to avoid having to testify against her.

Jackson Newburn was reluctant to tell Mason his connection with Nadine. Newburn even denied that he had picked Nadine up at her motel. But when Mason showed Newburn he could prove he'd been with Nadine, Newburn broke. "All right," he told Mason finally, "I'll give it to you straight."

VI

Newburn said, "I always liked Nadine—not the way my wife thinks, but I liked her. She's a good kid and she was getting a raw deal from Mosher Higley. Mosher was my wife's relative. He was no relative of mine. My wife was his only relative. Higley had property. I'm not mercenary or commercial, but I'd be a fool if I didn't appreciate the fact that my wife was his only heir.

"The fact remains that Higley was terribly mean to Nadine. I sympathized with Nadine. Sue—that's my wife—didn't. I think in the back of Sue's mind was the fear that Nadine might get her hooks into Mosher and—well, get a larger share under the will. There's some scandal about Nadine's birth. She's an illegitimate child.

(Continued on Page 83)

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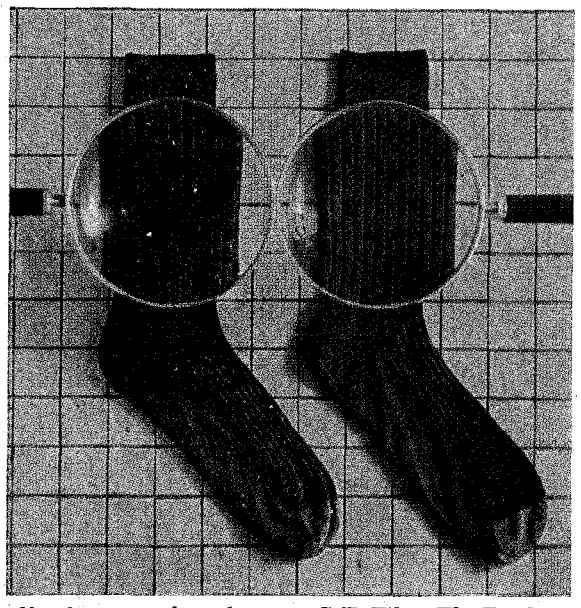
NEW 1956 G-E FILTER-FLO WASHER GIVES YOU CLEANER, BRIGHTER CLOTHES... NO LINT FUZZ!

Amazing Filter-Flo Washing cleans and re-cleans the water as you wash



Here's proof that the new G-E Filter-Flo Washer washes clothes without leaving lint fuzz! After 11 washings in an ordinary washer, socks at left were flecked with lint. After 11 washings the G-E way, an identical pair (right) showed practically no lint.

Look for Filter-Flo Washing System—today's most talked-about improvement in automatics. Full tub of wash water is filtered five times during a wash cycle without wasting water or detergent. Above, you see lint and loose threads being removed as circulating water flows through the filter.

Slips out for easy cleaning. The filter fits on the Activator top, also holds detergent, dispensing it evenly dissolved through the wash. After clothes are placed in washer, slip the filter into place. After wash is over, slip it out to empty.

Color-styled . . . General Electric Filter-Flo Washers about $3.35* weekly. Choose from 5 Mix-or-Match colors: petal pink, canary yellow (shown), turquoise green, cadet blue, woodtone brown. Also white. Models with famous G-E Activator® Washing Action for every budget, from less than $200 with your old washer. Today's best buy. Also see the new G-E Dryer with Automatic Clothes Conditioning . . . at your G-E dealer's.

Removes lint, sand and soap scum automatically! Never again need you put up with linty wash water that leaves fuzz on clothes . . . or soap scum that dulls colors.

The marvelous new General Electric Filter-Flo Washer circulates and filters the water at the rate of six gallons a minute to make sure clothes wash white and bright.

As the washbasket continuously overflows, sand settles out the bottom. Soap scum floats away. Lint is trapped in the filter which lets only cleansed, sudsy water flow back into the washbasket.

Big capacity,too. This General Electric Washer gives you over 50% more clothes capacity than many other automatics. Water Saver Control lets you save water on small loads. General Electric Co., Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

**After small down payment. See your dealer for his prices and terms. Most models available in Canada.*

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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On Avery Island, La., workers chop weeds among the pepper plants which provide the basic ingredient of Tabasco sauce.

Young "Mr. Ned" Simmons—heir apparent of the island realm

Hot Pepper Island

On this storybook island in the Bayou country everybody works for "Tabasco Mac" and the wild beasts are tame compared to the hot sauce.

By SIDNEY SHALETT

The afternoon I arrived on Avery Island, Louisiana, Walter Stauffer McIlhenny, the ordinarily austere director of the dynasty which produces the fiery McIlhenny Tabasco sauce for which the island is principally famous, was in a rare mood of joviality. He explained that his amusement had been inspired by a board-of-directors' meeting at which there had been a discussion of the conduct of one of the island's most ancient inhabitants, a villainous alligator known as Old Ferdinand.

"Now mind you," said the forty-three-year-old pepper-sauce king, "there is nothing whatsoever to laugh at in what Old Ferdinand did. He came right up into the front yard of my cousin, Edward McIlhenny Simmons, and, when Ned's puppy, Inky, courageously rushed him, grabbed the puppy in his jaws and made off into the pond with it.

"All this took place right before the eyes of Ned's young wife, Lanier. The poor girl naturally was horrified, because they have an infant son, Ti Ned—

(Continued on Page 59)

Hot-sauce king Walter McIlhenny with his prize pointers.

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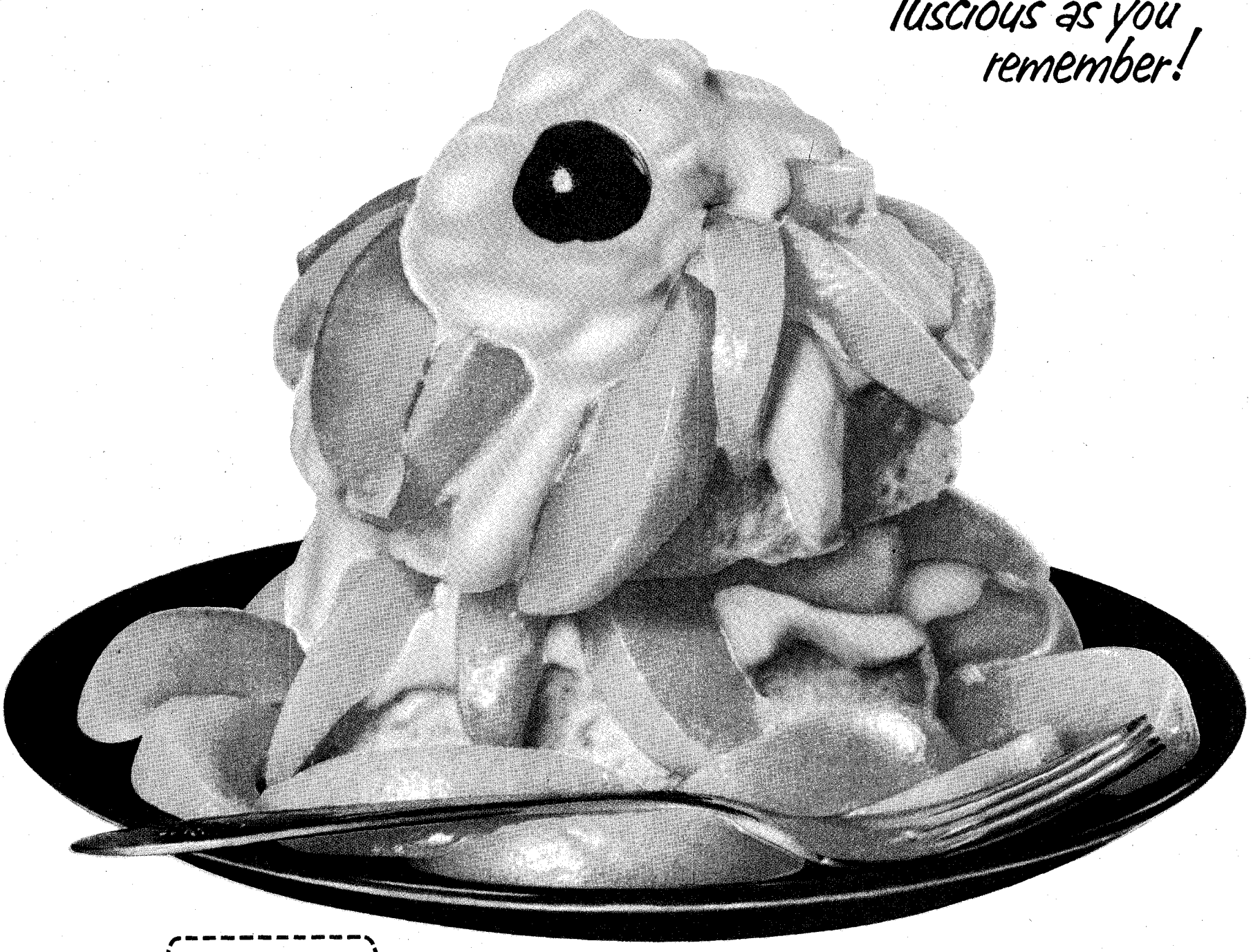
Old fashioned golden shortcake

luscious as you remember!



EASY RECIPE

Yes—this is such a shortcake as memories are made of! Biscuits, short and rich, still warm from your oven. Split, with butter spread and melting gently through. And cling peaches from California make your shortcake perfect. Juicy-sweet clings, golden as sunshine when you spoon them from the can, piled high because they taste so delicious.

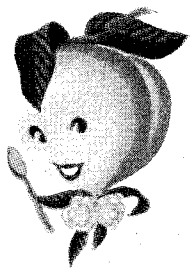
Finally, over both layers, rich whipped cream, lightly sweetened as you desire. Reach down your package of Bisquick* now—only Bisquick makes shortcakes so good and so easy. Then simply open a can of sliced peaches—the handsome, summery, full-flavored peaches—plainly marked "clings" on the label.

Cling Peach Advisory Board *Registered Trademark—General Mills

CANNED

Cling Peaches

FROM CALIFORNIA



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You get that feeling of supercharged excitement right from the start!

This fabulous '56 Pontiac is action personified—the sum and substance, the very meaning of the word—ACTION!

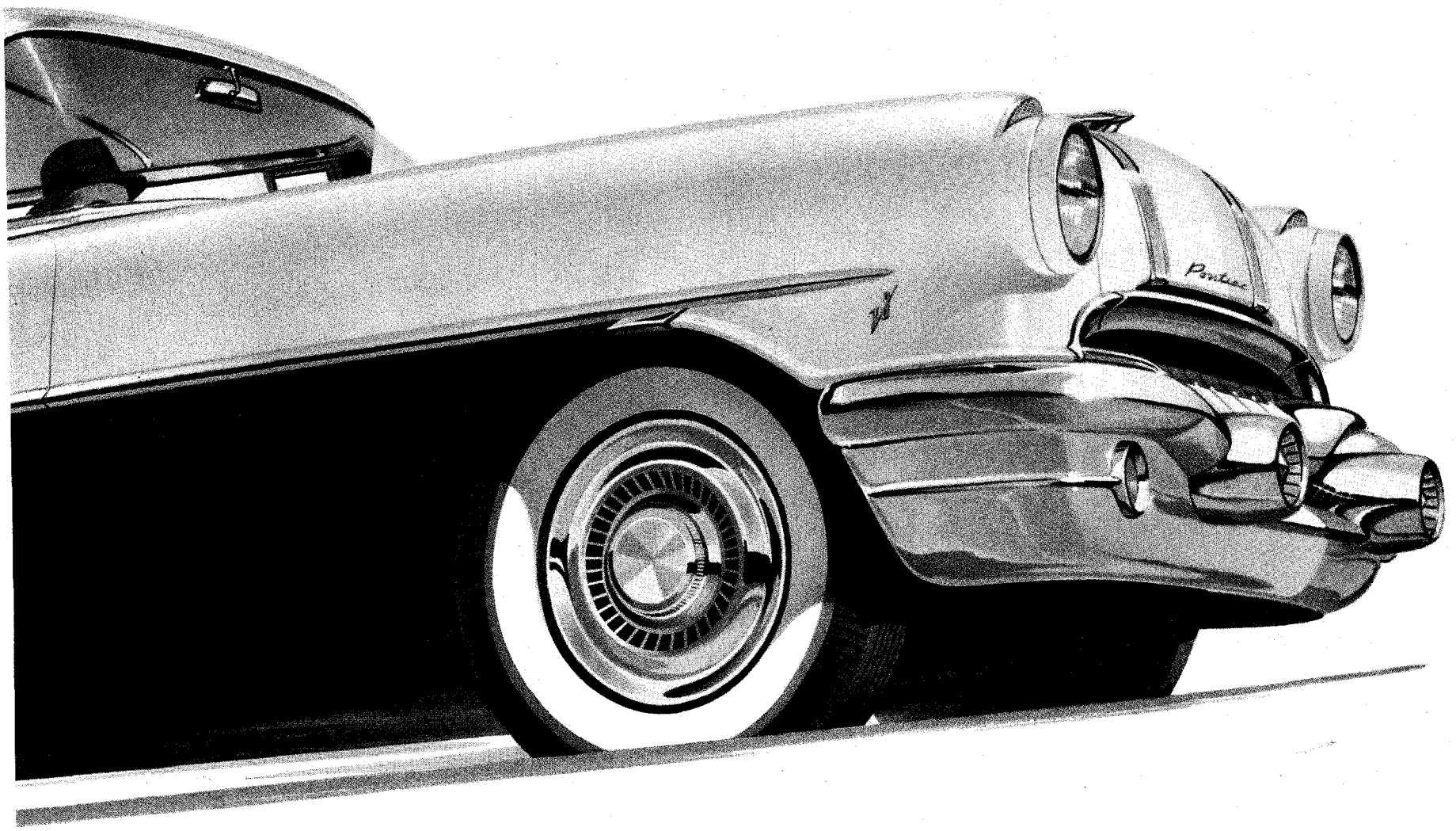
It should be . . . you're piloting the most modern high-compression power plant on the road, the mighty Strato-Streak V-8, pouring out a blazing 227 horsepower . . . gentled by the revolutionary Strato-Flight Hydra-Matic* to smoothness almost beyond belief.

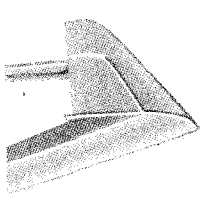
The car seems alive, eager, rarin' to go—and the featherweight pressure of your foot is the only command it needs. Suddenly you realize, driving has become almost completely effortless.

Just touch the accelerator and quick as a wish you're where you want to be . . . pulling away from a stop light, topping a hill or whisking safely past slower-moving traffic.

It's that easy . . . that thrilling. And the thrill returns full force every time you drive this great car. Try it and you'll know *this* is the car for you . . . the fabulous '56 Pontiac . . . the car that is making driving exciting again!

**An extra-cost option.*





The car says go—and the price won't stop you!

Get this—Pontiac prices start lower than 44 models of cars you usually think of as the lowest-priced field. That's right—you can have all of Pontiac's big car glamour and go for less than you would pay for 44 models of cars in the lowest price group.

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Strato-Streak Pontiac

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It's great to "go steady" with this *cool, clean taste!*

Copyright 1956 by The Seven-Up Company

Here's the drink that's fun to be with—it has such a *sparkling* personality!

Seven-Up fairly tingles your thirst away—with a flavor that's *naturally* refreshing and full of tang. The c-o-o-l, clean taste *leaves* your mouth feeling cool and clean when you finish the bottle. No stickiness—no come-back thirst.

But take your time with 7-Up. Relish it. It's much too good to hurry with.

For a really "cool" date, whether you're out with the crowd, or home with the books, make *yours* 7-Up.

P. S. Try it with that hamburger next time. It's the *greatest!*

Watch "Soldiers of Fortune" for exciting TV adventure!

Nothing does it like Seven-Up!

You like it...
it likes you!

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"Tell Daddy we miss him"

When one of the family is out of town, there's nothing like a regular telephone call to keep ties warm and close.

It's by far the fastest, easiest way to keep in touch . . . to share good news . . . to reach someone in a hurry. It means so much, it costs so little.

Why not call right now? It's easy – just tell the operator where you want to call: she'll be glad to help you.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

Cleveland to Pittsburgh	45¢
Birmingham to St. Louis	85¢
Chicago to Buffalo	95¢
Milwaukee to New York	$1.20
San Francisco to Washington, D. C.	$2.00

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the 10% federal excise tax.

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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(Continued from Page 52) the lifeline to some Christian someday and hope to square it up thataway." He sighed and looked down at the boy. "I've sat through many a dull preaching on a mighty hard church bench just to please your maw. Maybe the Lord will weight that."

He put the car into second gear and groaned up onto the flat black stretch of highway winding lonely through the desert. He stopped the car beside the pile of pea gravel a hundred yards up the highway. He glanced up and down the highway, and then got a jack from under the front seat. He stuck the jack under a rear wheel and jacked it slightly.

"I figure curiosity is sinful too. We'll just use that old jack under the wheel to keep curious-minded folks from sinning while we shovel this here gravel."

He began tossing gravel into the rear of the car, talking all the time.

"Now, A. J., you may ask me how I aim to square this with the county. That's a hard one for you to figure. Well, this here is a loan."

A car hummed down the road, and he dropped the shovel and knelt by the jacked-up wheel, fiddling with the wheel lugs. The car passed.

"Yes-sir-ree"—he went on shoveling again—"this here is a county loan. I aim to raise chickens and get to be a taxpayer. Soon as I'm a taxpayer, my taxes will cover this little shirttail full of gravel a hundred times over and more. Without this here gravel I can't get on with getting to be a taxpayer. Leastwise not so fast. It's only common sense, boy." He glanced up, his teeth showing white. The boy grinned back, shifting his feet in the gravel.

A hum down the road made them look up. Roark dropped his shovel and knelt against the wheel.

The car got closer, and Roark could tell it was an old one by the sound of it. The motor slowed and the car pulled up behind their own. Roark looked up at the man getting out of the car.

He was a fat man. A big, fat man, his dungarees holding up his paunch. A black cowman sombrero rode, curl-brimmed, back on his head. His mouth clamped a cold cigar butt.

His voice sounded funny coming from that bulk—thin, whiny and high. "Trouble, neighbor?"

"Just finishing," Roark answered. His voice was soft and careful.

"Looks like." The fat man's cold gaze shifted over the load of gravel in the car. "That there's county gravel."

"You work for the county, mister?" Roark asked politely.

"Nope. You might say the county works for me. I'm a taxpayer. I don't like to see my tax money stole. Stole by no-'count Okie trash. Reckon I'm gonna report this. Yes-sir." He clamped his jaw on the cigar butt.

"You feel like you just got to do it, mister?" Roark asked, his voice still flat, still polite.

"My duty. I'm a taxpayer. Taxpayers got duties."

"Ain't nothing I can do to make you change your mind?" Roark asked.

The fat man misunderstood. He grew expansive. He took out a match and worked hard at lighting the cold cigar. He puffed noisily, taking his time. His eyes darted over the man, the boy, their clothes and the old car.

"Raggle-taggle bunch, you. I seen your place out on the flat. What you aiming to do out there? Thieve around the countryside off us taxpayers?" He laughed shrilly, without humor.

"No, mister. Got a few chickens. Later on, we aim to put in some garden truck."

"Chickens. Garden truck. Crazy bunch of Okies."

A. J. was watching his father's face. He saw his hawk nostrils harden and the muscles of his jaw grow rock-hard. The boy was scared. He didn't rightly know why. But he was scared.

The fat man went on, his thin voice letting them know that he had them. "I figure my taxes that paid for this gravel come to about twenty bucks. Twenty dollars and you go back to your pigpen outfit and I forget I seen you." He dug another match from the too-tight dungarees and put the flame to the cigar.

"Stranger," Roark said with sadness, "I don't ask favors commonly from any man. I need a favor from you bad, though. I hate to ask it, but I purely got to. I need this here gravel. I'm scratching out there in the alkali to get me a start. But I can get along without the gravel. Let me put it back and you just go on about your business."

The fat man laughed, high and loud. The noise a big mean man makes when he's got a little man cornered and begging.

"Hah! So it's that easy, is it? Get caught thieving county property and then just smile and crawl out of it. Nos-sir, Okie, it's either twenty bucks or you start doing time in the road camp." His voice turned hard and mean. "I mean it. Now you hear me."

Roark glanced back at the boy. A. J. stood with his mouth open, his neck cords jumping with the chill of his inside excitement.

"I'm real sad, A. J., that you got to learn this about your daddy thisaway. I guess, though, you'd be bound to find it out."

He turned back to the fat man.

"Mister, I'm sure sorry you did this to me. I just can't do what you say. I just purely haven't got twenty dollars. Even if I had it, though, I wouldn't give it to a fat civet cat that'd mean-talk me in front of my own boy. And I don't aim to go to no road camp." He moved forward a long step. "You see, mister. I already done time once. Long time ago, now. I done my time down in Georgia the hard way. Ten pounds of chain on me twenty-four hours a day—two years. I had it. I just don't aim to do no more time, no time, no ways." His voice was regretful. "You see how it is, mister?"

The fat man's voice wasn't certain, but he tried, "That don't make me no never mind, Okie." He stopped and swallowed. "What was it you done they chain-ganged you?"

Roark's voice was remote—far away and sad. "Killed me a man. Bashed in his head with a shovel."

The fat man kept on looking at Roark, the muscles tightening under his fat. His eyes shifted once to the shovel on the gravel pile. He turned slowly and started walking on eggs back to his car. He swiveled his head once and saw Roark right behind him, Indianlike, his brown face frozen, his eyes dead. The man shifted his bulk into a shambling run.

Roark caught him at the car. He cuffed him back and forth, backhand and forehand, until A. J., watching from the gravel pile, was shivering and shaking as if he had the ague. The fat man stood there, not trying to defend himself, his breath coming out hard and hoarse between slaps. The boy could feel the fear coming from the man like a dirty wind. He shivered so hard his loose jaw knocked his teeth together.

Roark stopped. He took the man by his chin—not hard. He held him and made him hold up his eyes to his own.

"Mister, stay out of my way." His voice was flat and hard as a file. "Do you see me coming, you dig yourself a hole. I don't know you. I don't hanker to, but anybody bothers me out to my place, I'll know who's behind it. The earth won't be big enough to hide you. Now, git."

They watched the man get into his car and make a wide U-turn, heading back from where he came.

Roark let the jack down under the wheel. He stood a minute, his face set in thought. Then he took up his shovel and started to empty the loaded car. Finally he reached in with his bare hands and scooped every last particle of gravel out. Then, without speaking, they pushed the car until the motor caught.

Back at the turnoff to their rutted road the boy still hadn't opened his mouth, and he shivered once in a while. Roark grabbed the boy roughly by the knee and pulled him closer to him across the seat.

"Now heed me, A. J. Don't you go and get the idea I hold with stealing—or fighting. The only thing is, boy, if you want something bad, so bad it's like a bellyache and you lie wakeful of a night, yearning and fevering, you got nobody to turn to but yourself. That's when you find out if you're a big man or just small potatoes. You just saw your paw when his wanting had turned him into a small man. You try and see it don't never happen to you."

He put both hands back on the jerking wheel and his face was hard with concentration.

"You just saw a man mean-talk me because I was doing something wrong. Wrong by the Book and by the law. He had a right to mean-talk me, son. A man that don't hold himself in respect can't rightly hope another body to."

The gray camp came into view ahead of them, lying fever-hot in the desert haze.

"Someday I pray God this to be big. I pray it's big—and yours. I want you to feel like a man that can hold his head up, prideful and whole to himself. Someday when you're driving into the bank over this road, you think back how close we came to losing our pride. You keep close in mind how hard it is now. Good things don't come easy. Land is one of the real good things, and it don't come easy no ways. Now you see it never goes easy." His throat was dry and he swallowed.

Roark stopped the car before they entered the camp itself. He let the motor idle as he turned again to A. J.

"About that time down in Georgia, son. It's true. I killed a man. He was crowding me with a cutting knife. I got the marks yet on my ribs. I just picked up the first thing and whomped him with it. I only done two years 'cause it was self-defense. I done them two years to the day, A. J. A man's purely got to pay full measure for whatever he takes. You hear me now, son."

As they pulled up beside the chicken house, the woman's voice came long-calling them across the waste. Her thin figure came kiting, skirt flying, through the sage. Roark, his face mouth-gaped with quick fear, ran toward her, and as he caught her in his arms he was stirred to find her face relaxed, her mouth laughing while her eyes cried. She rubbed her face against his shirt front, wetting the cloth with her tears.

"It's His word, Roark. A sign, sure. It budded. Little foldy leaves sprouting right out of the dead stick, green as Eden." She leaned back in his arms, threw her head back, looking up at him laughing. "Mr. Roark," she said slowly, "we're going to have us a nice shade tree over our dwelling house."

Roark's hand patted her back with a deep gentleness.

A. J. stood openmouthed at the scene, then his mouth snapped closed and he walked forward. His voice was sure, the whine and sulk all gone from it.

"Paw, I was just thinking. Lots of loose rock around here. Might be we could break it up fine and use it in place of gravel."

Roark, his wife in his arms, turned to look down at A. J. His smile slowly wrinkled his eyes.

"Could be, A. J. Be a heap of work, though."

The boy took a deep breath and his eyes went over the waste, measuring it, feeling the sudden man-growth in him meet the measure.

"Be like you say, paw. A heap of work. I'll get at it now. Best part of the day gone as it is." THE END

The Perfect Squelch

The quizmaster was a composite of all objectionable masters of ceremonies: loud, brash, condescending and insultingly familiar. The contestant, a farmer's wife from Maine who was in town visiting her daughter, endured the quizzer's quips about her home state with quiet dignity, but her lips tightened when he burbled repeatedly about New England thrift and penny-pinching.

Answering question after question, the Maine woman won the jack pot with ease. Dangling the prize money before her, the quizmaster rehashed his jokes about New England thriftiness.

"And now," he asked theatrically, "what are you going to do with all this money?"

The woman's reply brought down the house.

"Count it," she said frostily.

Eugene T. Booth

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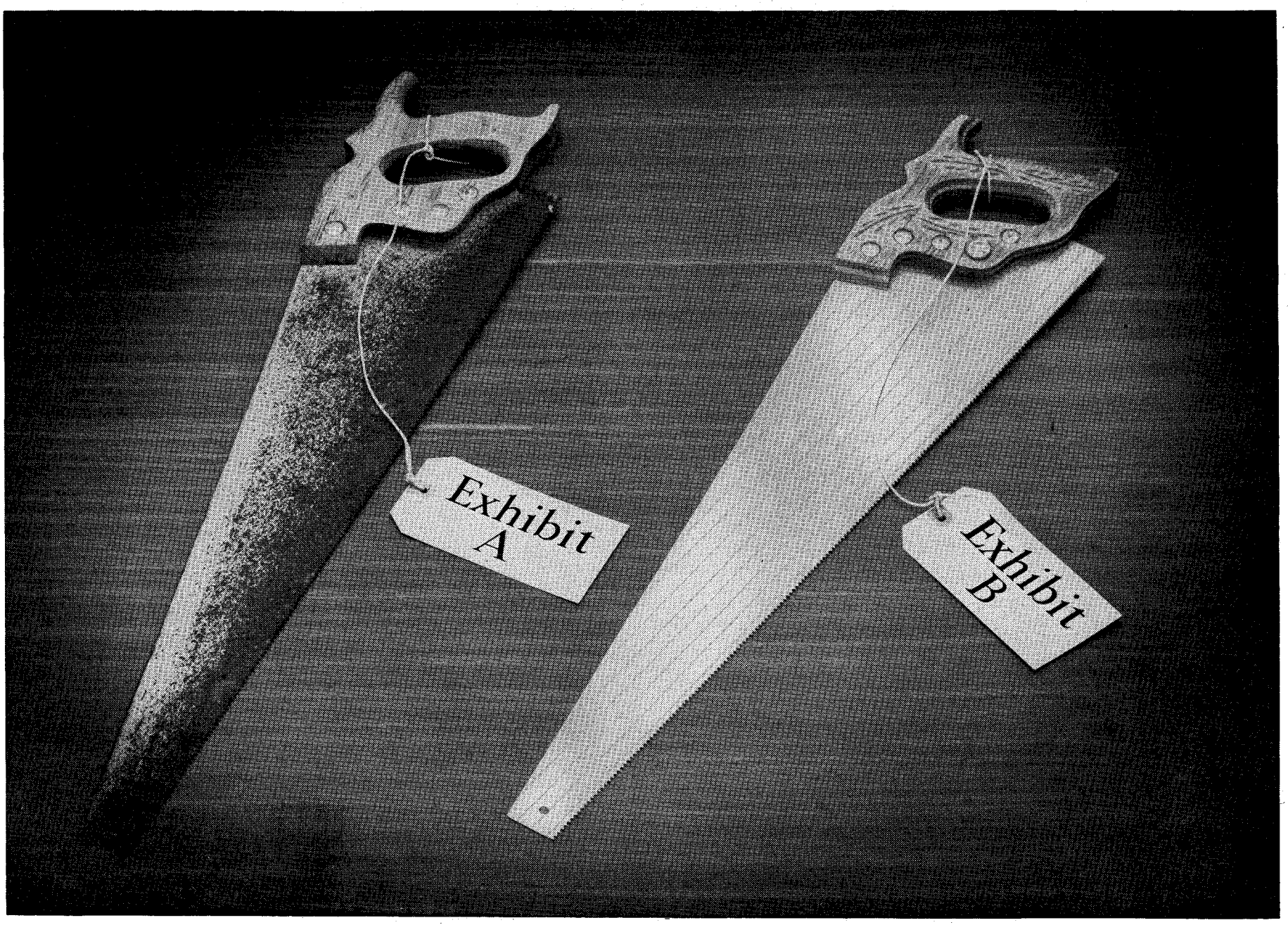


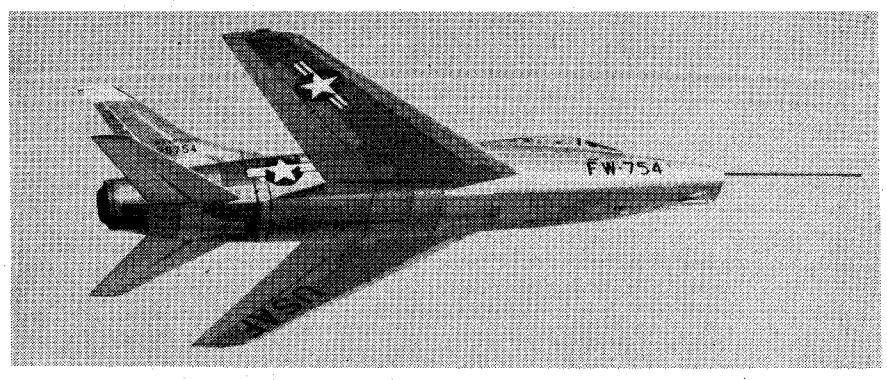
The case of the rust-free saw

Another way that Armco serves America through research in steel

Both of these saws were left on the ground for 30 days, exposed to heavy dew and rain. Exhibit A is badly rusted. Exhibit B is as bright as new. Why the difference?

The saw on the right is made of a new Armco Stainless Steel. This special steel, known as 17-7 PH Stainless, is strong and flexible, and it resists rust. Besides keeping its bright finish, it takes a sharp edge and holds it . . . cuts as smoothly as any handsaw you have ever used.

This new stainless is one of many special steels and steel products developed by Armco. With research that looks to the future, Armco is constantly finding new ways to help manufacturers make better products for you.



Because Armco 17-7 PH Stainless Steel stays strong at high temperatures, supersonic aircraft made of this "wonder-metal" can travel farther, faster. This is one more way that Armco pioneering in steel helps keep America strong.

ARMCO STEEL CORPORATION

MIDDLETOWN, OHIO

SHEFFIELD STEEL DIVISION • ARMCO DRAINAGE & METAL PRODUCTS, INC. • THE ARMCO INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION

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My Child Lives Again (Continued from Page 19)

I was surprised when he said, "I'll come right out."

That blackness was blood, and a lot of it, coming from somewhere high in the intestinal tract. For the next six months we saw it nearly every day. Blood tests, laboratory tests, repeated examinations, became the pattern of living for Sandy. The pricking, sticking and prodding, the number of strange trips we took, the strange faces we saw, began to tell on her. For the first time in her life she began to cry easily and often.

In March, shortly before the birth of our third child, we took Sandy to the hospital for a series of gastro-intestinal X rays. Despite all our best efforts, she was frightened by the repeated trips to the X-ray room and the barium she had to drink. The examinations were made at last with the nurses holding a screaming, struggling baby on the table.

The X rays were entirely negative. Still the bleeding went on, while we continued with the round of examinations, consultations, laboratory tests and analyses. Sandy grew paler and thinner, more cross and irritable. The energy which had sent her flying through the house was gone; instead she slumped in the play pen, often too listless to play with her toys.

In all of the mass of accumulated medical data, only one tiny clue was revealed, a slightly higher than normal proportion of a type of blood cell known as eosinophile. This condition, we were told, was often associated with allergy. On a hunch, our doctor dropped milk from Sandy's diet, and within three days the bleeding stopped.

In August of 1949, just a few days after we had solved her physical troubles, we moved from New Orleans to Philadelphia. There was a kind of inspired confusion about our first months in Philadelphia, marked by unlikely accidents and minor crises. Then a protracted illness of mine necessitated a procession of strangers through the house to take care of our three children. Many months passed before that procession was ended with Dorothy Whitaker. Her ample bosom seems made for children to cuddle against. She is with us yet.

"What happened to Sandy during those months? Was anybody cruel to her? Was she punished for not getting to the bathroom on time? Was she pushed aside for the baby?" Those are questions that I have been asked many times. I have always answered in the negative, but perhaps it should be a qualified negative. Nothing out of the ordinary happened, but even my older son, Lynn, was unhappy for a time at the loss of familiar ties. For Sandy, with her unusual sensitivity to the moods of others, the contact with strangers could have been unbearable.

She seemed happy enough that year, playing with her baby sister, Marcie, and "taking care" of her, responding well to direction, feeding herself with the neatness of an adult; but she had developed a disturbing trait of never quite meeting our eyes. She had also begun to suffer from skin eczema, which got progressively worse for the next two or three years. At times her sheets were stained with blood in the morning; more than once her pajamas had to be soaked off with warm water. And most disquieting of all, she talked less and less. By the time she was three years old she did not talk at all.

We felt that nursery school would be good for her, giving her playmates. So we enrolled her at the age of three in the Chestnut Hill Academy, taught by Mrs. Madeline Harper. She liked to go to school; she was upset at staying home. When she did play, she did so with unusual physical co-ordination. But all too often, despite Mrs. Harper's efforts, she slumped in a corner. And she did not talk at all.

Then she revolted against what she obviously considered the untidy details of living, trying her utmost to avoid performing the excretory functions, fighting and crying when we attempted to persuade her. At that point, in 1951, we allowed her to be placed in a hospital specializing in children's diseases for a series of diagnostic tests. She was then three and a half years old.

"Her trouble might be all emotional," the doctor told us, "but we would feel pretty silly if it were a brain tumor or kidney infection. Let's find out everything we can about this child; then we shall know how to treat her."

It sounded sensible—it still does. But we did not realize what the consequences to a child like Sandy might be. She received every possible kind of examination, including some, such as a spinal tap, which were pretty rugged. An electroencephalogram—the charting of the pattern of brain waves—was also made, with the unfortunate result that she had an allergic reaction to the sedative given her to quiet her down for the procedure. The drug induced constant vomiting, and her weakness was so extreme that she could not stand up. Sandy was tied to the bed and given fluid intravenously. Through all of this I was allowed to see her only at visiting hours, two hours a day.

All tests were negative. With every physical cause for her troubles seemingly ruled out, we took her home, unaware at first how much the stay in the hospital had taken out of her.

She would no longer feed herself—and did not for two years.

She allowed herself to be petted, but never showed any sign of affection in return. She no longer came to us of her own volition at all.

She ignored everything that was said to her. She had no more response than a wooden doll. We think she may have turned her hearing off and on at will.

Worst of all, anything suggestive of doctors or their paraphernalia sent her into literal hysteria. She had been fond of our own family doctor; now, when he came to the house, she ran sobbing to Dorothy in the kitchen or hid under the bed or behind a curtain. She was afraid of all strangers, and especially those who reached toward her. The shoe salesman terrified her. She cowered from the salesgirls who tried to help her try on clothes, and refused to have anything to do with any new or unfamiliar clothing. When we tried to brush her teeth, she clamped her teeth shut and fought. She screamed when we shampooed her hair.

In short, Sandy wrapped herself in a shell of loneliness and nightmare terror. Child-guidance clinics seemed the obvious place for the professional help we needed, and to them we went. It is not my purpose to criticize these clinics. They have done wonderful things for many children, and I can understand that the pressures under which they work compel them to institutionalize their approach. But I write of our experience as an example of what is apt to happen to parents of a child desperately in need of help.

Briefly, the fees at one clinic were set so high that even on an income well above average we could not afford them; nor were we given a feeling of confidence that the lengthy and expensive treatment would be of any benefit. At a second clinic we went through the entire diagnostic procedure twice, with an interval of a year between. No diagnosis was ever made. We were told that the clinic could not help Sandy, and there was a discouraging intimation that no one could help her. Except for Mrs. Harper, at the Chestnut Hill Academy, there was no one to whom we had turned for aid who seemed to care whether Sandy recovered or was doomed to a lifetime of mental illness.

I looked at her, her thin body covered with eczema, her face sad and remote, and realized that practically everything we had done had made her worse. I had cringed before the tribal clichés of social workers, been apologetic to nurses, pussyfooted before everybody from whom I had sought help. It was hardly a shining record. At that moment my husband and I resolved to make Sandy well by our own efforts.

I am not disparaging the work of psychiatrists and others struggling with this problem. If we could have got psychiatric help, we would have taken it, as we cheerfully did at a later date. But I do think that parents themselves can make use of forces available to no one else—the ties of home and family, for instance, and their intimate knowledge of the child.

The strength I found from that decision was like an answer to a prayer; Sandy began to change. With the perceptive ability she had never lost, I believe she sensed the change from a negative attitude of uncertainty about what to do, to the positive attitude of reaching out to her in sureness. The walls between us began to crumble. There was nothing magic in what we did. No rules could be drawn up; an intuitive feeling for what was best at the moment had to be our guide.

We eliminated virtually all discipline for many, many months—until the time came when Sandy herself demonstrated that she could accept discipline. Instead, we tried to show our love, especially after she had done something destructive, naughty or unacceptable. She never lost the ability to know what was wrong; we believed that she just couldn't help herself.

We did not put her under the slightest pressure to conform to any standard of behavior. With the pressure off, incidents of behavior that would be counted as unacceptable became rarer. Sometimes we saw Sandy punish herself for her misdeeds, slapping her own hand. Now she has begun to demand some discipline, even to enjoy it. In any case, we resolved to treat her with good humor and happiness. No one in the house has talked to her in despairing tones. Laughter has been the most healing of all our medicines.

We eliminated all visits to doctors' offices, and saw that she did not come into contact with them unnecessarily. In this we had the support of our family doctor, whose tactful treatment has done much to allay Sandy's fears. At the same time we gave her toy medical kits. At first she threw them away. Finally, however, she gingerly used the toy stethoscope on her dolls, then on me. Did you know a case of measles could be a happy occasion? For us it was, for, when she was six years old, a red-spotted Sandy lay passively in bed for an examination without showing fear.

In September of 1952, when Sandy was four years old, I sat with her on my lap and drew a crude outline of a cat. She glanced at it only casually. Six weeks later, after our fourth child, Jeff, was born, she drew the outline of the cat dozens of times.

It was one of the first chinks in the wall. At home and at school, she drew figures of boys and girls running, dancing, sleeping, eating. She (Continued on Page 58)

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HOOVER
FINE APPLIANCES
...around the house, around the world

(Continued from Page 56)

drew cats and cars, swings and slides, baby carriages and tulips. She drew a picture of a woman in bed, and a woman with the tiny figure of a baby inside her rounded skirt—undoubtedly me. She drew with toothpicks, crayons, pencils and paintbrushes; she drew on the tile walls of the bathroom with her finger paint and she drew in mud with sticks. The emotional wall was still intact, but cracks multiplied. She colored pictures in coloring books, infinitely detailed and neat. She loved jig-saw puzzles and worked them speedily.

I began to sing to her, singing instructions which once in a while she heeded. I rocked her in a chair and sang to her about herself, how she grew from a tiny baby and learned to do many things. Her eyes came up and met mine; she listened contentedly and came back for more. She began to want my physical closeness, coming to me for comfort, scampering into our beds in the morning.

Records, doll equipment, dolls of every sort—we gave her everything we could to encourage her to play out her troubles. I am no psychiatrist; I have no right to try to interpret that play. But even I might read some meaning into the punishment I once saw her give a mother doll; even more striking was her attitude toward a doll that was almost another Sandy in size and coloring. She would have nothing to do with it for nearly a year, after which it became her constant companion.

We had been a little worried about her reaction to a new baby brother, but she found the baby stimulating. She liked to hold him in her lap, and she eagerly observed every detail of baby care. Once in a while she liked to sleep in the crib; that was all right too. She has been protective toward him; I have seen her drop beside him and put her arms about him when a rush of other children seemed to threaten a jostling.

There have been many milestones. How happy I was the first day she cried when I left the house! To see her shyly slip through the fence to join the neighboring children, to prance once again in front of a mirror, to try on shoes, put on a new dress, submit to toothbrushing and shampooing—all these have warmed my heart. Little things, ordinary things, but to me they are minor miracles.

Some are not so little. Last summer a particle was embedded in her eye. With fear and trembling, I took her to the office of the oculist—the first trip she has made to any medical office in almost four years. She did not become hysterical, as she would have a year earlier, but she was fearful and clung to me. On the second trip she was a little more relaxed; on the third and last, she virtually danced in and without hesitation followed the doctor's instructions.

Some of this progress has been due to the valuable allies we have gained in the past year. In the fall of 1954, we found a psychiatrist whose approach was that of a warm friend. "The medicine I use—the only medicine—is the relationship which I can build with your daughter," she told us.

Sandy cried in fear when she first was taken to visit. It was only very gradually that she accepted this outsider who was called by the fearful name of "Doctor." The wariness is entirely gone now. She looks forward to her visits, and lately has become deliberately mischievous.

"How wonderful!" the psychiatrist commented, when first Sandy began to tease. "This is one of the healthiest developments yet!"

The other major ally is a small private elementary school which enrolls 80 per cent normal children with 20 per cent emotionally disturbed children of normal intelligence. As far as we know, it is the only school in the country set up on the principle that normal children hasten the recovery of the others by pulling them into group life.

"It's a kind of sculpture, to work with children like this, to see them change and grow," Mrs. Lena Sklar, the director of the school, has said to me. "That is the measure of our success here—not imposing buildings or equipment, but the changes we can make in children's lives. We have our graduates everywhere, in colleges, in business, leading happy normal lives. That is success you can feel in your heart."

The normal children are also benefited, she feels, by learning patience and understanding to a measure some adults never achieve. Thus they are being prepared for adult life, where their success and happiness will depend on living in harmony with all kinds of people.

Sandy loves school. She leaves me without a backward glance, races in and joins her friends. She does not yet use speech, but at last she "tells" me things. For instance, hand across chest, she repeats in sound the cadences of the pledge of allegiance to the flag. Then, dropping her arms to her side, she begins to sing, "Da da da da-da-da ——" I sing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" with her, and she is overcome with delight.

Speech is on the way, though no one can tell how long it may take. The block is very great. I said to her not long ago, when she cried because she couldn't go visiting with her sister, "Sandy, when you are ready to try to talk, you can do lots of things that are a little hard for you now." She put her hand on my chin and moved it up and down, while making small sounds of her own. It was almost an appeal to touch a button somewhere that would make her talk.

Some words she does use now—"amen" at the end of a prayer, "stop" and "go" when we read about The Little Fat Policeman, and a few others. In many other ways she is becoming interested in things outside herself—she loves stories, plays some games, watches television and follows directions well. She even does small chores about the house, like setting the table or raking leaves.

Occasionally her abilities get ahead of us. We never realize how close is her observation until we discover her beating up sugar and egg whites—that she has separated—and putting them in the oven for a meringue or calmly operating the washer and drier. Several weeks ago she discovered another technique.

"I'm sure," said my husband, emerging from the cellar one day, "that the city of Philadelphia doesn't know it can be done, but Sandy has found a way to block the hands of the water meter!"

Of course, we are not at the end of the road. With a child's mind at stake, we can afford patience. We are content to watch and to enjoy this slow unfolding; in our own hearts we are certain of its eventual completion. Meanwhile, we give her all our love. And our reward is in seeing the shadows of loneliness leave her eyes.

THE END

When is Winter?

By Betty Isler

When married folks
Resume their spat
On where to set
The thermostat.

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Hot Pepper Island (Continued from Page 43)

or Petite Ned—who roams all over the place.

"But I must say that I thought the board of directors of Avery Island, Inc., handled the situation with a certain *élan*. We discussed the situation thoroughly; then a resolution was duly passed, replete with 'resolved thats' and 'whereases,' officially authorizing the executive committee to erect a fence to keep Old Ferdinand and/or any other alligators from getting out of Hayes Pond, their principal habitat, and wandering onto terrain where they might devour pets and endanger children."

McIlhenny smiled thinly, then said, "I ask you now, have you ever heard of the board of directors of General Motors holding a meeting to deal with the alligator menace on company property?"

Avery Island, over which McIlhenny presides, really isn't an island at all, but a deep, vast salt dome, pushed above the marshy surface by some prehistoric subterranean spasm. It is rich in oil, rock salt and fertile earth, and is populated not only by alligators but by tens of thousands of egrets and other assiduously courted bird life; by deer, mink, rattlesnakes and bears. Its human population includes scions of the aristocracy of the Old South and fourth-generation "island" Negroes who pick peppers, as did their great-grandparents, in the McIlhenny pepper fields.

Avery Island, not far from the city of New Iberia, is remarkable in that each of its better than 5000 acres still remains exclusively in the hands of descendants of John Craig Marsh, pioneer who started the little empire 137 years ago, when he purchased the southern half of the island after sailing to Louisiana from Cherry Bank Farm, New Jersey. His body rests in the old burying ground on the island, referred to by the family as the "Sacred Grove." Today, stock in the Avery Island holding corporation may be owned only by blood descendants of Judge Daniel Dudley Avery, Marsh's son-in-law, who eventually acquired ownership of the entire island and made his permanent home there.

The island is approached over a causeway built on the bones of an old Civil War "plank road," and it is entered through an Avery-owned toll gate, which imposes upon ordinary travelers what Walter McIlhenny calls "a twenty-five-cent nuisance charge."

Salt springs had been discovered on the island as far back as 1790 and early settlers used to go to the section known as "the Saline Woods" to produce salt by the primitive method of boiling down the brine.

When the Civil War broke out, Judge Avery's oldest son, Daniel Dudley, Jr., rode off to fight for the Confederacy. The judge's younger son, John Marsh Avery, was unhappy because he was too young to become a soldier. Seeking to create a private war effort for the lad, Judge Avery told him to march down to the Saline Woods with a battalion of slaves and dig out the old spring to provide some much-needed salt for the Southland.

"Young John was sitting on the bank, supervising his war effort," Walter related, "when the slave who was doing the digging yelled, 'Marse John, Marse John, I done hit a log!' 'Well, chop it up,' John told him. The man tried, but soon reported it was hard as rock. He finally managed to break off a piece with a pickax, and young John noticed that the inside had a curious whiteness. It was the first discovery of rock salt in the United States. Today it has been determined that the salt deposits cover a solid area of at least 1000 acres."

Discovery of the salt was a tremendous boon to the blockaded South. Nine pits were opened to provide salt for any of the Confederate states which could send wagons to haul it away.

The opening of the salt works brought the wrath of the Union Army upon Avery Island. President Jefferson Davis dispatched troops to protect the property, but the advancing Yankees took the island, flooded the works and burned most of the Avery buildings.

Judge Avery fled to Texas with his family. One of the refugees was the judge's son-in-law, Edmund McIlhenny, a New Orleans banker, whose taste for highly seasoned foods eventually made him the savior of the family fortunes.

Earlier, a friend of McIlhenny's had brought him some pepper seeds from the Mexican state of Tabasco. Edmund planted them on Avery Island, and began experimenting with a pepper sauce for his own use. When the family returned to the scorched island after the Civil War, a few of Edmund's pepper plants were still alive. He cultivated a new crop and began making the sauce again.

McIlhenny obviously was a forgiving and tolerant man, for he became friends with a General Hazzard, the Federal administrator for the southern part of Louisiana. The Northern general was enthralled with the hot sauce and persuaded McIlhenny to give him a few bottles, which he sent to his brother, a wholesale grocer in New York City. The New Yorker recognized the sauce's commercial possibilities, and out of it the present business grew.

In the early days, the fiery sauce was touted not only for table use but as beneficial for warding off everything from dyspepsia to yellow fever. It now is offered merely as something that adds zest to soup, gravy, sauces, eggs, milk, salad, vegetables, cheese, fowl, meats, and, of course, as the familiar label says, "no sea food should be eaten without Tabasco."

It is a matter of record that Tabasco has been put to some unintended uses. The McIlhenny Company itself tells of a resourceful gentleman who repulsed a burglar by shooting him in the eyes with a water pistol loaded with Tabasco. In the Navy during World War II, ingenious deck hands discovered that the sauce made an excellent and easy brass polish. Walter McIlhenny doesn't care much for the brass-polish story.

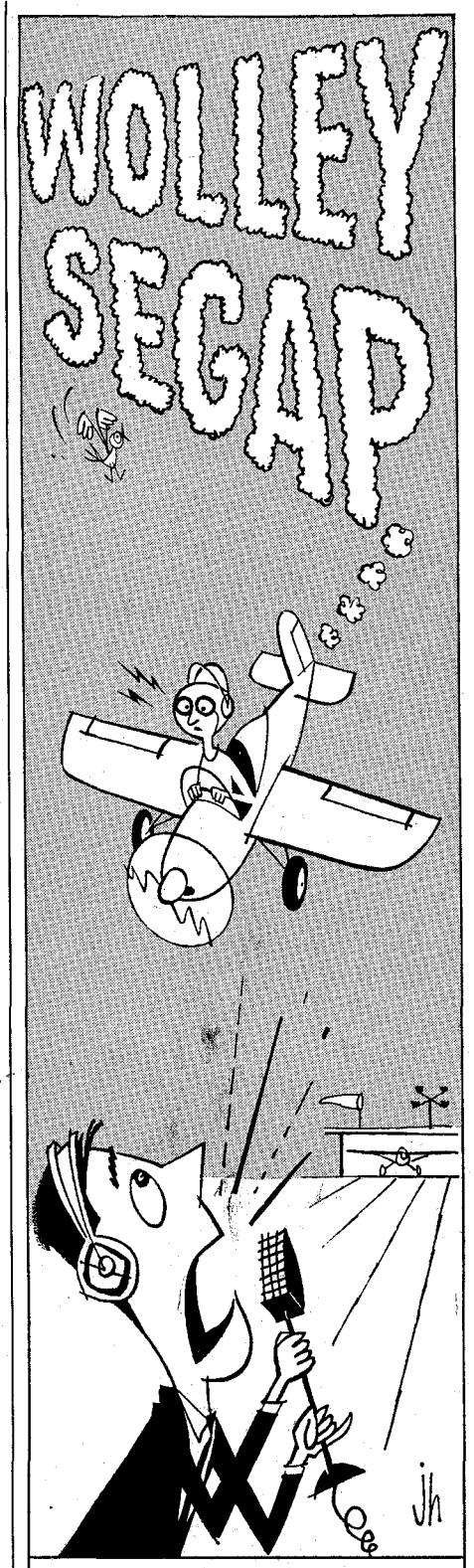
For orientation on how the peppers are cultivated and the sauce manufactured, McIlhenny turned me over to his cousin, Edward McIlhenny Simmons. Ned is one of the three sons of the widowed Mrs. Fisher Simmons—"Miss Polly"—who is a daughter of the late "Mr. Ned" McIlhenny, strong man of the island for many years, until his death in 1949. Miss Polly is active in the company as Walter's assistant, and Young Ned is one of the few of the present generation of McIlhenny descendants who have gone into the sauce business.

The first step in the making of Tabasco is the growing of the pepper itself. The pepper is recognized as a distinct variety of the *Capsicum frutescens* family, and bears the botanical name of Tabasco. Though it is a perennial, new plants are cultivated annually in McIlhenny greenhouses. These seedlings are transplanted to the fields in early April and begin maturing in August. The fruits ripen in stages on each plant, so the pickers have to go over every plant about eight times before the full yield has been realized in October.

At four o'clock each working afternoon during the pepper-picking season, Walter McIlhenny performs a ritual known as "riding the scales." He goes through the fields, flanked by Miss Polly and Ned Simmons, general manager Marcus Shaw and Larry Hayes, the paymaster, who has worked for the McIlhenny Company for fifty years and whose ancestors owned part of the island before the Averys and McIlhennys came. The workers are paid daily by the pound. Walter presides at the scales and, assisted by Ned, inspects and weighs each basket of peppers. After Walter pro-

"Now that's what I call Hi-Fidelity!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



NO, NO, MORTIMER!

You've spelled it backwards.
Not WOLLEY SEGAP...
It's **'YELLOW PAGES'.**
You know... when you're
looking for something...
you find it fast in the
'YELLOW PAGES' of your
Telephone Book.

Ads with this symbol
make your shopping easier

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claims the official weight, Miss Polly punches their pay tickets and Mr. Hayes pays them on the spot.

In the warehouses there are approximately 1000 barrels aging at all times. The peppers, fresh from the fields, are macerated and packed into fifty-gallon Kentucky-white-oak barrels. Some of the barrels are more than thirty years old, and they are never rinsed or scrubbed, for the McIlhennys firmly believe that, like wine casks, they improve with age. A few handfuls of salt—Avery Island salt, of course—are added as the mash is packed in. The mash is covered with a paper filter, then with a wooden lid into which five small air holes have been drilled to prevent the barrel from exploding during the fermentation period. The cask finally is sealed with a layer of salt, which prevents air from seeping in, but permits the gases that build up during the aging period to escape. Then it sits for a minimum period of three years.

After the mash has aged, the barrels are removed from the warehouse as stock is needed. The unusable natural juices are drained off, and the mash is transferred to mixing barrels—ten gallons of mash to thirty gallons of high-grade grain vinegar. Then, every day for approximately one month, two girls, each armed with a wooden ladle resembling an oversized swizzle stick, make the rounds, stirring the contents of each barrel about ten times daily. After this, the eye-watering, redolent, ruddy brew is processed through three machines which remove the chaff.

The final step, in this day of mechanization, is rather incredible. The strained liquid now is back in barrels and, so far as the eye and nose can detect, it is ready for bottling. "But one more thing is necessary," young Simmons said. "Tabasco is a fruit product, and all fruit products will cake. So we have a girl come around with this tin dipper and this oversized potato masher and this two-hundred-mesh screen, which is very fine, just short of being wire cloth. She ladles the sauce out of one barrel and forces it through the screen and into another barrel. This step removes the last traces of sediment. During the war we had to discontinue this hand-straining process because of the labor shortage, and I'll tell you, the difference was noticeable."

After the hand-straining process, the bottling of the sauce is something of an anticlimax. A modern bottling and capping machine does an unromantic job of putting the sauce into two-ounce bottles, of which some 5,000,000 are sold annually. Larger-sized "chef's bottles" also are marketed.

As the family's fortunes began to mend with the success of Edmund McIlhenny's sauce business after the Civil War, life became pleasant again on the island.

Edmund and Mary Eliza Avery McIlhenny raised four sons and two daughters, among whom was Edward Avery McIlhenny, the almost legendary "Mr. Ned." Mr. Ned, a colorful extrovert, ran the Tabasco business, but his great love was nature. He devoted much time to creating the Jungle Gardens, the island's only tourist attraction, which is open to visitors for a fee.

To his cherished Gardens, Mr. Ned brought some seventy-odd types of exotic bamboo, also fruits, shrubs and flowers from all corners of the earth, including some 700 varieties of camellias. He acquired a colony of South American nutrias, which since have escaped from the island and multiplied in the Louisiana marshes. He also built Bird City in the island's Willow Pond, which at times has been populated by as many as 100,000 birds, including numerous varieties of herons, gallinules, bitterns, ducks, and the atavistic anhinga, or snakebird, which ornithologists think is a throwback to the period when reptiles had wings.

Mr. Ned was a hunter as well as a conservationist. "Uncle Ned was a fabulous shot," said Walter McIlhenny. "He could shoot a bumblebee on the wing with a twenty-two-caliber target pistol." Mr. Ned saw to it that all his numerous grandchildren, nephews and even nieces learned to handle rifles; when they killed their first deer he would put them through a ritual which involved making cabalistic marks on their faces with the blood of the animal.

I heard about one of Mr. Ned's most fantastic adventures with animals from "Ram"—for Aramis—Bonin, a professional trapper and hunter. "He killed a bear once," said Ram. "He discovered she had a cub and he felt very bad. He found a trapper's wife who had just had a child and gave her the bear cub to nurse."

I found this Romulus and Remus story in reverse interesting, but I was inclined to put it down as an island legend. I mentioned it at a family luncheon and immediately four or five of the assembled Averys and McIlhennys spoke up in chorus and assured me that it was true. "In fact," said Miss Katherine Avery, "I was doing health work on the island at the time, and I was the one he asked to find a nursing mother and arrange for her child to be switched to formula so she could take care of the cub. The woman who raised the bear still is living on the island."

Typically, Mr. Ned was out duck hunting with young Ned Simmons, his grandchild, when he suffered the stroke which made him a partial invalid during his last few years of life. "It was just like daddy," Mrs. Simmons said. "He argued against stopping the hunt.

"Just a few months before he died, at the age of seventy-seven, he was looking through his window one day—he could not leave his room—and he saw a buck deer nibbling one of his prized camellia bushes. He called for his rifle and, sick as he was, he dropped that buck at two hundred yards. That was daddy."

Walter McIlhenny, the present head of the company, was born in Washington, D. C., but spent vacations on the island and grew to love it. His father, the late John Avery McIlhenny, Mr. Ned's older brother, had left the island to become an officer in Col. Theodore Roosevelt's Rough Riders during the Spanish-American War. He later became a Civil Service commissioner under President Roosevelt, and also a minister to Haiti. When he was in his forties, he married Miss Anita Stauffer, a great-granddaughter of Gen. Zachary Taylor, twelfth President of the United States.

Walter was rather solemn and stern as a boy, and grew up into a young man of the same cut. His father—"a first-class shot, though not so great as Uncle Ned"—taught him that "the greatest thrill is to hit your target; the greatest disgrace, to miss." Today, Walter, a member of the United States Olympic Rifle Committee, will tell you: "I am a distinguished rifle and pistol shot." This is not a boastful statement, but a term used in marksmanship circles to indicate that the person to whom it refers has won certain top-level competitions.

McIlhenny was working in the East for an oil company when his uncle, Rufus McIlhenny, who assisted Mr. Ned at the Tabasco factory, died in 1941. Walter came to the island for training as an executive.

McIlhenny meanwhile had become a Marine Corps reserve officer, and, when World War II broke out, he received orders detailing him to "permanent duty beyond the seas." He fought through Guadalcanal and several subsequent island invasions with the 1st Marine Division. He was known throughout the Pacific as "Tabasco Mac"—in his own words, "I was known as a tough —— to serve under." He has an impressive list of decorations, about which he stubbornly refuses to talk, but they are known to include the Navy Cross, Silver Star and the British Distinguished Service Order. He survived five wounds—one of which blinded him for a period—a plane crash and a serious case of malaria.

As an example of his marksmanship prowess, fellow marines tell of the time a party of McIlhenny's men was pinned down on Guadalcanal by a Japanese sniper, who already had killed two of the marines. McIlhenny finally went out to eliminate the Jap. One pistol shot rang out, and after a while McIlhenny returned. One of the marines asked, "Did you get him?" McIlhenny looked at him coldly and said, "You heard me shoot, didn't you?"

By the time Lieutenant Colonel McIlhenny was mustered out and returned to the island, Mr. Ned had suffered his stroke. Walter began to take over the Tabasco business. Under his stewardship, even with foreign markets shrinking because of the vanishing dollar exchange, sales volumes have trebled. He became president of the McIlhenny Company and vice-president and treasurer of Avery Island, Inc., which holds title to all island land, including the leased salt mine and oil wells, which bring in considerable revenue.

On a drive around the island, McIlhenny gave me a combination travelogue and history lesson on the Avery-McIlhenny empire.

"We are proud of our traditions," he said in his measured, sonorous tones. "But we are not living in the past alone. Our salt and oil lessees, for instance, have introduced some extremely modern methods. International Salt Company, which leases the salt mine, is now installing an automatic-conveyor-belt system to bring up the salt from the underground caverns.

"Humble Oil and Refining Company, which leases the island's eighty-eight oil wells, also uses the most up-to-date methods. Fortunately, the wells, which bring in ten thousand five hundred barrels a day, are of the flowing type, rather than the kind that must be pumped, so it is not necessary for the oil people to disturb the beauty of the island by erecting unsightly derricks all over the place. Instead, they use valves known as 'Christmas trees' and they are not too noticeable at all."

As we drove past the oil-bearing "Christmas trees," I jestingly remarked that, after all, one couldn't very well stand in the way of those lucrative oil wells. McIlhenny looked at me queerly, as if I had said something blasphemous, and snorted, "*I* damn well can—and do! I fight all the time to keep them from putting their oil wells all over the island. The company has been most co-operative about such things as not cutting down trees unnecessarily or installing facilities in places where they would be particularly unsightly."

I asked McIlhenny if there was any trouble with game poachers. "Yes," he said. "They do come onto the island. We try to handle it our own way, as is the custom here, without calling in the law."

From other sources, I learned that poaching is more of a problem than McIlhenny's casualness indicated. He has been shot at at least once. On one occasion, he tracked a pair into an abandoned building; in the darkness, he was knocked unconscious, and the poachers escaped.

McIlhenny and his cousin, Ned Simmons, thereupon began patrolling the island, and one night shortly after came upon the same pair. This time McIlhenny had his rifle along, and his reputation is such that no one wants to shoot it out with him. With elaborate courtesy he asked them what they were doing on his property, and they replied that they were on their way to "visit friends." "With rifles?" he inquired, lifting his eyebrows. "I'm sure you won't mind my calling on your friends to verify your story." With that, he handcuffed the

(Continued on Page 62)

"He's very anxious to see you, sir."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Push this button and all other cars seem outdated!

On the left (and safe!) side of the steering column, you click a button for *Neutral, Reverse, Low* or *Drive* . . . and Chrysler's PowerFlite transmission goes into action.

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If you've been driving one of the other two major cars in Chrysler's price class, stop in at your Chrysler Dealer and make a direct comparison. Just see if this car doesn't make everything you thought was "the best" seem outdated!

"PowerStyle" CHRYSLER

NOW MORE THAN EVER . . . AMERICA'S MOST SMARTLY DIFFERENT CAR

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(Continued from Page 60) two poachers to a tree and said he'd be back later. Somehow, he didn't get around to returning until next morning. The wind was coming in from the marshes and it had been a bad night for mosquitoes. "Those two fellows," said the party who told me the story, "just haven't been seen on the island since."

We passed a barn-sized pile of bamboo cuttings and other debris. "That's our bonfire," McIlhenny explained. "Each Christmas we have a ceremony known as 'the coming of the men.' It goes all the way back to the early days. All the male employees, white and colored, gather at the home of the head of the family. They are received on the porch, and there is a little spirituous refreshment. Toasts are exchanged; all the new babies which have been born into the McIlhenny branch of the family during the past year are trotted out for inspection and admiration, and everyone gets a little misty-eyed and sentimental. The tradition still is carried on by Uncle Ned's widow, Aunt Mary, and I will keep it on after she has gone. There is a separate function for the women and children at which more suitable refreshments are provided. This takes place around the bonfire, for which we gather debris all year."

We crossed the Southern Pacific Railroad tracks, which seemed oddly out of place. "The island," McIlhenny said, "is one of the few places—possibly the only one—in the United States where a railroad has a branch line on private property. We are very careful not to let down any bars that would permit encroachment upon our private domain. Once a year, Uncle Ned used to have his grandchildren flag down the locomotive, stop the train and announce to the engineer, 'This is McIlhenny land. You are a trespasser.' That custom of putting the Southern Pacific on notice is still observed.

"As a matter of fact," McIlhenny continued, "I almost threw the damned railroad off the place the other week. I was sitting at my desk dictating, when I heard the honk-honk of a Diesel engine instead of the deep-throated, satisfying, musical toot of a steam locomotive. I almost went through the roof! Without even having the courtesy to advise us about it, they had gone and taken off the steam locomotive and replaced it with a dad-blamed Diesel! I was so upset that I told them they would just have to stop their railroad until they sent someone to the island to talk with me about it."

One evening McIlhenny showed me his latest acquisition—a replica of an old-fashioned gas lamp to light the way to his steps. Only this was not an electric lamp made up to resemble a gas lamp; it was actually a gas lamp that burned gas.

Looking at the reproduction of the Victorian lamppost, I was reminded of something Ned McIlhenny Simmons had shown me in the factory. After explaining to me how all the stirring of the sauce is done by hand by the girls with the wooden ladles, just as it was done in Mr. Edmund McIlhenny's gas-lamp days, Ned had pointed out a 500-gallon wood vat. "This is an experiment," he said. "This tank is made from the same wood as our mixing barrels, and it is stirred by wooden paddles at about the same rate, as near as we can figure it, as the girls stir it—except that the paddles are moved by electricity. We're just experimenting with it in case we ever have to go into bigger production. Some of us think that the product is indistinguishable from that which comes from the fifty-gallon barrels."

Later in the day I mentioned the 500-gallon experimental vat to another company executive. He laughed and said that, in his opinion, McIlhenny's Tabasco Sauce would continue to be made just as it was in Mr. Edmund's time—mixed in barrels and stirred by hand. "Walter," he said, employing an old-fashioned Southern expression, "is not about to change."

THE END

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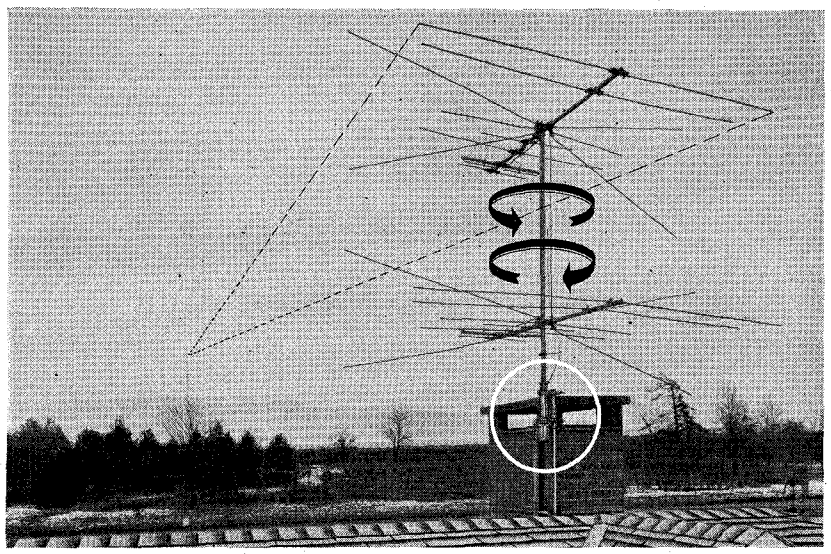


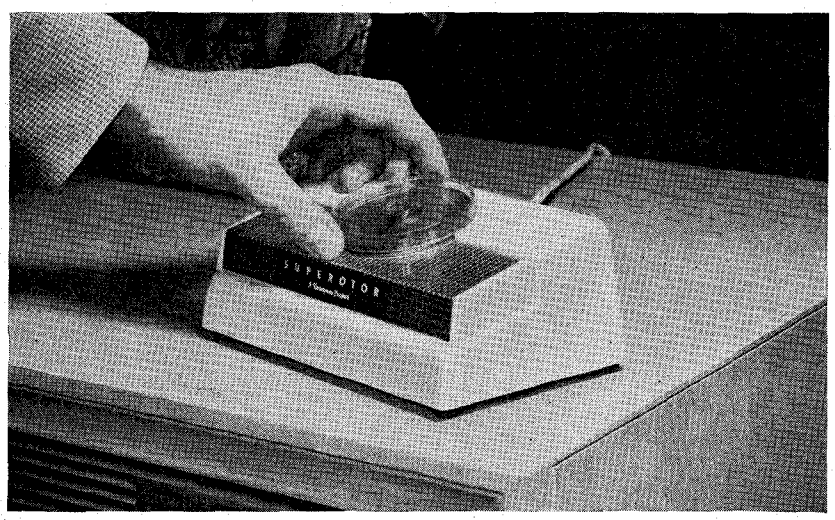
All-new, automatic TV Antenna Rotator assures you finest reception in black and white or color

JUST A TOUCH of the fingertip and the Thompson automatic, electronic Superotor smoothly and silently turns your TV antenna to the *exact* position necessary to tune you into the best possible picture. You'll get fine reception from all stations in your area. And, the Thompson Superotor will help you meet the exact tuning demands of color, UHF or VHF.

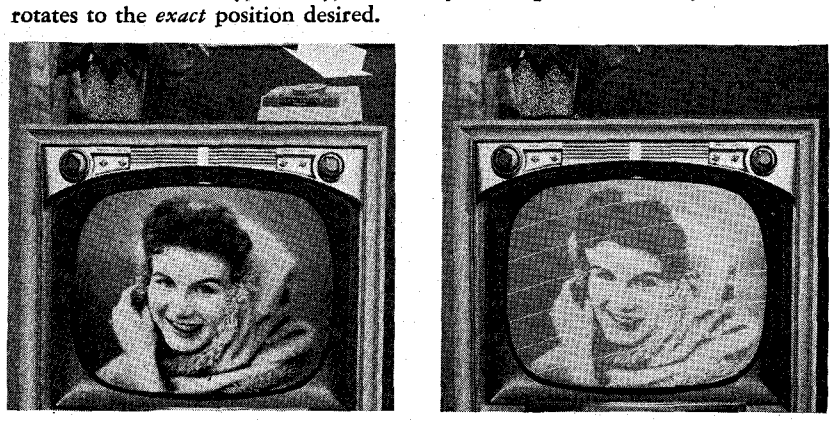
Even on poor channels, or distant channels which you cannot now receive, your picture will come in sharp and clear . . . no ghosts, no fuzz, no snow, but greater program selection. Earlier antenna rotators were noisy, but with the automatic electronic Superotor control there are no gears, no click, no clutter . . . rotation is smooth and even.

The brand-new Superotor is but one of Thompson's many electronic developments, serving not only the home, but many businesses, industries, professions and the country's armed forces. Dage closed-circuit TV installations, Bell push-button tape recorders and high-fidelity sound systems, automatic controls for aircraft . . . these and many other developments are part of the growing Thompson activities in the modern field of electronics.

Just as Thompson's original equipment and replacement parts for automobiles and airplanes help transport *things and people,* Thompson's electronic products now help transport *pictures, words and music.* Thompson Products, Inc., General Offices, Cleveland 17, Ohio.



The smart, distinctive Superotor control comes in your choice of mahogany or blond, luxuriously trimmed in gold-tone metal. Just a touch of the fingertip sets the dial—smoothly, silently, effortlessly—and up on the roof your antenna rotates to the *exact* position desired.



Many TV pictures are distorted with fuzz, ghosts or snow, caused by inaccurate antenna position. With Thompson's new, automatic Superotor, left, you enjoy better TV reception, regardless of the make of your set. And, the Superotor is a smooth, silent antenna rotating system.

You can count on Thompson Products

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Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

A middle-of-the-roader is one who's apt to have trouble on the one hand and also on the other.

When a woman doesn't know which way to turn, she's probably driving.

Anybody who thinks all things come to him who waits hasn't been waiting very long.

Acting is the ability to make people stop eating popcorn.

Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wonder what his family looks like.

The only reason some married women have a job is to get out of work.

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Fighting the White Death

(Continued from Page 27)

The state Department of Highways determined to find out if anything could be done to prevent or at least reduce the danger from avalanches. It was an important decision. There was then—and there is today—a feeling that the avalanche is a natural force beyond the control of man. According to this fatalistic creed, anyone who chooses to travel, work, play or live in the high mountains in winter must accept the hazard.

As a snow ranger in charge of field operations in avalanche research, control and training for the Forest Service, U.S. Department of Agriculture, I have made a career out of disagreeing with that idea. And a number of men in the Colorado Department of Highways shared my views. Among them were chief engineer Mark Watrous and administrative engineer C. E. Shumate. For advice they turned naturally to the Forest Service.

More than ten years ago the rapid expansion of winter sports led this organization to pioneer avalanche research and hazard control in the United States. [LOOK OUT, HERE COMES AN AVALANCHE! by Harold Titus, Saturday Evening Post, January 7, 1950.] In the West particularly, most of this expansion took place on National Forest lands. The Forest Service undertook the study of avalanches as a public safety measure. Its work is similar on a smaller scale to the hurricane- and flood-warning services of the Weather Bureau. By 1952 our snow rangers at key locations, such as Alta, Utah; Stevens Pass, Washington; and Berthoud Pass, Colorado, had developed effective methods of protecting life and property from avalanches in the great alpine ski areas of the West.

Modern avalanche fighting involves continuous observation of snow and weather conditions, so that danger can be recognized, and liberal doses of high explosive to knock out the danger as soon as it develops. Avalanches are like other great natural-disaster forces—wind, flood, earthquake—in that no man can prevent them from happening or predict their exact time, place and violence. But snow rangers have learned to take advantage of the fact that, alone among these natural forces, an avalanche can be triggered prematurely. This is where the explosives come into it. Both the audible shock wave and the physical jar of a blast have the effect of shaking loose a potential avalanche before it is ready to go of its own accord. Thus we can force it to expend its power piecemeal, at a time and even a place of our choosing.

It did not escape the notice of Colorado officials that it was a Forest Service snow ranger, Dick Stillman, who smelled danger in the '52 storm early enough to prevent a disaster at Floral Park. The first conferences on a highway avalanche-control program included officials of the Forest Service and highway department and two practicing avalanche busters, Stillman and myself. We all realized that it was going to be a more difficult task to protect a highway system from avalanche hazard than a winter sports area.

In a ski area the hazard is concentrated. At Alta, for instance, today's snow rangers wheel out their cannon before breakfast and, from one or two firing positions, shoot down every avalanche that menaces the skiers. As a result, Alta has the best avalanche safety record of any big-time ski area in the West. A highway system is something else again. The Colorado Rockies, highest range in the United States, lie athwart six transcontinental, all-year routes. These highways climb over the range by way of 10,000-foot passes, eight of them with histories of snowslides. Thus, instead of being concentrated, the hazard is strung out over hundreds of miles.

In attempting to set up a safety plan for Colorado highways, our principal handicap, to begin with, was lack of information. In addition to a lack of information there was also a lack of man power. In 1952 the trained and experienced avalanche busters in this country could be counted on the fingers of one hand. All of them were foresters and fully occupied. Considering the nature of the enemy, it is unlikely that the profession will ever be overcrowded.

On the recommendation of the Forest Service, the Colorado highway department wisely adopted a go-slow program. A number of highway men were sent through Forest Service snow-and-avalanche schools. These men began the tedious and often dangerous task of gathering case histories on Colorado avalanches. How long? How steep? Exactly where do they cross the highways and on how wide a front? Which ones are regulars that make trouble every winter? And which ones are sleepers that lie in wait for years and then erupt with climactic violence when conditions are just right? What are those "just-right" conditions? The state's snow rangers set up an observation station near Loveland Pass, so that they could begin recording those combinations of wind, temperature, snow and many other factors which produce avalanches.

I also recommended some trial runs with artillery, a method of hazard control which was by that time routine at Alta. Having the state's avalanche busters shoot up some of the most notorious slide paths would be not only good practice for them but also a source of encouragement to the public—I thought. I can afford a chuckle now at what happened, although it was painful enough at the time.

The Colorado National Guard was delighted to co-operate. No one loves to shoot more than an artilleryman does. Having been over all the bumps before, I recommended a private party. But the word got out and, on the day appointed for the avalanche shoot, newsmen, cameramen, VIP's and sight-seers crowded the battlefield. For this distinguished audience, the gunners of a battery of 105's shot a mountainside practically to pieces without starting even the baby brother of an avalanche.

To a practicing avalanche buster, this is a matter of slight importance. He doesn't care whether he starts an avalanche or not. What he wants, and gets, is a definite answer. It was impossible to explain this to the newsmen. They had been promised a big show—or thought they had. In their minds the headlines were already written: WHITE DEATH GOES DOWN FOR COUNT. When nothing spectacular happened, the resulting blast of ridicule put a stop to experiments with artillery for some time.

Nevertheless, the Colorado highway department kept its small avalanche unit quietly on the job, collecting information, gaining experience. It was slow work and often seemed to lead nowhere. But presently a pattern began to emerge. Roughly speaking, 10 per cent of the avalanche paths were causing 90 per cent of the trouble. These were what the avalanche fighters call "annuals," the ones that run every winter, mild or severe. Like ham actors who can't resist hogging the limelight, they gave themselves away: the Seven Sisters in Loveland Pass; Alberta in Wolf Creek; Bluepoint, Willow Swamp and Riverside in Red Mountain.

Whether or not anything could, or should, be done about them was still a question. Compared to what motorists do to themselves and one another, avalanches had no outstanding record as killers. It takes only a few seconds for an avalanche to happen. According to the law of averages, the odds that a car and a slide will reach the same place at the same time are poor. But Colorado's avalanche observers poked some holes in that formula. With the enormous increase in motor traffic in winter since World War II, the avalanches were being given more frequent and more concentrated targets. And someday, inevitably, that same law of averages would bring together—not a car or a truck—but a fully loaded bus and an avalanche.

Another point uncovered by the studies was the fact that most avalanche accidents didn't happen to traffic in motion, but to cars that, for one reason or another, had halted in a slidepath. And something definitely could be done about this. Ignoring the wails over "bad advertising," the highway department put up signs warning the motorist to keep moving while in an avalanche zone.

In 1953 the highway department, through the National Guard, acquired an artillery piece of its own. More or less by chance, it was one of those snub-nosed little mountain howitzers that can lob a 75-mm. shell over a peak and into the hip pocket of an enemy platoon leader. To the avalanche buster it presents an ideal combination of mobility, accuracy and power, but remembering the earlier fiasco, the state officials were a little reluctant to put it to work. Stillman and I were again asked to advise. At this time Colorado had a new man at the head of its avalanche unit, Ted Bakken, freshly graduated from a Forest Service snow-and-avalanche school. He was eager to stop playing a purely defensive role and start fighting back. With the state officials' approval, we cooked up what we hoped would be a fiascoproof operation. It amounted to a duel, Bakken and the howitzer versus the notorious Seven Sisters.

The Sisters are a series of seven major avalanche paths, plus several lesser cousins and nephews, overhanging a mile of Highway 6's climb to Loveland Pass. They are annuals with a long and murderous record. If Bakken could subdue them, it would be unanswerable proof of the value of avalanche control. And although he was not allowed to shoot any avalanches on Saturday or Sunday—on the curious grounds that he might bring one down and thus delay weekend traffic—he nevertheless shot up the Seven Sisters so thoroughly that, out of the winter's crop of twenty-one avalanches, thirteen were released by gunfire.

It was a convincing test, carried on without fanfare and completed at a psychological moment. The following winter, 1954–55, was one of severe avalanche hazard. Sixty slides, twenty-five in March alone, descended upon the highways of Colorado. Impressed by Bakken's success with the Seven Sisters, A. V. Williamson, newly appointed maintenance engineer, gave him a wider assignment. For Bakken the winter became a David-and-Goliath contest on a 200-mile front. With his 75-mm. slingshot he obliged by knocking out thirty-four of the white monsters. To the student of avalanches, something even more significant happened. During the last days of March a blizzard equal to the storm of '52 struck Loveland Pass.

With a storm of this type it is taken for granted that most if not all of the Seven Sisters will slide. But from the first snowfalls in November, Bakken had been whaling away at six of them, leaving the seventh as a check plot. In the blizzard of '55 only the Seventh Sister managed to give birth to an avalanche.

A month earlier, on February tenth, the law of averages finally rang up a jack pot. The Champion slide in the southern part of the state caught a bus with nine passengers aboard. In the freakish way of avalanches, this one fortunately elected to be merciful. It simply stiff-armed the bus off the highway. Fifty yards down the mountainside, the machine, still upright and with every passenger in his seat, hung up on a mine dump—at the edge of a 500-foot cliff.

This almost incredible escape completed a picture that could not be misunderstood. In a bad slide year the Seven Sisters had been reduced to impotence while an infrequent performer like Champion almost produced disaster. Colorado accordingly took the next step forward. Last June, at the request of the Highway Department, Bakken and I undertook to set up a comprehensive safety plan covering the four most important Southern Colorado passes—Wolf Creek, Coal Bank, Molas and Red Mountain. It is the first project of its kind ever attempted in the Western Hemisphere, and it includes a variety of avalanche barriers to supplement the customary doses of high explosive.

So now a mystery will be cleared up for a number of early-season tourists on the southeast to northwest routes through Colorado. Some of them must have thought they had run into the Rocky Mountain counterpart of the Hatfields and the McCoys—only using stuff a lot heavier than squirrel rifles. Bakken and I were responsible, firing the howitzer up the famous Million Dollar Highway in Red Mountain Pass, at the avalanche-scarred flanks of Abrams Mountain. In that narrow defile, each shot we let go had the effect of a battalion concentration.

Avalanche busters are not prone to take themselves too seriously. Some of the silly questions we were asked got silly answers—testing a secret weapon, trying to flush a bank robber out of his hideaway, prospecting for uranium. But there was nothing whimsical about our real purpose there. Grimy with dust and sweat, ears ringing from the muzzle blast as we horsed our playmate into position for round after round, Bakken and I were getting the range on next winter's avalanches. Night or day, in fair weather or foul, whenever trouble starts building up in the passes, the avalanche busters will be ready.

It's going to be a rude shock to Riverside and Slippery Jim and Mother Kline, Bluepoint and Guadelupe, when the blizzards come mixed with 75-mm. calling cards from the Highway Department, but the passes will be safer this year than they've ever been before. The skirmishing is over. Colorado has declared war on the White Death. THE END

Saguaros

By VAUN ARNOLD

I do not like saguaros on
A desert road from dusk to dawn;
They lift five arms, and four and three,
And chill the lonely heart of me;
They seem to wait with crafty force
To leap and snatch me from my horse.
I know of no things quite so stark
And weird in power to forebode
As tall saguaros in the dark
Along this desert road.

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"Don't Forget Madame's Elephant"

(Continued from Page 30)

Vietnam, following their terrible victory over the French at Dienbienphu. Laos lies next door, above Cambodia, and between Vietnam and Thailand—tiny and landlocked, cut off from the rest of the world, dreamy. The Laotians are gentle people, content in their bamboo-and-thatch houses on stilts, scattered across the gorges and green mountains, in small villages. They cultivate rice in their marshy paddies, fish in the lazy rivers, and worship in their thousands of curly-roofed pagodas. They ask only to be left in peace.

For centuries the Laotians enjoyed their unique siesta. Then they were rudely awakened by wars with the Siamese kings, on elephant back and under tiers of ceremonial umbrellas. But these produced few echoes in the outside world. When some sixty years of French colonial rule came to an end early in 1955, Laos found the kingdom pitifully short of people trained to run a government at any level. There were no lawyers, no scientists, one general, one engineer, one qualified doctor. There were no decent roads between main centers of habitation, so that crop failure in one area could not be relieved by surplus from another.

To make matters worse, the Laotian peace again had been cruelly shattered. Two years ago the Vietminh invaded Laos, fighting to within thirty-five miles of this capital of Vientiane. A communist-backed puppet government called the Pathet Lao still controls most of the country's two most northerly provinces. And, of course, communist China and North Vietnam are just across the border.

Two severe rice-crop failures followed the Vietminh invasion, creating near-famine conditions in various areas. People were eating roots and the bark of trees. Bands of ragged refugees fleeing the rule of the Pathet Lao were streaming over the mountains to sanctuary. They needed help—food first of all. CARE heard about it.

Wells Klein, chief of the CARE mission in Vietnam, was waiting for me at the airport in Saigon, the fantastic Vietnamese capital with its French apartment buildings and homicidal traffic of motorcycle-cabs, and its rival gangster sects, one of which controlled both the brothels and the police. There were wonderful Chinese restaurants with their terraces screened against grenades. There were also the correspondents writing articles about "The City of Doom." And, above all, the steady stream of refugees arriving from the communist north. Wells Klein was twenty-eight, intense, efficient, a veteran who had already fed 2,500,000 people during a famine in Yugoslavia.

Then there was Jacques Lauriac, Wells' deputy, with a close-cropped shock of black hair and a mobile, saturnine face, always cheerfully expecting the worst to happen. He had been trained as an engineer, served in the United States Army and taken out American citizenship. Then there were the sensational secretarial sisters, Helen and Jane Lau, Southern Chinese from a mercantile family out of Hong Kong, young, humorous, somehow cool in the sweltering heat, willing to work on all known holidays, and with a gasoline pump outside their front door.

We spent Christmas Day with twenty-eight refugee University of Hanoi students filling out holiday-package labels with the names and addresses of the donors: from the Consumers' Co-operative, and the Welcome Hand Bible Class of the First Baptist Church of Lafayette, Indiana, from the Athol, Massachusetts, Grange No. 75, and from the Nu Chapter of Delta Kappa Gamma. These FOA/CARE food packages destined for Laos were already at sea, due to be unloaded at Bangkok and shipped overland to Laos by the Thai Government as a gesture of friendship to the Laotians. Early one morning Wells and I caught the Foreign Operations Administration's courier plane—a Chinese Nationalist charter job called CAT, like something out of Terry and the Pirates—and were off to the Laotian capital.

The countryside looked peaceful enough as the DC-3 flew over the irregular patchwork of the paddy fields. Along one side of the plane was lashed the cargo for the new American outpost in Vientiane: crates and bedsprings and cases of condensed milk, a chemical toilet and two bright red electric generators, a woman's green bicycle and a Siamese cat in a wicker cage.

To the north, quietly drowsing on its low bluff overlooking the River Mekong, was Vientiane: a scattering of houses on stilts among groves of mango and banana trees, coconut palms, bamboo and feathery green flamboyants, with pagodas everywhere, heavy-wheeled oxcarts, and small boys wearing Olympic T shirts, riding on the backs of water buffaloes. Three streets of tacky shops and a few two-story buildings make up the town.

It is tranquillity just this side of Rip van Winkle. There are occasional reminders of the outside world, like the announcement in the daily paper that munitions left over from the invasion will be exploded outside of town.

We began by finding a warehouse for the 15,000 FOA packages coming in by rail, then truck, and finally up the river by sampan to Vientiane. There were the usual frustrations. One day when I checked our warehouse on the Vientiane hospital grounds to see how our storage and labeling was coming on, I found the place locked up tight and a sign on the door in English:

Date 15th January B. E. 1955
Don't 6pen the door.
When he is not the Mogaryang.
Because it has not time and when he come he 6pen the door.
"Short the door."
"Bengyong."

I still don't know what it means.

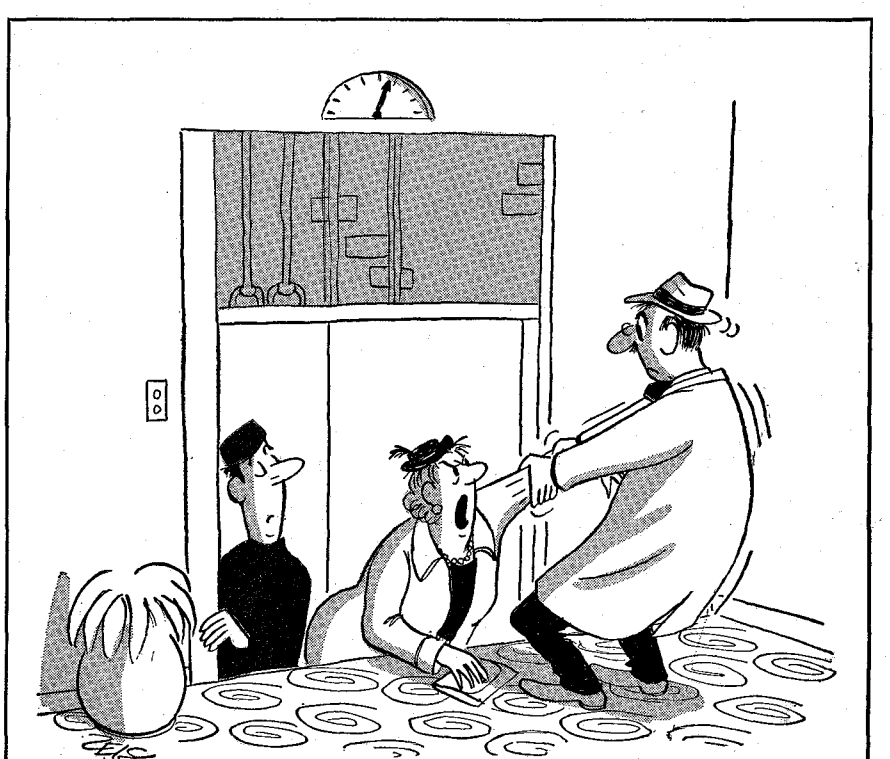
Somehow, it got done. But I began to feel desperate about getting our boxes of food into the provinces. Every time my helpers counted them they came up with wildly differing numbers. Funds cabled from New York didn't reach me until six weeks and two days later. Meanwhile, I shuttled the four kilometers between the warehouse and the airfield endlessly—in an old jeep with a broken door fastened with a lady's pink garter.

CARE's offices were in my room at the Settha Palace Hotel, known as The Bungalow, a long, two-story building with moss growing on its tiled and gabled roofs, and a little garden outlined with upended wine and beer bottles. In back were a mountain of some 2000 more empty bottles and a broken toilet bowl leaning up against a blasted, fallen tree. Chucks of the plaster ceiling crashed to my floor at intervals, and there was no water a good deal of the time. Gradually, the bath towels and my whites turned a rich old-ivory color from being washed in water from the muddy Mekong. It was rich in iron, too, and after a while left black streaks on one's teeth. On wet nights, we experienced invasions of out-sized scarabs, giant crickets and praying mantises.

It sounds worse than it really was: keep a flashlight and a large supply of candles, a bucket of water in the shower, make sure the bottles of drinking water are corked and filtered, shut the French doors against the insects on rainy nights, learn to shave by sense of touch and bathe in a glass of water, and keep a good stock of insecticide and antimalarial prophylactic.

Finally, we piled the 15,000 food packages into cargo and passenger planes and flew them out. Everywhere there were the long, swooping-roofed pagodas and the little burnt-sienna monks in orange robes, the houses on stilts, the slender dugouts on the waterways, and the rice fields with the women and children catching little fish with baskets like birdcages. There were the happily sloshing water buffaloes with flattened horns curling up at the side like a Dutch girl's cap.

At Xieng Khouang the soldiers unloading our plane suddenly began throwing the sixteen-pound cartons out of the DC-3, and then roared with laughter when the packages broke, scattering rice over the metaled airstrip. I tried entreaties and threats in various languages, but it didn't do any good. It was 5:45 P.M. The Xieng Khouang



"I told you not to forget him at Christmas."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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field closed down at 6:00, and the one at Vientiane, a good hour away, at 7:00—after which planes were supposed to circle the unlit field until their tanks were empty. We roared out of Xieng Khouang at 6:08 with the cargo door still open.

I remember being stranded for four days in Sayaboury, when the fog spilled in over the surrounding mountains and wouldn't lift. Sayaboury turned out to be the center of the kingdom's small elephant industry. The only taxis in town are the governor's jeep and the elephants.

An entertainment began at the airstrip—a little green handkerchief with knobbly mountains all around. Pretty little girls with buns at the backs of their heads and wearing traditional dress were there to present armfuls of flowers. My photograph was taken holding hands with somebody's pet gibbon. I had come up with the State Department's Dr. Mary Slusser, who is doing a two-year study of the peoples of Indochina. We were launched with a *bassi*, the traditional Laotian ceremony of welcome or farewell, during which all took off their shoes and socks and knelt down in a crowd in the governor's parlor, hands pressed together before them as they prayed for our health and good fortune. Before us on low round wooden tables were worked silver chalices holding offerings of plump little bananas, little featherweight cakes made of exploded rice, betel leaves and areca nuts, candles and an old beer bottle full of coconut milk. The most venerable elders blessed us in a long singsong chant while young girls tied a series of circlets of white cotton around each wrist, lest any of our thirty-two souls get lost during our travels, which would be uncomfortable.

An hour and a half later we found ourselves on the unroofed front porch in the middle of a *lamvong*, the national dance. I had hardly heard of the *lamvong*, and suddenly I found myself in the dismaying position of leading one, with a tiny Egyptian-looking girl of nineteen beside me. I died a thousand deaths trying to figure out what to do next as we revolved in a large circle, two by two, with our hands tracing elaborately sinuous patterns in the air.

The governor, a tall, thin, high-spirited type with a flat nose, close-cropped hair and a head that went straight up and down in back, was prancing along gracefully on the balls of his toes just behind me. Behind him came the provincial veterinarian in white duck suit, bending his fingers back as prescribed, until they looked double-jointed.

The music went around and around like perpetual motion. There was one figure in which all the dancers shot imaginary bows and arrows. In another we played imaginary flutes and drums. Then there was a teasing number in which the partners turned to each other and beckoned rhythmically with one finger, come, come, come, come—only to hold up the hand like a traffic cop, stop!

We were also entertained with Songs and Dances by the Schoolmistresses and Their Pupils of Sayaboury—sweet, modest, timid, and incredibly young girls. Six of them advanced and retreated, waving sprays of bougainvillaea. Then they played with sweeping peacocks' tails, imitating the bird's courtship. I never knew Laos had had a Victorian period, but they sang songs with titles like A Bent Blossom, The Spouses Like Turtle Doves, Love in the Abyss, and Mysteries of the Heart to banjo accompaniment.

Distribution of the food packages had gone off smoothly. On the first day, Monsieur the Treasurer took it on himself to explain that the unfamiliar yellow cheese—one item in the package—was nothing more than delicious *paddek falang*—foreigner's fish eggs. This got a laugh, and that helped put it over.

It was good there was so much to do in Sayaboury, for it was bitterly cold. In the morning, with the fawn and chalk colors of the governor's wooden bungalow blending into each other in the fog, we couldn't see across the narrow road. Then, faintly, the outlines of the house across the way became visible. By midday, if we were lucky, we could make out the head and trunk of Elephant Mountain groping among the clouds. The coldest night of all, I went to bed wearing pajamas, two pairs of socks, dungarees, a chambray work shirt, a Canadian lumberjacket and a duffel coat with a hood. And I took a large glass of the local brew called *shoum* before retiring. I was still cold.

The Laotian hospitality was overpowering. "And don't forget to order an elephant for *Madame le Docteur* in the morning," I would hear the governor call briskly. We paid a visit to a nearby village, where a rather annoyed little three-year-old elephant was being trained. In true Laotian fashion he was given plenty of sugar cane, taken for walks in the village ("so he'll get to know life") and visited by bevies of young girls and their beaux, who danced and sang about the young elephant to encourage him. Everything in town was touched with gentle fantasy. One evening, returning to the governor's just at dusk, I saw a stubby witch capering in the twilight mist. It turned out to be a very small boy wearing his unicorn costume, left over from the last great celebration.

Of all the dreaming corners of this magical kingdom that which I would want to change least would be Luang Prabang, where the king and his court live. A steep, darkly wooded green hill called P'housi rises abruptly amid the pagodas and the flowering trees. A flight of white steps zigzags up the dark green face of P'housi, and on the top there is a little whitewashed, red-roofed pagoda. Beside it, piercing the bright blue sky, is a bulbous tower of white and gold. As everyone knows, an ogre lives inside P'housi, and he would jump out and eat up the people were it not for the great drum which hangs in its house beside the pagoda. A watchman beats the drum every three hours or so to frighten the ogre. You can hear the booming all over town.

In contrast to Vientiane, which sometimes reminds me of an old parking lot, the vegetation in the courtly capital of Luang Prabang looks like a neatly clipped botanical garden. There are Laotian pastoral touches, too, from the mares and foals nursing on the lawn of the guest house of the provincial governor to the brace of elephants from the royal stables hauling timber up the steep embankment from the Mekong.

Farther north the going got tougher. At Outay, between communist Vietnam on the east and China on the north and west, there was a slit trench along the side of the airstrip where our DC-3 came down. When I tripped over something making my way up to the village, I found it was barbed wire. Eight soldiers with submachine guns and six with rifles were lined up for our inspection, and they looked young and tough and confident.

That evening we had a party. Most of the provisions had been flown in with us to this outpost where a cake of toilet soap cost seventy-five cents and a large bottle of beer up to $4.30. We sat at a long table covered with GI blankets, while the deputy provincial governor urged us to take Pernod, brandy, peppermint and hot tea. The hand-cranked phonograph played Orchids in the Moonlight, Melodie Arabe, and Marius, Acte I & II with the late great Raimu. Tiny Thai Dam girls wearing high-collared dark tunics with rows of buttons down the front and bright pink flat turbans circling their heads like ropes of spun-sugar candy came (Continued on Page 68)

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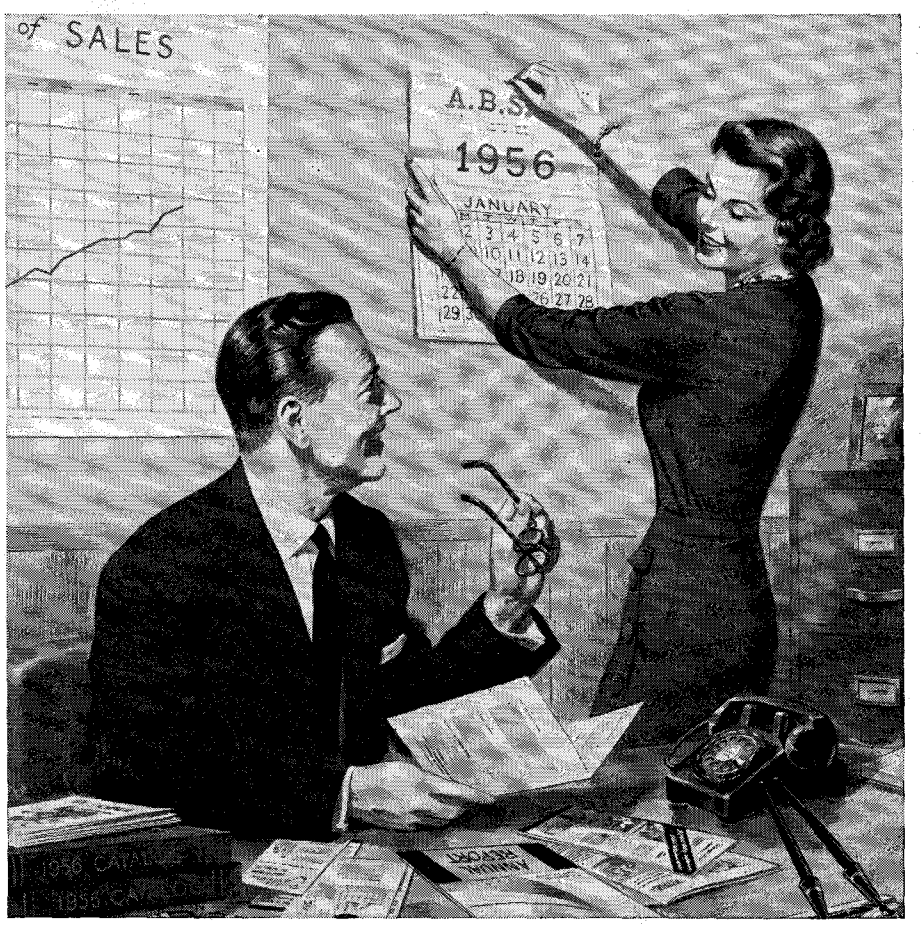

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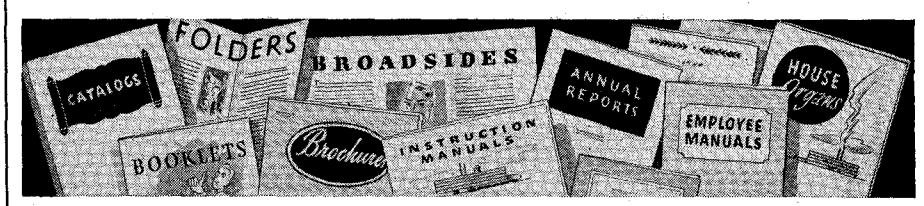

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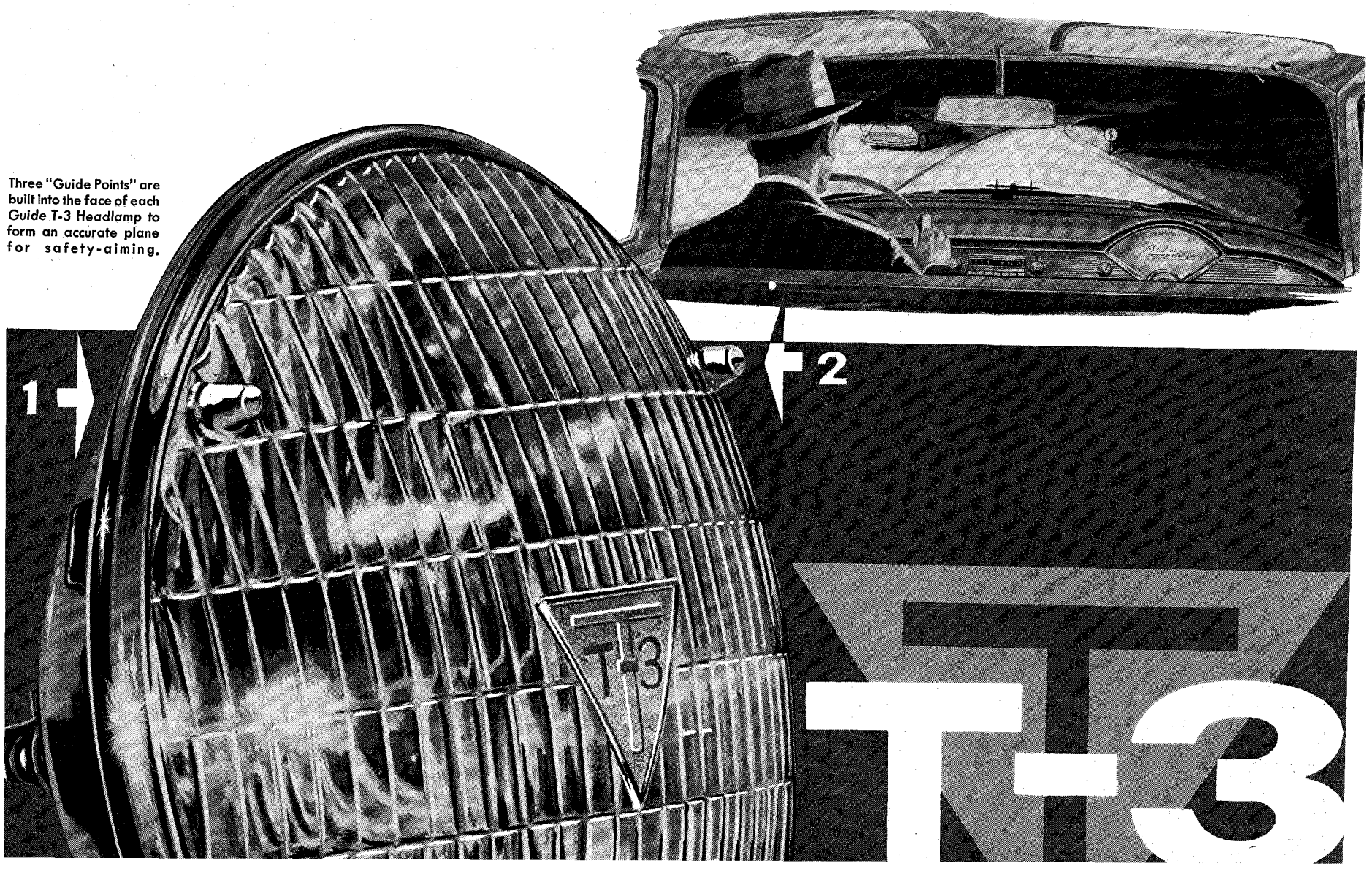

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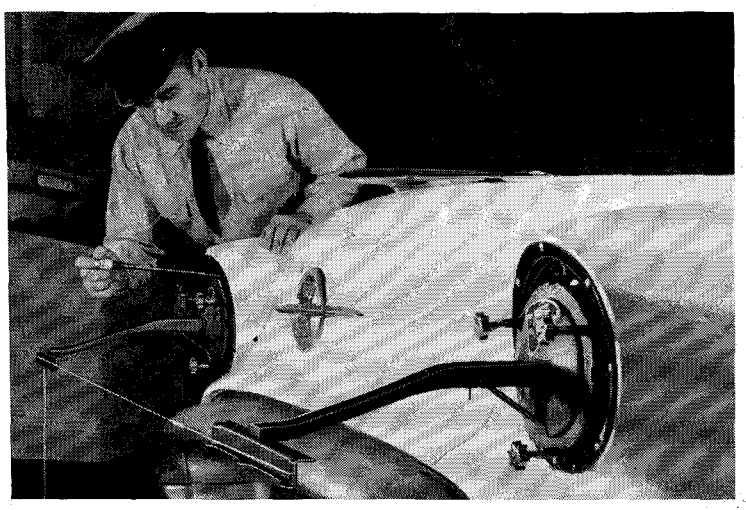

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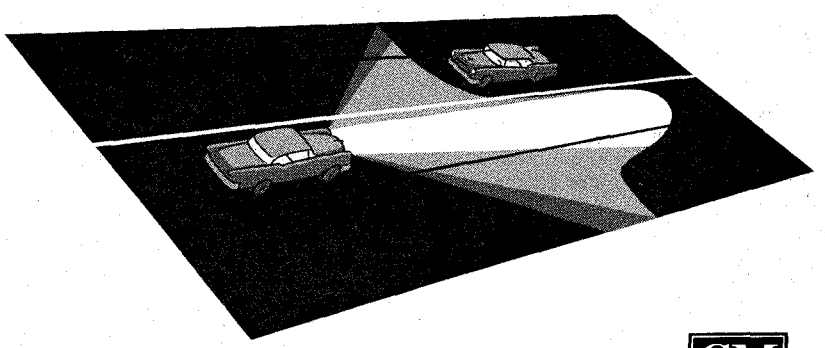

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BUY IN PAIRS . . .

WHERE YOU SEE THESE SIGNS . . . . .

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(Continued from Page 65) and asked us to dance the *lamvong*. It was utterly charming.

The night was less charming. We dossed down on the long, communal, plaited-bamboo bed in the mud barracks which guarded the village, wearing our boots and wrapped up in the blankets which had served as tablecloths. The deputy provincial governor took off his shoulder boards before retiring. In addition to his excellency, the thirteen others of us in the same bed the next two nights included the provincial medical chief; the deputy director of social welfare; a Laotian trained nurse; Madame le Docteur Slusser; Jim Robinson, of NBC, and his wife, Barbara; several Laotian soldiers with their boots on, and the entire French crew of the DC-3. It rained through the thatched roof, and it was miserably cold. Beginning about three in the morning, roosters wandered about the barracks, crowing. I awoke with a complete stranger clinging like a limpet to my back for animal heat.

Boun Neua, about twenty-five minutes to the south by light plane, and completely surrounded by the communist-backed Pathet Lao forces, was the most difficult place we managed to get into. The royalist-held enclave was a grassy airstrip with five steep little hills clustered around one end, fortified and denuded of almost all vegetation. On a small grass shack that was the provisional provincial capital, the flag, a three-headed royal white elephant on a scarlet field, was bravely flying. From here one looked down across the little river that was the border, snaking its way through the fields in loops so tight they almost touched. One could look across four frontiers in something like 150 yards—communist poppies, royalist poppies, communist poppies, royalist poppies.

Across the way was the village of Boun Neua itself, in enemy hands. It was taken during the invasion. At the gate flew the Pathet Lao flag—three dark, horizontal stripes of red, blue, red, with a white circle at the center. There was a jeepable road to the old provincial capital, Phong Saly, now communist-held, but it had been cut. We were seventy-eight miles from Dienbienphu. The flavor was military, with more than a dash of the wild frontier. The heights of our fortified hillside were circled and criss-crossed with deep slit trenches. We sat on empty ammunition boxes and ate and drank out of army mess kits. There were about 450 Lao troops all told, many of them commandos and full of beans, as against about 100 in the Pathet garrison. Everybody saluted all the time.

There were no shops in our slice of Boun Neua, nor even any permanent buildings. There were no vehicles, no schools, no electricity, gas, water supply or market place. There was, especially, no salt, which is a medium of exchange this far north. If one could persuade someone else to sell a kilo of rice, it cost nearly 400 per cent of its price in the south.

There were, however, refugees and hunger, and the hopelessness of having one's home town or village occupied by the Pathet, with almost all the family and friends still there—and nothing to do about it. There were about 200 refugees there at first, many of them apple-cheeked young girls who lived in a long sort of Y.W.C.A. thatched hut, with somebody's thirteen-year-old brother as a chaperon. The older refugees were haggard and gaunt, with a curious, slack posture. The 200 refugees grew to nearly 1000.

There was a little shooting in the early morning, as a rule, and again in the late afternoon, but it was hard to be sure whether it was patrols or someone out hunting for food in this hungry enclave. Once in a while, the commandant would march 100 of the commandos a few hundred yards into Pathet territory as a show of force, and then march them back again. Once during our sojourn we were invaded in the very early morning by the Pathet Lao, who crossed the serpentine river and hid themselves among the rushes on the bank, hurling screams and defies through the swirling morning mists. The royalist commandos, not to be outdone, cried patriotic slogans back at the enemy.

The dangers of Boun Neua were rather those of slow malnutrition, exposure to the wretched cold damp of the mountains and growing discouragement. At night, in the grass hut where we slept, I used eight thin cotton blankets from a pile which the Laotian Government planned to distribute to mountaineers in the far villages. I swore to myself that when the first CARE blankets should arrive they would be stout woolen ones.

Water, hauled up our hill in jerrycans from the river, was decanted into old Pernod and Rhum des Plantations St. James bottles, and nearly opaque when we drank it. The jerrycans were first parachuted down to us from military DC-3's, full of aviation gas, then used to hold water, and, when empty, were used as drums at social gatherings or as floats by small boys swimming in the river.

All the while, more refugees were trickling in from the mountain hamlets. CARE is nonpolitical, but we had not invited the villagers from Pathet-held Boun Neua across the way because neither the royalist nor the communist authorities would have any such thing. But when the people heard about the food, they began to come anyway. It was hard to stop them.

Even this far north, and some seven and a half miles from the Chinese province of Yunnan, at 3000 feet above sea level, the deep green gorges were lush with tropical forest—the bright-flowering trees and the buttressed, splotched cream trunks hung with the woody ropes of lianas, dripping with air plants. On the mountaintops were little villages—ten to twenty straw huts in a clearing—and from these villages people came to us, looking for food. Soon there were Pathet Lao armed sentinels on the trails to prevent the people's passage. But it didn't do any good. They just came through the forest.

The winds of the monsoon were blowing up now, swirling red dust over the five hilltops, but the mountain people waited patiently to sign their names, or draw their *X*'s, or give their thumbprints before taking away their packages. We told them that the packages had been brought with the help of the Lao and Thai governments by rail, and then by air up into the mountains. This they understood, for even in the towns recently evacuated by the communists one found on the walls admiring sketches of helicopters and DC-3's. We told them that the food in the packages had been given by friends far away, but something like themselves—American pagoda members and small farmers in the American paddies.

Then, when we were about halfway through our distributions in the enclave at Boun Neua, the rains came. The fog closed down. Our little plane took off on a more important mission and didn't come back. We were marooned. Half our supplies were at the big field at Outay, where the DC-3's came in. But that was twenty-five minutes away by light plane, and it might just as well have been twenty-five light years. The Pathet Lao were in between. We couldn't get the packages in and we couldn't get ourselves out.

We were stuck. We continued to distribute such packages as we had left, after a second lieutenant named Sing took a few commandos out and unblocked the nearby mountain trails which the Pathet Lao had blocked to prevent people from coming in to us. Then we waited. And we waited. Every day we prayed that the small plane we had chartered would come back with more packages for distribution. Every day we bombarded the commandos' telegrapher with angry wires demanding to know what the government had done with our small plane. No answer. The days went by. At first we were frustrated. Then we were angry. Finally just hopeless.

Then we began hearing ghost planes. A sort of dreamlike mood set in as we began to wonder if we ever really would get out. We had already run out of the tooth paste, razor blades, typewriter ribbons and beer we had brought with us. Now we ran out of soap, cigarettes, writing paper, toilet paper, candles and things to read. I saw the cook going off one midmorning with a rifle over his shoulder, and asked him if we were hunting the Pathet Lao.

He said, "No—lunch."

Finally, after a couple of weeks, our plane returned—and blew a tire. Naturally, it carried no spare, so it had to limp off to Vientiane to look for one. When the plane eventually returned, it turned out to have no gas. We radioed the military to drop us some, and after a while a DC-3 circled our valley while white chutes like flattened mushrooms drifted down with full jerrycans. It was gasoline for automobiles, not planes. In desperation we fired a couple of green lights out of a Very pistol in front of the DC-3 doing the parachuting, and our white-haired, veteran pilot, Monsieur Domergue, began to radio, "*Papa Bravo, Papa Bravo, ici Papa Quebec qui t'appelle* ——" In the end, we got some gasoline and the package airlift began again.

Mary Slusser, that cheery organized soul in a bright red cardigan out at one elbow and a brown denim skirt somewhat chewed by rats, held up better than most of the men.

We all were learning the art of survival. Brushing your teeth and combing your hair with weak tea, for instance, when water is not available. At the cocktail hour we had the local rice beer called *choum*, and for hors d'oeuvres we gnawed jerky made from the primitive wild ox called the gaur. Laughter bubbled up from one of the huts where one of the Lao officials was amusing the young-lady refugees by smoking two cigarettes at once. I had lost my spectacles in Luang Prabang on the way up, and it was a little difficult to work with my sunglasses by candlelight. But that situation took care of itself when the candles gave out. My beautifully cut gray flannel suit from Savile Row had dark red rust stains like blood on it now, and the red dust poured through the hole in my right shoe after I danced the sole off it one night doing a *lamvong*. Somehow it was good fun.

The communist Radio Hanoi was broadcasting that we were bringing in boxes filled with arms and ammunition. And just before we left Boun Neua I had news I could trust from a traveler just returned from the Pathet capital of Phong Saly. The authorities there had warned their people that we were filling our packages with poison. But still the people came.

In the end, our work was done. It had taken forever, and there was lots more to do. Sometimes I felt a little discouraged, for it took so long, and our few thousand food packages could do so little in the face of the tremendous need. Though we now have our own CARE packages designed specifically for Laos, some mistakes were made in choosing the first parcels. Many a Laotian looked in bewilderment at the butter and cheese he had never seen before. And the cost of getting these things into the remote hinterland by plane and pirogue, truck, pony, elephant and human back was great.

The alternative was to wring our hands and not begin to do anything about anything. In the end I was glad that we had started with what we had and at least let people in the corners of the kingdom know that we were there—that help from friends was on its way. THE END

MY BATTLES IN WAR AND PEACE

By General Matthew B. Ridgway

Next Week we begin publication of one of the most stirring personal stories of our time, by Matthew B. Ridgway, American fighting man, who has met and bested the forces of hate from Germany to Korea.

With unprecedented candor, the ex-Chief of Staff also reveals his own side of his famous controversy with the Secretary of Defense. Look for some startling disclosures in the opening installment . . .

CONFLICT IN THE PENTAGON

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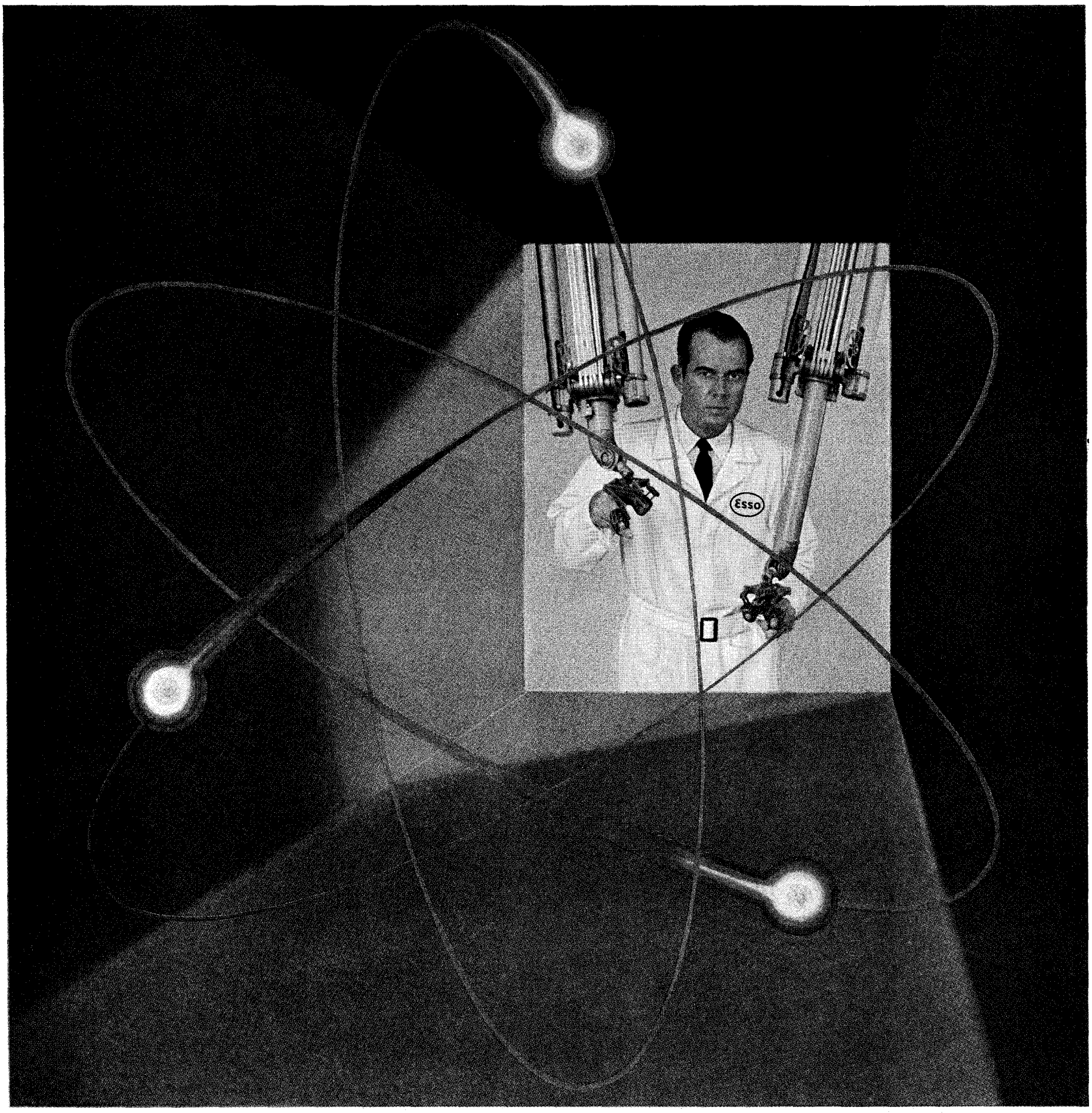

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They Commute to the Wilderness

(Continued from Page 23)

ridge where they have lived for twenty years. Seymour, a solid and genial commuter, couldn't sleep late if he tried. The birds outside his window see to that. The morning routine thus begun, he reaches for his horn-rimmed spectacles and peers from his front window. Eight miles across the Golden Gate, San Francisco glitters in clearly visible detail, like a scene in a wide-screen movie. He can even pick out his office building at 315 Montgomery Street, the heart of the financial district.

"Looks like a nice day downtown," he muses. "I won't bother with a coat."

"Kent!" his wife calls from the garden, out in back. "Just look at this new shrubbery! Absolutely leafless! Deer all over the place again, eating everything in sight!"

Dutifully, Seymour mutters his morning threat: "I'm going to shoot one yet." But it is obvious that his heart is not in it. A doe and her fawn feeding in broad daylight in the yard. The rustle of quail in the underbrush; the red fox probably lurking nearby. And tonight the usual parade of foraging raccoons. He starts humming to himself. This is, after all, the reason a commuter commutes.

Most of Mill Valley's early houses were built as weekend retreats and did not become full-time homes until the great earthquake of 1906 brought an exodus from San Francisco to the suburbs. Owner-builders of that era often carried lumber along forest footpaths board by board or pulled it up the precipitous hillsides with block and tackle. The foot trails later developed into roads, and eventually into streets—which, the city's new Master Plan reports proudly, "are now wide enough for two cars, in places."

The city sprawls across several converging canyons and down into the flat little valley floor below their junction, with the result that roads go where they can, rather than where they should.

"With streets like that," explained Postmaster McSweeney, "we may have to travel two miles to get to a house we could almost touch with a pole from the post-office steps. That's why you see so many postmen in automobiles and so few walking their routes. We have a higher proportion of mounted carriers than any other city in the United States."

The streets are no real problem to the commuter with a car. He climbs off the bus in midtown, strolls to his parked car and starts the gear-shifting, growling ascent to his home far up the mountainside.

Housewives left at home without cars are, of course, faced with a marathon hike if they follow the switchback roads down into town. The footpath-and-stairstep "streets" are the solution, cutting straight down the hillsides toward the shopping districts. Few families live more than ten minutes' walk from their grocer's, by this route, although the uphill return trip may take three times as long.

Some of these trail-hardened housewives have even been known to enter the community's annual Dipsea Race, a seven-mile foot race that starts with the contenders dashing up a flight of 433 stairsteps. The half-century-old event, recognized by the Amateur Athletic Union, is probably the most unusual athletic competition in America. Runners as young as ten and as old as sixty-three have competed, panting up twisting trails across the mountain ridges and down again to the Pacific surf at Stinson Beach. The record for the course is less than forty-eight minutes, and it takes most motorists half an hour to drive to Stinson Beach.

Mill Valley's odd, slow-speed street pattern may disturb strangers trying to read mailbox names without driving off cliffs, but the residents contend it makes the byways safer. Mothers have been known to go unconcernedly about their housework while their children puttered with toys in the middle of the street.

Some settlers seek even greater isolation—no streets at all. Manya and Harry Warner live on Cascade Way, one of the pedestrian-only stairstep thoroughfares. To do a repair job on their house, Harry lugged tons of sand, rock, cement and lumber down the long flight of steps.

"Sure, it's hard work," he said, "but I wouldn't swap locations with anyone in town."

When merchants have deliveries for the Warners, the goods are left with neighbors on Millside Lane at the top of the steps. The neighbors telephone Harry, and he arrives within a day or so to haul the packages on his back down the stairstep trail. Such friendly co-operation is general in Mill Valley.

There were almost 3000 commuters in town, at last estimate, nearly half of whom use the only available public-transit system, Pacific Greyhound. Yet, when the bus drivers went out on strike, the commuters were ready with a share-the-ride plan so effective that not a single one was late for work.

That's the proud boast of the Mill Valley Commuters' Club, which does double duty as a social group when no strikes are threatening.

It's the kind of town where only the banker can tell you whether a man is rich or poor. The size of his balance makes very little visible difference. Living side by side in Blithedale Canyon, for example, are a carpenter and the head of one of California's largest banking chains.

So far as street attire is concerned, it's a point of honor to look honestly countrified. Baggy slacks or faded jeans are more acceptable than bankers' charcoals, and the mode for women includes anything from pedal pushers to garden-stained slacks.

The general atmosphere of the town is more like that of a CCC camp than of a city in which a phenomenal 38 per cent of the adult population have been to college. That's twice the percentage for the state as a whole.

College educations aren't enough, however, to help Mill Valley residents with some of their daily problems. They had to learn the hard way that wild, fully loaded skunks are best handled by what has become known as the "apple-box technique." When skunks tunnel into your basement or invade your house by other means, you first obtain an apple box. This is converted into a makeshift box trap, with a solid wooden door that drops across an open end when the bait is seized. In such a completely enclosed trap, a wild skunk may be carried safely, even in a car. The escape procedure is to place the box on the ground, lift the door suddenly and retreat swiftly. Out comes the skunk, fleeing without firing.

Usually, it is only the newcomers to Mill Valley who distrust the apple-box method. One woman tried, with spectacular lack of success, what she thought might be a safer way. A skunk had walked boldly into her house, so she scattered a trail of food out through an open door and withdrew, convinced that he would soon eat his way out. Before he could do so, however, he met a second hungry skunk eating his way in. The results were not what the housewife had in mind. Except for skunks, most of Mill Valley wildlife is welcomed. Raccoons are favorites around many homes.

Getting friends into your home in Mill Valley is almost as complicated as getting unwanted wildlife out. The usual routine is for visitors to phone when they reach Lytton Square, down in the valley. Then the host drives down to lead the two-car procession up the confusing maze of mountain roads.

A great many present-day inhabitants got their first look at the town as guests of friends and decided on instant impulse that they'd like to live in Mill Valley too. The community's growth defies the traditional pattern. Instead of being attracted by jobs and then looking for homes, most Mill Valleyans have done exactly the reverse.

Sam and Nancy Swadesh, of Chicago, made a business trip to California, and at the end of the first day Sam announced, "We are moving out here." A research chemist, he quit his Chicago job and they came to San Francisco to look around. They first saw Mill Valley in a pouring rain, but even on that dismal day Sam decided, "This is it."

This was before Sam had found a job, but they located a real-estate man and asked for a house. He had only one, "And I don't think you'd like it," he confided honestly. All the way up the winding avenue he explained its shortcomings, but Sam and Nancy didn't seem to hear the man. They were too busy watching the deer bound across the road and gazing upon crimson masses of fuchsia in the jungle growth of dooryards. They walked into the house, looked out the window at the sweep of forest.

"As you can see, this old house is practically propped up by the redwood trees beside it," the salesman was saying.

"Ah, yes," said Sam. "We'll take it."

Mayor Gordon Strawbridge, a scion of the famed department-store family of Philadelphia, is a Mill Valleyan by similar impulse. "After the war," he recalled, "I was looking for a town in which living would be interesting and pleasant, and in which I could start a business. My wife and I came over here to shop one day, and it came over me suddenly that this was the place."

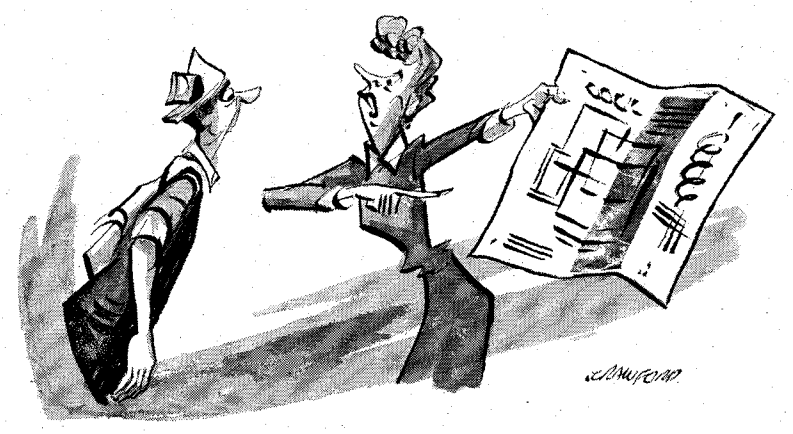
They moved to Mill Valley in 1946, and within eight years Strawbridge found himself mayor. "It never has been the kind of place you would choose strictly for business opportunity," he concedes. But Mill Valley people like it that way.

As for his rather abrupt plunge into civic leadership, culminating in his attainment of the town's highest office, Mayor Strawbridge explains it very simply. "It's just that kind of town. There are no strangers in Mill Valley."

A newcomer is welcomed coldly only when he proposes to cut down trees. It is almost physically impossible to build a house without some preliminary clearing, yet every snarl of a saw is echoed in the canyons by the hue and cry of an aroused and resentful citizenry.

It is not surprising in Mill Valley to find a tree committee functioning as part of the city government. This advisory group goes out en masse to view every tree which anyone proposes to fell or trim on municipal land—and the belt of such property along the zigzagging streets is surprisingly wide. Members are Stanton A. Coblentz, nationally known poet and author; Herman E. Hein, landscape architect; and Mrs. Stanley R. Saxton, representing the conservation-minded Outdoor Art Club.

Because of the steadfast fight of these people, trees have even been left to grow unmolested in the middle of the streets, and motorists can darned well drive around them! Smack in the middle of the busy intersection of West Blithedale and Eldridge Avenue, a clump of redwoods forms a forested island in the traffic flow. A dozen feet across, it has been called the smallest



The Perfect Squelch

Young Miss Allen, just graduated from engineering school, had plenty of confidence but little experience. So when she took over the drafting department of a Government agency, the men in the shop immediately had troubles.

They couldn't understand Miss Allen's drawings, and she couldn't understand why. Time and again she pointed out to the shop men that the drawings were clear to her, and suggested they must be lacking in perception.

Finally, when three shop men came in at one time to have drawings clarified, Miss Allen blew up a storm. After lecturing them about her own long training and competence, she snapped, "Well, they're perfectly clear to me—and I'm just a woman."

"Sure, Miss Allen," one of the men said. "You're a woman and you have intuition, but we men need blueprints."

G. C. Edmondson

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public park in the world. Actually it's simply part of the public street, but the City Council has always followed the tree committee's recommendation to preserve it.

Residents on one downtown street not long ago asked politely if some of the big trees which motorists must dodge around each day could not be removed. Up paraded the tree committee, and the council supported its decision: Natural beauty must be preserved, "even at some inconvenience to the traffic."

There was only one small compromise. Tiny luminous-paint markers were attached gently to some of the tree trunks, so that motorists would be less apt to ram into them in the dark.

In real hardship cases, the committee sometimes grants a homeowner permission to remove a publicly owned tree. "But," explains committeewoman Oehler, "he has to agree to plant another one."

Newcomers often have their homes designed to fit into—or even around—existing trees. One of the current show places in town is an angular, rustic-and-modern structure which literally surrounds a stand of centuries-old redwoods. The "front steps" are a spiral staircase winding up into the house from the base of the trees.

Individuality runs rampant in Mill Valley housing. There are Old-English mansions, Italian villas, Swiss chalets, rustic mountain homes, log cabins and modern ranch houses. Except in a few sections of the valley floor, it would be difficult to find two homes even outwardly alike.

The pattern of gracious living portrayed in home-and-garden magazines is conspicuously absent. Hundreds of barbecues, yes, but Mill Valleyans use them for trash burning. Patios, of course, but these are used as solaria where housewives toast themselves in privacy that only a helicopter pilot could invade.

The swimming pools that jewel every hillside are equally secluded. Builders estimate there are at least fifty and say that the town has—or had—more per capita than Hollywood. There may be a clue to this in the behavior of an advertising executive who fell through his living-room ceiling while working in the attic. "What could we do?" he asked. "If we fixed it, there wouldn't be any money for a swimming pool. So, naturally, we built the pool and kept the hole for a conversation piece."

Gardens, with or without pools, range from a very few formal English plantings and semitropical banana "plantations" to a great many areas of wild natural undergrowth.

A family on Marion Avenue spent years developing a garden exclusively from native forest flowers. An unindoctrinated house guest from Bronxville, New York, made a return invitation unlikely by commenting with delicate sympathy, "I don't suppose you ever get a chance to do anything about a garden."

One major reason for relaxed living in Mill Valley homes is that many of the early residents and a sizable portion of the later arrivals have been artists and writers. But in Mill Valley they violate the traditional pattern of eccentricity. "The town seems to attract the hard-working, family-man artists," one of them explained.

In some respects, visitors do find Mill Valley's informality startling. A hillside housewife recently led guests from Chicago into another nearby house and out onto its balcony to enjoy the view. The owner was not at home. "Can you just walk into someone's house like this?" the visitors asked.

"Oh, nobody in Mill Valley locks his house," their hostess explained. "These folks are away for the weekend. I know they won't mind."

Perhaps because out-of-town yeggs would almost certainly get lost in the maze of twisting streets, the town's burglary toll is practically zero. Another factor is that Police Chief Jim McGowan and his patrolmen know almost every Mill Valley resident by sight; outsiders inevitably inspire a certain amount of courteous curiosity.

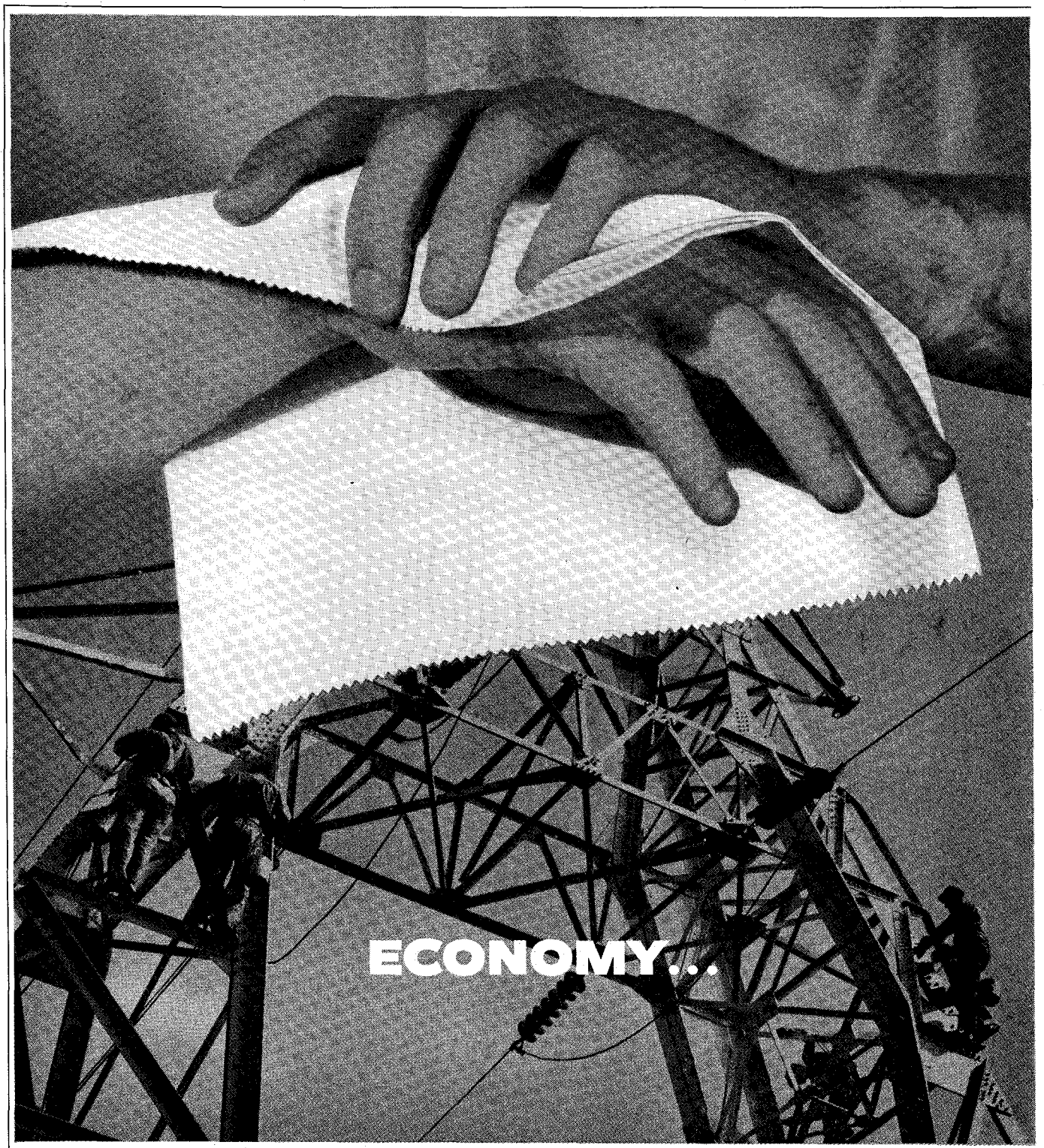
Except, of course, the hordes of weekend hikers. Attired in sweaters, shorts and heavy shoes, and wearing rucksacks, they clamber from the buses in the town square to sweat their way up the winding foot trails to the 2604-foot eminence of "Mount Tam."

Hikers are regarded with kindly tolerance; most residents don't even mind having them take short cuts across their property. After all, "It's fascinating to watch the parade every week," a housewife admitted. "Little kids, great big women, little old men with beards ——"

The mountain, preserved for all time as a state park, is more than a recreation lure. It controls the climate, its lakes provide pure water, and the early-morning clouds or sunshine around its peaks tells housewives whether to hang their family wash indoors or out.

Mill Valley lies within the only belt in the United States having a "Mediterranean-type" climate, according to the city's Master Plan. Because Mount Tam shelters the community from Pacific winds and protects it from most of the fog which swirls unchecked over San Francisco, summer days are usually bright and always dry. And winter months are pleasantly warm despite their vigorous rains.

All of which leaves Mill Valley with only one major community problem. Where else can its residents go for a vacation? THE END



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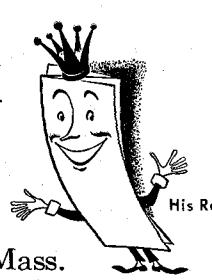
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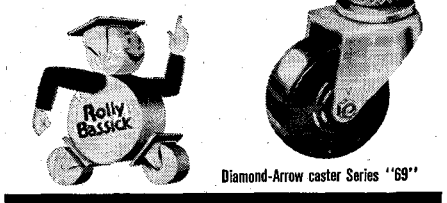

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The Bride Test (Continued from Page 31)

seemed to be going to school on the GI Bill and holding down a job besides, like Ken.

Many of the wives had jobs too. There were so many children, so many more on the way, that the people who lived on Presidio Place called it Pregnancy Plaza. If she married Ken ——

The doorbell rang raucously through the tiny house. Janet jumped as the door flew open and a short blond girl burst into the room.

"I'll bet you're Janet!" the blond girl cried. "Ken told us about you and —— I saw your car and — Yi, what a car! I'm Betsy Oliver—the brown house with the scraggly zinnias and the —— Can you make things grow? Talk about a green thumb! Mine is the kiss of death and —— Gee, what darling shoes! What size are they?"

Betsy Oliver ran out of breath and grabbed Janet's hand. They looked at each other.

Janet, perhaps for the first time in her life, felt ill at ease.

"Four and a half, and I should wear a five," she said. "I don't know why I bought them."

"You couldn't resist them, and who could?" Betsy sighed. She looked around the dark little house. "Isn't it fabulous? It broke Nora's heart to leave all of her lovely things, but she'll be glad if somebody nice gets them. Oh, aren't you lucky!"

"Yes," said Janet. "Yes, I am."

"We're still sleeping on mattresses on the floor at our house! We were going to get a bedroom set last month, but —— Oh, I love those shoes! . . . Oh, do you play pinochle?"

"No, but I like to ——"

Apparently Betsy finished only one sentence out of three, and expected everyone else to do the same.

"We have the craziest games!" she cried enthusiastically. "But what I really came for, Janet: can you watch the kids while I pay the light bills? Today was Nora's day to have the duty and we haven't had time to —— We all wait until the very last day and if the boys come home and find the lights turned off, we'll —— How much were they?"

Something made Janet say, "Nine-ninety." The shoes had cost $43.50. She went on timidly, "I can watch your children until Ken gets here. Will that be any help?"

"Help?" Betsy almost screamed. "It will save my life! Four and a half—that's exactly my size."

"Would you like to wear them?" Janet said impulsively.

"Would I?"

Betsy Oliver kicked off her old slippers and stepped into the shoes as Janet vacated them. She closed her eyes rapturously. "When your feet look good, you look good all over, don't you? Wait, I'll fetch my brats!"

She dashed out wearing Janet's shoes. Janet tried Betsy's slippers. They were too small. She waited in her stocking feet, but not long.

Betsy dashed back, carrying two children who, Janet thought, had been born about as close together as the law of Nature would allow. The younger one, not more than a month old, was peacefully awake. The year-old one, a durable-looking child, lolled over his mother's shoulder in deep sleep, his diaper half off, his plump arms and legs swinging limply.

Betsy seemed to know where she was going. Janet followed her into the nearest bedroom. Cal and Nora had left so suddenly that the bed linen had not even been changed, but Betsy did not seem to notice. She dumped the two babies unceremoniously on the bed.

"I'll set their bottles inside your back door," she panted. "If they holler, just feed them. Gee, this is sweet of —— I can still make the first bus and —— Arline and Ruth said they'd bring theirs in two shakes." She was gone. So were Janet's shoes.

Janet liked babies without knowing much about them. She sat down on the edge of the bed. The older one lay where his mother had dropped him, dead to the world. Janet straightened his chubby legs without disturbing him. The younger baby's eyes, not quite in focus, wavered after her every time she moved.

"You poor baby, you know I'm a stranger, don't you?" she murmured, leaning over to touch cheeks with him.

The doorbell rang, and something Betsy had said came back suddenly. Arline and Ruth, whoever they were, would bring theirs over in two shakes.

She went to the door. A girl wearing a waitress' crisp nylon uniform stood there, holding a little dark girl by the hand. Mother and child both smiled shyly.

"I'm Arline Sarmanian. Betsy said you had the duty today. Are—are you sure you don't mind?"

"Not at all," Janet gulped.

"Monday was always Nora's day, and we haven't had time to work out a new schedule. I'm already late for work, and ——"

What touched Janet's heart was the way these kids took it, as though being bounced from stranger to stranger was perfectly normal. Arline Sarmanian's beautiful little girl headed straight for the closet. She took out an old magazine and a pair of snub-nosed scissors, and sat down and began cutting out pictures, apparently where she had left off before. Janet sat down in the modern chair again.

"Well!" she said.

The doorbell rang again. This time it was Ruth Hunt with Ricky, aged three. Next came Helen Lewis with Frances, six, and Jimmy, four. Her oldest child, Ronnie, was doing her day's shopping at the store.

Helen Lewis was a cultured, handsome woman of thirty. Her husband, a lieutenant colonel, had taken it into his head suddenly to learn high-frequency instrumentation. "It deals with ultrasonic waves, and he'll be the only man in the world to know that much about it," said Helen. "But imagine him going to school like a kid corporal! While I run a knit shop over on the boulevard to pay the bills. Everybody in the tract, by the way, gets wholesale from me."

"I see," said Janet.

"Frances is spoiled—her dad's fault—but Ronnie is a jewel. When he gets back he's going to put my pot roast on, but then he'll help you. He's good with babies."

"Why, thanks," said Janet.

Ronnie turned out to be a mature gentleman of ten. He got back just in time, because Eloise Shapiro had just left her son with Janet, and the baby was teething and wanted everybody in the tract to know it.

"Let him howl. He's just got to learn to stand it," Ronnie said wisely, sitting on the edge of the bed to change the older Oliver baby's diaper. He did it so expertly that the child did not stir. "Better warm a bottle, lady," Ronnie said, with his mouth full of safety pins. "Use one of Mrs. Oliver's, on the back porch. It's the Smith kid's feeding time."

Janet rubbed her numb face. "Which one is that?"

"He ain't here yet," said Ronnie.

Fortunately the back yard was fenced and the older children could play there. Fortunately Ronnie was a born officer who did his duty as he saw it. Ronnie cuffed malcontents, shared out toys, organized games and buttoned buttons like a regimental exec.

Within an hour there were twelve children in the tiny house and yard. It was touching—their built-in poise, the equanimity with which they accepted Janet, a total stranger. Combat-wise, Ronnie called them. But Janet thought she'd scream if the doorbell rang again.

It rang again. She answered it and there stood Ken, wearing his taxi driver's cap and carrying his books. Ken got a lot of studying done between trips. He gaped at Janet and at the fluid panorama of children that seethed across the room behind her.

"What the ——" he said.

Janet smiled. "Come in, darling," she said. "There seems to be a share-the-baby plan on Pregnancy Plaza, and today was Nora Neuhaupt's day to have the duty."

He stared at her stocking feet. "What happened to your shoes?"

"I lent them—to Betsy Oliver, I think. Yes, it was Betsy, because it was Doris Ransom who borrowed my car. You better come in before one of the kids escapes, darling."

He came in and put his books down. His face was red. His eyes glittered.

"Those women!" he said, between his teeth. "Of all the filthy nerve! They're just giving you the business, Janet. Nora didn't have the duty today. These buttinsky women are just giving you a lousy test!"

"Well," Janet snapped, "what are you doing?"

"Huh?" said Ken.

"Why didn't we look at this house together? Why have you never introduced me to your friends? Ashamed of me?"

Out came Ken's jaw, and when he used it that way, it was quite a jaw. "Now, Janet!" he growled.

"You know it's true! Why make me look at this house alone? So you could back out if I didn't measure up? So you could bootleg me in and right out again if I didn't fit in with your friends? Is that your idea of fair, Ken—testing me before you decide whether you want me or not?"

There was a moment of grim silence, except for a small fight that started out in the back yard. Ronnie settled it with West Point efficiency, but then the Shapiro baby began crying fretfully in one of the bedrooms.

"I had that coming," Ken said quietly, as Janet turned toward the bedroom. "I didn't realize what I was doing, Janet. I—I'm sorry."

Ronnie burst in the back door and headed for the Shapiro baby. Janet took two quick steps forward and put her hands on Ken's shoulders and leaned against him.

"You want to know something?" she whispered. "Dad didn't trust me either. He made me bring him out here to look at the house last night. We didn't go in. We just looked at it from the car."

She felt Ken tense, but all he said was, "Oh? And what did His Nibs think?"

"He said it was a darn sight more than he and mamma had when they were first married. He said he only hoped I'd be as good at my job as mamma was. He said you ought to fence the front yard, too, and if you want any help, he's pretty good with a hammer and saw."

Arline Sarmanian's lovely little girl was pulling at Janet, wanting a cooky, or to go to the bathroom, or something. The Hunt child had just turned on the hose in the back yard, soaking everybody. Ken tried to put his arm around Janet, but she had no time for such nonsense.

"And you know something else, darling?" she said, a trifle wildly, as she pulled herself free of his hands. "I wasn't too sure of myself! As a matter of fact, I'm still not! But see me tonight, and I'll tell you how the test came out. Right now, I think I'm passing!" THE END

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The Girl Back Home (Continued from Page 24)

"O.K.," she said. "I'll speak. Tell John I'm longing to show him the Aboretum."

"I'll do that, Miss Dura."

"Come, Shadrach!" she called. "Come, Meshach! Come, Abednego, my bad rascal!"

Miss Murdoch walked again. It was a clear, soft morning of early summer, a day to come home to the fantasy. Across Miss Murdoch's mind there raced a panorama or kaleidoscope of the youthful sins of one John or Jock McKinney: aged ten, stink bombs in the teacher's desk; aged twelve, scarlet paint on the minister's cycle; aged fifteen, a homemade bomb in Utopia Pool. "I've heard tell about it often," he had explained disarmingly on the mat. "I was just after finding out, Miss Dura." He had found out to the tune of four dead salmon. These and worse, and then flutterings in the dovecots of Strathdrin. John McKinney was one of those carefree sinners whom everyone loves but the last victim; and sometimes the last victim loves him too.

But it had been too much for the elder McKinney, that most respectable, respected pillar of the parish. John had been packed off to Canada to seek his fortune at the age of twenty. Miss Murdoch herself, under oath of secrecy, had contributed initial funds. Now, after the peaceful years, he was returning for a visit; and what was remarkable, he was returning as a bachelor of science in forestry with a first-rate job. *Poor professors*, thought Miss Murdoch. *What a degree of suffering that B.S. must have been.*

She knocked at the keeper's cottage. Janet Dickson answered the door. "It's a braw day, Miss Dura," she said cheerfully above retrievers barking and terriers yapping at one another up at the kennels. "And here's me in cur-rlers."

"They suit you, my child," Miss Murdoch said.

"Mother's away into town," said Janet. "She'll be back on the three-o'clock bus."

"So will John McKinney," said Miss Murdoch. "Do you remember him?"

"I was just fourteen, just a bairn when he went away. But I remember him fine."

"He wouldn't be easy to forget. Hence the curlers, I dare say."

Janet blushed. "Och, no," she said.

He's probably married to some Canadian wench, Miss Murdoch thought, for a thought had occurred to her about the peace of Strathdrin this ensuing month.

"Here's dad now," said Janet.

Dickson loped down from the hill. Miss Murdoch went to meet him. The head keeper and head forester were in a perennial state of armed neutrality, due partly to the differing ideologies of their professions, partly to their disparate characters. Holding the balance by needling both was one of Miss Murdoch's pleasures in late middle age. An old source of amusement to her, shortly to be renewed, was that the monument of virtue—to wit, McKinney—should have fathered the rapscallion.

"The roe deer have been raising hell again," she said.

"If Miss Dura would permit the shooting of the roe deer," said Mr. Dickson, "then the roe deer would not be after raising what Miss Dura mentions." He stared at the top of a holly tree. Mr. Dickson had never been seen to smile.

"Oh, well," she said. "I suppose you had better shoot the two big bucks."

"It's not only roe deer'll be raising something in these parts, I'm thinking," Mr. Dickson said. "And here's me, short of sleep already." He referred, in part, to the poaching proclivities of workers at a hydroelectric scheme nearby.

"Don't worry too much," Miss Murdoch said. "John's father has promised to keep him busy night and day, and a work-tired man has no scope for mischief, so I understand. Would you agree, out of your manifold experience?"

"I would, Miss Dura," said Mr. Dickson. "That would be the verdict of my sweatin' brow. It would be my opeenion, too, that one poor old dad's fair sweatin' about what's due on the three-o'clock bus."

Miss Murdoch laughed. She would have said how much she looked forward to seeing the delightful John McKinney, had another young rascal, Abednego, not chosen this time to attack the wire-faced hutch where Dickson's best gill ferret nursed her young.

"You blank asterisk little something of a blue-penciled hellion!" screamed Miss Murdoch. "You this and misbegotten that, come here to heel at once!"

Abednego came to heel. "I'm afraid I have kept you from your dinner," Miss Murdoch said courteously in her normal tones.

Dickson wiped his brow, touched his cap and said, "Don't mention it, Miss Dura.

On Second Thoughts

By Philene Hammer

Folks of whom I'm not so fond
Ad-lib when they correspond,
(Ha Ha) ing in parenthesis,
Or interspersing lines
Now me, I organize before
I litter up my letters——or

I've no great appetite left in me." He entered the cottage. "Holymosesscuppermagig!" he said to Janet. "Did ye hear Pure Mur-rder then?"

"Terrible language, dad," she said. "Puts you in the shade."

"It's a gift, I'm thinkin'," said Mr. Dickson. "Blister the hide off a crocodile, she would," he mumbled admiringly.

The cause of the hum in this peaceful glen had supper with his parents. After that, he listened to a catalogue of his ancient, long-forgotten sins. John McKinney's reputation across the water at the University of New Brunswick had not been without blemish. Indeed, only academic brilliance and a dean with a soft spot for sinners had pulled him through with the loss of one year.

But he saw his good father's point. The least he could do was do his best. He resolved, in this month's vacation, to wipe out the blots of his salad days. *No beer*, he thought. *Well, I don't mind that. No girls. They're plain in any case. No nocturnal excursions after salmon. No nothing wrong. Well, I guess one month won't kill me.*

"Don't worry yourself now, dad," he said.

He went to pay respects to his old friend, Miss Dura Murdoch. He walked with her through the Arboretum, which had been started a hundred years ago, and was the pride of the Murdochs of Drin. Many of these exotic trees were North American. John McKinney talked wisely and well about them. Miss Murdoch hung upon his words. He offered to start work, free gratis and for nothing, the next morning. He gratefully declined her invitation to have a glass of her best Amontillado. "I don't drink, Miss Dura," he explained, true as of today.

What a perfectly splendid young man John has become, she thought, watching him stride away. *So handsome too.* Miss Murdoch had lost her true love in the first World War. Then she had kept house for her widowed father.

John McKinney went round to the back of Castle Drin. He stopped to admire a giant beech. The mavis and the merle were singing. It was a night for the wee folk to be in the minds of Highland folk. It was a slow June evening, and he was glad to be home, and yet—and yet—and yet a virtuous vacation would be something very new and very dull. He was used to monastic sojourns in the woods; he was used to bursting out of those woods and into town to paint more than the minister's cycle red. This was his hard-earned holiday, after all.

I must be fair to dad, he thought. *Be patient, now.* But John McKinney was low in spirit, walking away from Castle Drin, no spice in the air of this Highland strath, home to his bed and ten hours' sleep. He had made good resolutions before this. What happened to them?

That sound on the evening air! A song.

"I'm on ma way hame frae a marriage,
It's been a splendeecious affair. . . .
And the bride was a bonny wee lamb,
Wi' rich cur-rly hair and complexion,
Redder than strawberry jam."

Round the corner came the bonniest wee lamb, a more beautiful girl than John McKinney had ever imagined possible, far surpassing the words that she now stopped singing. She also, perforce, stopped walking, barred by the petrified bulk of John McKinney. She carried a pail or bucket on her arm, he observed with extraordinarily sharp and magical perception.

He stared at her, and she stared at him, and she looked away, her complexion lovelier than the wild strawberries of his wildest dreams. He kept on staring at her from top to toe and back again and down and up like the spectators' eyes at a vertical tennis match. She wore a kilt of gold and gray, and she wore a plain white blouse, and she had bare brown legs and bare brown arms, and her skin would be whipped cream underneath he did not dare suppose, and her face, and her hair—oh, well.

"It's wee Janet," he barked at last. A coo, soft as the ringdove, was what he had meant his words to be.

"I'm no that wee," she said hotly, and looked at him again, her eyes flashing, eyes with golden lights of fire—golden, all was golden. No, she was not that wee.

"I meant you used to once was," bumbled John McKinney. "You're a big huge muckle lassie now is what I mean."

She tossed her head. "Big huge muckle," she growled at him; vexed again, it seemed.

"Och!" he said. "Say 'och' for us, Jock," the girls on the campus used to plead, and sometimes he would say an indulgent "och" for them. What a desperate "och!" this was, a strangled scrape of vocal cords.

"Would you be Jock?" she said more kindly.

He stared at her. *It's rude to stare*, he thought, but he could not quite drag his gaze away. Her left hand on the bucket seemed to be the politest part of her for him to stare at.

"I guess so," he said in answer about being Jock McKinney.

Miss Janet Dickson gave a hearty chuckle. "You seem a wee thing doubtful," she remarked.

"What's in yon bucket?" he demanded.

"Eggs," she said. Who would think that "eggs" could sound like that, pure nuggets

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of gold? "Eggs for the big hoose," Miss Dickson said, "if Lord Jock McKinney would let me by."

"Here," he said. "I'll take them." He put out his hand to take the pail, which she seemed willing to relinquish, but the side of his hand touched hers at the passing of the burden, and such an ecstatic flame shot up his arm that he dropped the bucket, and three of the golden eggs were broken.

"Holymosesscuppermagig!" cried Janet, quoting her revered father. "Are you plain daft?"

"Guess so," he mumbled. He plucked fistfuls of good green grass to clean her pail and the remaining eggs, now literally golden. *You ham-handed bum*, he reviled himself. "There," he said. "Och, I'm sorry, Janet."

"Wait till I tell Pure Mur-rder."

"Who's Pure Mur-rder?"

"Miss Dura Murdoch, silly," said Miss Dickson.

"She's not pure mur-rder," he protested. "She's a decent enough old bezzom."

"Decent enough! Never heard man nor beast could cur-rse like Pure Mur-rder on the warpath," Janet quoted her gifted sire. "Blister the hide off a crocodile, she would. Are you takin' the bucket or am I? Can I trust you with it?"

"Ay," he replied. "Me," to Questions Two and One. *Trust me? Oh, trust your heart to my keeping, keeper's daughter, saying strange, wonderful things about Moses and a gig, about crocodiles and blisters.*

They walked in silence to the back door of Castle Drin. He waited for her. *She won't come back. Or if she comes, my dream will only be a dream. This impossible enchantment.*

But she did emerge. He pinched his thigh. It hurt. Seemed true. "Would you care to stroll home by the Arboretum?"

"I don't mind," she said graciously.

The short way home for her was by an upper path. The longer way was through the Arboretum, along the banks of the winding River Drin, and past the Falls of Drin, and over the footbridge to her house, to the place where she would sleep, and in the morning she would stretch and stir those silken limbs——

"What's up?" she asked him. "Do you feel Scotland chilly after the Canadian summer?"

"No," he said. "It's hotter'n hell—I mean it's perfect." *Now what am I saying?* he asked himself.

They walked between the flowers of the forest. They walked beneath the dark old yews. All the birds were singing. The scents of the world were aching sweet.

"Do you like hens?" said he to her.

"Scarified craters," said she to him.

Try again. Try to imagine she was not his dream. Try to imagine she was Doris, Marguerite or Sybil, she was Mabel, Nora or Aileen, she was Martha, Rosalie or Charlotte—all those ladies who had said, "Oh, Jock, you mustn't," all those ladies who had giggled at his merry quips, all those ladies who had sighed for him.

Here was the Arboretum, here a straw at which to clutch. "The *Sequoia gigantea*," he began, "better known in this country as the Wellingtonia, after the Iron Duke, I would suppose. Now this is a particularly fine specimen we have here, less than one hundred years old, already more than one hundred feet in height. It is early yet to know, but the climate of the Western Highlands has many points of similarity, notably in precipitation——" *Come to my aid, Miles Gibson*, he implored his dean of forestry at UNB across the ocean. "The Big Tree of California, specimens of which are known, in their native habitat, to attain a height of more than three hundred and twenty feet, a diameter of thirty-five. See the spiral whorls of limbs, so bonny and distinctive. Do you note that, Janet?"

"Ay," she said, staring dutifully up. "Whir-rly-bir-rly like, you mean, eh, Jock?"

"I do," he said. "Now observe the pithy, pulpy bark, fire insulation *in excelsis*. You can punch it too. Just watch." He punched it.

"Oh-h!" said Janet. She had been punching Wellingtonias since childhood. She had never seen one punched like this. "My goodness, you're a big huge muckle laddie."

The self-same epithets he had applied to her with desperate inanity. *She's laughing at me now*, he thought. *I won't punch any more. I'll talk.* And talk he did all through the shady Arboretum, all through the golden shafts of evening sun. "*Thuja occidentalis*," he explained. "Eastern white cedar, often known as arborvitae. A wretched specimen. I have Miss Dura Pura Mur-rda's—I have Miss Dura's permission to fell it first thing the morn's morn in the wee sma' hours early after cockcrow."

"You do say queer things whiles," Miss Dickson said. She had listened with seeming grave intent to each installment or subheading of his silvicultural sermon. "Mebbe you're tired, Jock, from the journey. Are you?"

"Tired?" he said. *Bewildered? Yes. Lost and gone forever, oh, my darling? Yes. But tired?* "Och, no. I'm as fit as a Stradivarius, or fiddle, with the slimmest waist of the bonniest curved sugar maple you never saw."

She stopped to give him an anxious glance, and he stopped to stare at her, and he saw that she must still think him tired, and so he punched a convenient *Sequoia gigantea* to show how little tired he was. An elementary mistake, for this tree with the tawny bark turned out to be *Pseudotsuga taxifolia*, the Douglas fir, unpunchable. He hissed. He put his broken knuckles in his pocket. Trees were all he could find to talk to her about. Trees were his job, and he did like trees. But had he ever talked trees to other girls? And now he was in such pain because a damn Douglas had seemed to be a Sequoia that he could not talk even about trees for a minute or two.

"Was it a year ago you got your degree?" she asked him as they strolled by the banks of the River Drin, and the Falls of Drin were just ahead.

Degree? A year? "An hour ago," he said, meaning an hour ago that life began. But he rallied. "Ay," he said rationally. "Since then I've been working for the Holmes-Beckerton Lumber Company, out in British Columbia."

"Were there big huge muckle lassies at the university?" she asked, and blushed unseen.

"I don't remember," Jock McKinney gulped. "Never saw none that I remember."

"Did you have no time then for anything but wor-rk?"

"Just wor-rk," he said. "Work, work, work," for emphasis. A good woman, a good dream angel, would love the virtue of work in man.

"I heard tell you was one of them playboys," she accused him.

"No," he protested. "Och, no, Janet."

"Not even any sports or games?"

"Well," he said, "the long jump was my best thing, and twenty-two foot eleven and a half inches was my very best."

"What for did you not do twenty-three? What's half an inch?"

"I don't know," he said. What indeed was half an inch? He saw the inescapably pure logic of her remark. He felt shame at never making twenty-three.

"It sounds an awful long way to jump," she said loudly above the cataract. "Would that be as far as across the falls?"

From one flat ledge of rock across an angry abyss of water to the other ledge. He measured the distance with his mental rule.

"It would be about, I guess," he said judicially. "The falls would be nearer twenty-four." He found he could talk to her about the long jump, too, and did.

"Is trees and the long jump all you love?" she asked on the footbridge, with a sniff.

All I love? Och, no, no, no; a thousand times no. "Och, ay," he said. "A thousand times ay. I love wor-rk too."

She seemed to look at him as if he were a daft funny kind of thing, and the sun had set, and a light shone in her cottage yonder in the gloaming.

"Night-night then, wor-rkin' Jock," she said. "Sweet dreams."

"Good night," he said. He stammered and he boggled and he plunged, "After tomorrow egg-time in the evening not too early late, would you care for a stroll through the Arboretum?" He thrust back the pail he had carried so faithfully all this way in his left undamaged hand for Janet Dickson.

"Mebbe," she said. "We'll see."

He watched her walk away, his dream, his sweet, intangible, substantial dream. "*Sweet dreams,*" *she said to me. Ah, would that I could say such things to her. All I can say to her is Pseudotsuga. And why? Why did I never make twenty-three?*

The long jump was a limited subject. It ran out. Then he had only trees. Evening after evening, twenty-seven evenings in a row, he strolled with Janet through the Arboretum. Always he thrashed his one multifarious subject. Always she listened.

Day after day he swung his ax—not for the sake of making amends to father for his youthful sins, but in the terrible throes of love. Where was Jock McKinney, the gay blade of the campus, the bombshell that descended on Vancouver? Where indeed?

Bare to the waist, oblivious of midges, he wielded his mighty ax, took out the weakling trees, trimmed up the sturdy, tidied the whole Arboretum, and utterly won Miss Dura Murdoch's heart.

"He's the best axman I've ever seen," she said to Janet, whom she had happened to meet on the upper path. Together they looked down at flashing steel, at flying chips, at rippling muscle. Together they heard the ring and the chunk, the splendid rhythm. "The hens must be laying well," Miss Dura Murdoch said. "I notice you're bringing them twice a day along this path."

Janet tossed her head. The child seemed petulant.

"I can't bear to think of John leaving us on Monday," said Miss Murdoch with some care. "A true lover of trees. Almost infatuated with them, I think sometimes; almost too spectacular a leaf turned over. It worries me a little."

"Ay!" cried Janet. "Trees, trees, trees; fair daft on trees! But trees aren't everything, Miss Dura!"

"Why don't you tell the damn fool so, m'dear?"

Saturday evening in the Arboretum. The long fine spell was broken. It was misty—subdued, hushed weather for a semifinal stroll. *Tonight*, he thought. *This hour. This minute. This very second now, I'll say it.*

But what he said was, "I love *Pinus strobus*."

Janet sighed.

"The graceful trunk and lower limbs," he said. "The swelling canopy, the crown." He stared at Janet while Janet stared at *Pinus strobus*. "And quite apart from the decorative aspect," he heard himself boom on, "it is the finest working softwood of North America, with excellent reproductive qualities, although bothered by the white pine weevil, more commonly known as the pine borer, which attacks the slender leading shoots. Do you love *Pinus strobus*, Janet?"

She bit her lip. Her delicate complexion warmed. She stamped her foot, still staring up at *Pinus strobus*. "No, I don't!" the Highland lass exploded. "And as for you, you're the worst pine borer in the whole wide wor-rld."

He weaved under this dreadful shaft, staggered, caught his shoe in a root, stumbled, fell heavily against her, clutched at her slim waist or trunk to save himself, felt the fiery sting of a well-boxed ear, and broke away. She faced him, his golden dream—arms akimbo, sweater stormy.

"What do you think I am?" she snarled. "One of your fancy pines to knock down about and in and out the place, you clumsy lumberjack?"

Och, no; och, no, indeed. "Och, yes," his traitor tongue spoke out. "And I'd like fine to fell you."

He hung his head. He had never before identified her with a tree. Besides, any man of delicacy would be appalled by the rude crassness of this last remark. He wished that mother earth could swallow him on a misty evening in the Arboretum above the merry River Drin where salmon lurked. But she was reviling him again.

"I hate your trees!" cried Janet. "I hate them, hate them, do you hear me? And as for you, you big huge muckle lump of softwood from the toenails up, all you think about is trees. You used to once was be a braw laddie up to tricks, I hear tell, when I was just a bairn. What are you the now? You haven't the guts to take a fish. You'll no sup a dram on a Saturday nicht. What are you now but tree-daft. 'I love *Pinus strobus*.' Well, let me tell you I hate *Pinus strobus*, and I hate you most of all, Casper Milquetoast, like the Yankee comics."

"Remember, Spike, there is such a thing as overconfidence!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Janet Dickson sobbed and fled, not homeward, but away from him—in the big-hoose direction. He watched her, stricken. All his good resolutions, all his virtuous labors to no avail. She didn't like work; she hated work. She didn't like trees; she hated trees. She didn't like him; she hated him.

But Casper Milquetoast? Casper Milquetoast, eh? Jock McKinney was a big, slow man to anger. Once in a blue moon, anger took him. He looked at the dark shadows in Utopia Pool, resting before they ran the falls. He counted five. *All right*, he growled quietly within himself. Or more properly: *A'richt*, for he was native Caledonian primeval at this time of mounting rage. *I'll give Strathdrin a coat of paint Strathdrin'll not forget.*

"I'm right proud of you, Jock," his father had said today. Poor father. Jock McKinney ran.

Miss Janet Dickson watched from a snowberry bush. *It's wicked*, she thought. *I know it's wicked*, for she had thought of a wickeder thing. She heard Pure Mur-rder chiding three Scotties on an evening stroll. She met her.

"Miss Dura," she said. "I heard yon motorbike, the slow putt-putt one of them power-scheme fellas that were after the salmon last time. Saw it, too, beyond the Drin."

"What? I'll teach the purple pucers to poach my fish. I'll —— Find your father, Janet, quickly!"

She found her father supping a dram at the Drin Arms, his time-honored port of call on a Saturday night. "Come away out then, dad," she said, this bad, determined girl; and told her tale.

"What's up wi' yer big pal, Dopey Jock?" he asked, jogging to Castle Drin. "Comes in five minutes syne, says 'I'll take a bottle o' Strathdrin'; Jimmy Muir says, 'Sorry, Jock, I'm no allowed for to serve it by the bottle,' and he leans across and takes wee Jimmy by the shir-rt and lifts him six inches wi' one hand, and says, 'What was yon you said, Jimmy?' and he pays for the bottle and away. What's up, eh, Janet?"

"He's plain tree-daft is what is up," she said. But hope was surging.

Jock McKinney had not yet jigged a fish. *Two will do*, he thought. *I'll take one and lay it on Miss Dura Pura Mur-rda's —— Oh, snap out of it*, he told himself, not yet cured of his malady. *I'll lay it on Miss Dura's step and ring the bell, and then I'll lay the other one on Mr. Deadpan Dickson's step, and then I'll take five or ten big huge muckle drams and have a singsong outside Janet's window, and then* —— "Got you!"

A most reprehensible form of poaching, yet sporting in some degree. Everyone knows that a foul-hooked fish is devilish hard to play on light rod and line.

The salmon was nearly played out when he heard a yapping chorus and vituperation of Miss Dura Murdoch with Scotties from one direction, dram-strong bellowings of Mr. Dickson from the other, pincer-attack.

"John!" she said, when she saw who it was. "Oh, John!" For the first time in history, and for a moment, Miss Murdoch was bereft of words.

She rallied, however, warmed to her subject, gained strength from experience as an ambulance driver in 1917. Miss Murdoch surpassed herself. Mr. Dickson stood in silent awe. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego took encouragement from their mistress and bit Jock McKinney in many places, even on the bottle in his large hip pocket.

The salmon was done. He removed a hand and threw the pestilential terriers one by one into the River Drin. They then attacked the fish. What a schemozzle of salmon, line and dogs. The hook came out. The tired fish rolled and sank to fight another day.

He reeled in. "Why can't you keep your blank-blank little yappers into heel?" he shouted at Miss Murdoch. Her nose paled at the Roman bridge. Her mouth fell open.

"And as for you," he bellowed at his darling's father, who, also unprecedented, shook with unseemly mirth, "take yon smir-rk from away off your mug or I'll take it off away from for you!"

To both of these astonished people, he cried, "Go away and leave me be! I'm not half started yet!" He glared into the pool, this ranting poacher. He drew out line.

"Och, Jock, you mustn't!" from across the Drin. The sweet soft Highland voice of Janet Dickson under *Pinus strobus* in the Arboretum.

"The minx," Miss Murdoch said. "She put John up to this. She put us on to John."

"What!" He dropped the rod. He turned.

"It's true," said the voice, defiant now. "I did. Yon was the last straw, yon when you said you'd like fine to fell me like a pine. Just a tree-loony, that's what you've become."

He leaped to marvelous, miraculous release. No longer tongue-tied to a tree. "I'll teach you," Jock McKinney said. But how? The bridge was far away.

"What for did you not do twenty-three? What's half an inch?" He remembered those words of hers. *I'll teach you*, he thought, eying the chasm up there to his left. It must be nearly twenty-four. A long bank of grass sloping to that ledge. *I'll show you, Janet Dickson.*

He climbed the bank. He judged the point where he would touch full stride. He made sure that his bottle of Strath Drin was firmly seated. He launched himself downslope. He was a sprinter too. He could do the hundred in ten and a fifth. He came to the ledge at terminal velocity. He had judged the take off right. His rubber sole gripped firm. He jacked up, scissored over the cataract, drew both knees high, and landed with a foot to spare. By far the finest leap of his career.

"Come on," said Pure Mur-rder across the Drin. "This is no place for us." Voices fading. "I do congratulate you, Dickson; such an ideal husband for dear Janet. . . . Oh, piffle, my good man, think of the spanking boys they'll have."

"Jock," said Janet, sometime or other, "I didn't mean it about hating trees."

He ignored the words, but not his Janet. He sang a song, the chorus of that song which had announced his dream to him:

The wedding bells were ringing,
And a' the boys were singing,
Here's to you and yours and me and mine,
ta-ra-rah,
Then we had a drappie,
Just to make us happy,
For the sake of Auld Lang Syne.

"Oh-h!" sighed Janet. "It's a big huge muckle singing voice you have, Jock."

"Ay," he said complacently. "Now in a while we'll stroll through the Arboretum and over the bridge and to your house, and your dad, him and me, we'll have a wee bit talk and a dram together."

"That'll be fine," said Janet. "But later on, eh, Jock?"

"Later on; much later, mebbe; sometime, roamin' in the gloamin'. Say, Janet!"

"What is it, Jockey darlin'?"

"They're needing bairns in Canada. Do you mind bairns?"

"Mind them? I like bairns fine. How would six do?" asked his dream, a forthright child of nature.

"Six'll do O.K. for a start," Jock said in the balmy mist in the Arboretum.

THE END

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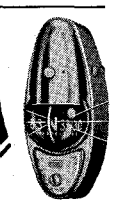

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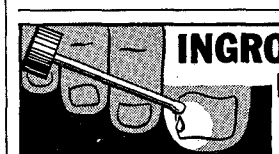

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Those Midford Girls (Continued from Page 37)

she said Mrs. Midford had gone to Salem and was coming back on the five-o'clock bus. What about that?"

"She's deaf as a post," said Marilyn. "Besides, why should mother want to go to Salem?"

"Why'd she want to go to Siam?" countered Mr. Holly.

David was saying into the telephone, "What? You mean you've never heard of Modigliani? The greatest Italian producer of them all! . . . What d'you mean, how you feel? How d'you think I feel? Flew here all the way from Rome to sign the girl up for the greatest, most colossal role in history, only to find she's ——"

"She felt she needed a nice long rest," said Marilyn.

"I can understand that," said Mr. Holly. "Would you care to make a statement, Aunt Sephrina?"

"Well, I don't know," said Mrs. Midford doubtfully. "Sue was always a sweet, considerate little girl, and I can't imagine why she ——"

Marilyn said hastily, "Aunt Sephrina just got here—came to buy antiques, you know. She's a very advanced collector."

Mr. Holly said, "Perhaps I could talk to Mr. King. Mrs. Blenkham said he seemed to be in charge here during Mrs. Midford's ab——"

David was shouting into the telephone, "Of course, I suspect foul play! . . . Yes, you can quote me. Metro and Warner's are both after her. I'd say offhand one of them's got her. . . . Well, why don't you contact Goldwyn then? It's a clear case of sabotage. Once they found out we were casting her as the Iron Maiden ——"

Mr. Holly was hastily scribbling notes. Marilyn went to the library door and beckoned to Carl Kraft, who, with a look of fascinated horror on his face, was drinking in every word that David spoke. "This is Mr. King."

"What's your relationship to the missing girl?"

"Mr. King is our financial adviser," said Marilyn hastily.

Mr. Holly perked up. His harried expression gave way to a ghoulish smile. "Oh, so there's money involved! But you haven't actually got a ransom note yet?"

"Not yet," said Carl. "And that leaves us rather in the dark. Don't know whether to liquidate assets in preparation for the worst or simply sit tight and hope for the best. There's always the possibility of amnesia, which can't be ruled out. And then ——"

David's voice rose again, "What d'you mean, you never heard of her? The greatest heroine since Joan of Arc! . . . Listen, you're monopolizing this line. My office in Rome ——"

"He speaks good English for an Italian," said Mr. Holly. "Now, about this ransom note, Mr. King ——"

David stuck his head around the door. "That was The New York Times."

Mrs. Midford blanched. "Oh, no! Really I do think we ought to tell Mr. Holly——"

David said, "Photographers from a movie magazine are coming tomorrow."

Marilyn said, "Aunt Sephrina, shouldn't you get those pictures for Mr. Holly?"

"What d'you want to tell me, Aunt Sephrina?" asked Mr. Holly.

There was a moment of warning, ominous silence in the hall.

"I—I'll just run up and get the pictures," said Mrs. Midford brightly.

Marilyn said, "She's very upset, poor dear. This sort of thing never happens in Philadelphia."

"Oh, I don't know," said Carl. "The Ross case —— Never did solve that, did they, Mr. Holly?"

Mr. Holly pushed his battered hat farther back on his head. "Let's get this straight, folks. I got a deadline to make. Mrs. Midford's gone to Salem ——"

"Siam," they chorused.

"Well, I dunno. Suppose we just leave it she's gone away for a rest?"

"You can check with the State Department. Or the Thai Embassy. They ought to have a record of the visa."

"The what embassy?"

"Thai. Siam—Thai ——" The telephone rang. "I expect that's Rome," said David, diving toward the library.

"I'd better go see what's keeping Aunt Sephrina," said Marilyn.

David called, "It's for you, King."

"For me?" Carl smiled apologetically at Mr. Holly. "Must be my New York office. That big soft-drink deal."

He eased himself out of the hall, leaving Mr. Holly to meditate upon the beaming face of Wong, who said cheerfully, "Many newsworthy items."

"I don't get it," said Mr. Holly. "Just where do you fit in?"

"Brother. On stepmother's side."

"International setup," murmured Mr. Holly dubiously.

Carl Kraft was saying into the telephone, "The syntax seems to call for a substantive with the conditional, but if you feel Middle English usually demands the perfect —— Well, of course, I don't agree, but if you have enough data to back up your reasoning —— No, I think it's a matter for research ——"

"The soft-drink deal," whispered Wong.

Carl said, "Yes, but you see it goes, 'When cuckoo calls ——'"

"Code," said Wong, beaming.

Marilyn came back with the photographs. "I'm sorry we don't have any cheesecake, Mr. Holly. Sue isn't that sort of girl."

"Well, you know the Mail. All the news that fits the print."

"But, you see," Carl Kraft was saying, "it goes, 'Wod cuckoo cumin,' and then the 'Hey, Nellie, hey, Nonnie, hey!'"

Wong said, "Is very complicated code."

"Are you sure he's a financial ——"

The doorbell rang. Mr. Holly jumped.

"It's probably a telegram from Sue," said Marilyn.

"No. From Siam," said Wong.

But it was only Israel Page. "What in blazes is going on here?" he demanded. "Where's Myra? Who's this Mody Lanny I was talking to?"

Marilyn grabbed his arm. "This is Mr. Holly, of the Boston Daily Mail, Mr. Page. He's been asking a few questions about Sue."

"Filthiest rag on the streets," said Mr. Page, looking coldly at Mr. Holly.

Marilyn said sweetly, "Mr. Page is the last leaf on our tree, Mr. Holly. He's the only one of us who remembers better days."

Mr. Holly slipped behind Mr. Page, aiming at the crack in the door. "Well, thanks a lot, Mrs. Stafford. I'll have to be running along. I have a deadline now."

"So long," chanted Wong.

"Who's that?" asked Mr. Page, staring in fascination at Wong.

"Charlie. He lives here now," said Marilyn.

David stuck his head around the doorjamb. "Has he gone?"

"Yes. You can be yourself now," said Marilyn. "Do you know Mr. Page, David? He's the one that started the whole thing."

Mr. Page gave her a withering look. "Where's your mother?"

"In the kitchen trying to wangle us something to eat. Mr. Holly had her in a tizzy, so she sneaked down the back stairs."

"I go help," said Wong.

Mrs. Midford was scrounging through the icebox. She turned at the sound of Wong's footsteps. "How many of us are there, anyhow? Not that it matters, because all I can round up is a can of spaghetti and some shrimps."

"I cook," said Wong. "Shrimps are fine. What else?" He pushed her gently away from the icebox.

"Nothing else. And it's after six now, so all the stores are——"

"Always something," said Wong, "except in famine. Ho-kay, onions. Eggs. Maybe you have rice?"

"Oh, there's always rice."

"Fine, fine. And celery." He produced six jaded pieces. "Half head lettuce. Ah, ham bone. You got pressure cooker?"

"Sure." Mrs. Midford got it from the pantry. Wong dumped the bone in, poured water over it and set it on a high fire.

"Something else in there?" he asked, looking covetously at the pantry.

"Help yourself."

He climbed the stepladder and pushed the cans around on the shelves, finally selecting string beans, the shrimps, chicken broth, peaches and a box of cake mix. "You stir cake, please. I do everything else. A gentleman called Mr. Page has come to see you."

Mrs. Midford called, "Mr. Page! Come on out here! I'm helping Wong cook supper!"

Everyone else came out with him. David decided the proper thing would be to eat in the kitchen, so he set about building a fire in the cavernous old fireplace. Marilyn set the table. Carl Kraft chopped vegetables for Wong, who directed operations, stirred, tasted, seasoned, talked and laughed, all with incomparable good humor and efficiency. Mr. Page sat in an old rocker, watching the activity, a slowly growing smile of satisfaction on his sharp old face.

"Smells good," he said. "Have you got enough for me too?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Midford. . . . "Have we, Wong?"

"Sure, sure. Always enough for one more."

He fed them soup made from the ham bone, with shreds of lettuce leaves and egg floating in it; rice boiled in the chicken broth, then fried with onions and celery leaves; beans stirred with shrimp; egg foo yung; and peach upside-down cake. They ate with gusto, heaping praise upon the cook.

"Why'd anybody want to waste time studying physics when he can cook like this?" demanded David.

Mrs. Midford said, "That phone's ringing again."

"I move we ignore it," said Mr. Page.

"Motion seconded; all in favor say 'aye.'"

"Aye. . . . Are there any more beans, Wong?"

"Why don't we eat like this all the time?" said Carl. "Wong and Mrs. Midford can do the cooking, and the rest of us can buy the food and clean up afterwards. That is, if it wouldn't be too much trouble for you, Mrs. Midford."

"Oh, I'd love it! It's wonderful to cook for people who like to eat, isn't it, Wong?"

"Yes, yes. Has fine expansionist effect on the ego," he agreed. "When Sue comes, we have big banquet to celebrate. Sweet-sour ribs, duck, lobster. Everything Chinese."

The telephone jangled again. "Pay no attention," said David. "It's the wrong number."

"Yes," said Mrs. Midford happily. "Who'd want to talk to us?"

When they had eaten every scrap of everything, and the young people had washed the dishes, they all scattered: David upstairs to study, Wong to his room to unpack, Marilyn and Carl to go for a ride ostensibly in search of morning papers. Mrs.

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Midford and Mr. Page sat on by the dying fire in the kitchen.

"It's suddenly very peaceful, isn't it?" she said.

"That's a fine collection of young rapscallions you've got hold of, Myra."

"Yes, aren't they? I'm especially partial to Wong. If you'll excuse me a minute, Mr. Page, I'll go see if I can find the Times-Star. I haven't had a chance yet to read what they say about Sue."

"Sit still, Myra. That's old stuff by now. Mr. Holly and his filthy rag must have improved on it immeasurably."

"I do hope they don't say anything too awful. Poor Sue! You can't possibly know how much all this has upset me, Mr. Page. Do you really think she'll come home?"

"I shouldn't be surprised," murmured Mr. Page. "Sweet are the uses of publicity."

"You did call the Times-Star yesterday, didn't you?"

"I wouldn't exactly say I called them, Myra. I just happened to mention in the barbershop ——"

Mrs. Midford laughed. Suddenly she felt as if she didn't have a worry in the world.

When Israel Page left, she found the Times-Star, put the door on the latch for Marilyn and Carl Kraft, and went to bed. The news story didn't amount to much. She hoped Mr. Holly would do better.

She shoved the paper aside, turned out her light, and slid down into the bed with a weary sigh. *Oom*, she thought. *Oom, oom oom. I wonder what it means.*

She wakened several times, briefly, at the sound of noises in the house: footsteps upstairs; the front door opening and closing, which would be Marilyn coming in. She would get used to the noises, she thought sleepily.

Mrs. Midford got up early the next morning, intending to make pancakes so that "the children" would start what promised to be an exacting day full of good hot food. Mrs. Midford was a great believer in big breakfasts. She had put the kettle on to boil and had begun to stir up the pancakes when she realized that she had no eggs. Wong had used them all last night. She'd have to go to the store for some, and get some other things while she was about it.

She hurried through the dining room toward the front hall for her coat and hat, making a mental list: cream, butter—— In the library she stopped dead in her tracks.

Sue was curled up on the rosewood sofa, sound asleep. She looked rumpled, defenseless and very young. Softly Mrs. Midford crossed the room and knelt down beside the couch.

"Sue! Sue, honey! Wake up!"

The girl stirred reluctantly. Mrs. Midford bent down and kissed her on the forehead. "Wake up, honey. The house is full of people, and you wouldn't want them to find you like this."

Sue reached up and squeezed her mother in a desperate embrace. "Oh, mother! It's been awful! Just plain degraded awful!"

"I know, dear. But you're home now." Mrs. Midford heard male steps in the hall above. "Quick, Sue! Come on back to my room before they all start traipsing down. You can take a shower or lie down and sleep some more—anything you like for as long as you like. Nobody'll bother you in here."

Sue sat on the unmade bed, staring ahead of her at the wall, twisting her hat in her hands. Mrs. Midford pulled the blind down almost to the sill, and in this half darkness, Sue's face stood out white and wraithlike.

Mrs. Midford came and sat down beside her. "Don't worry about it any more now, Sue."

Sue took her mother's hand. "It was an awful thing I did, wasn't it? Hiding like that. I knew you'd worry."

"But I didn't really, dear. I didn't know until day before yesterday that you'd disappeared. I just thought you'd been too busy to write."

"I had to do it, mother. I couldn't come home, because there'd be you and all the people I've always known, asking questions and making suggestions, and whatever I finally thought of might be their ideas and not mine at all. And in New York —— I had to hide there, too, so I wouldn't meet somebody I knew, and they'd want to go for a drink and talk about who was casting for what, and jobs people had got and things they were doing, and it'd make me feel that maybe it wasn't all washed up after all. Mother, what would you have done?"

"I don't know, dear. I don't know yet what the trouble was."

"Mother, didn't you ever want anything so much that you couldn't imagine living without getting it? So that all your thoughts and plans just automatically included this thing you wanted, and other things went on from there?"

"Yes. That was the way I wanted your father to live. On any terms at all, just so he wouldn't die."

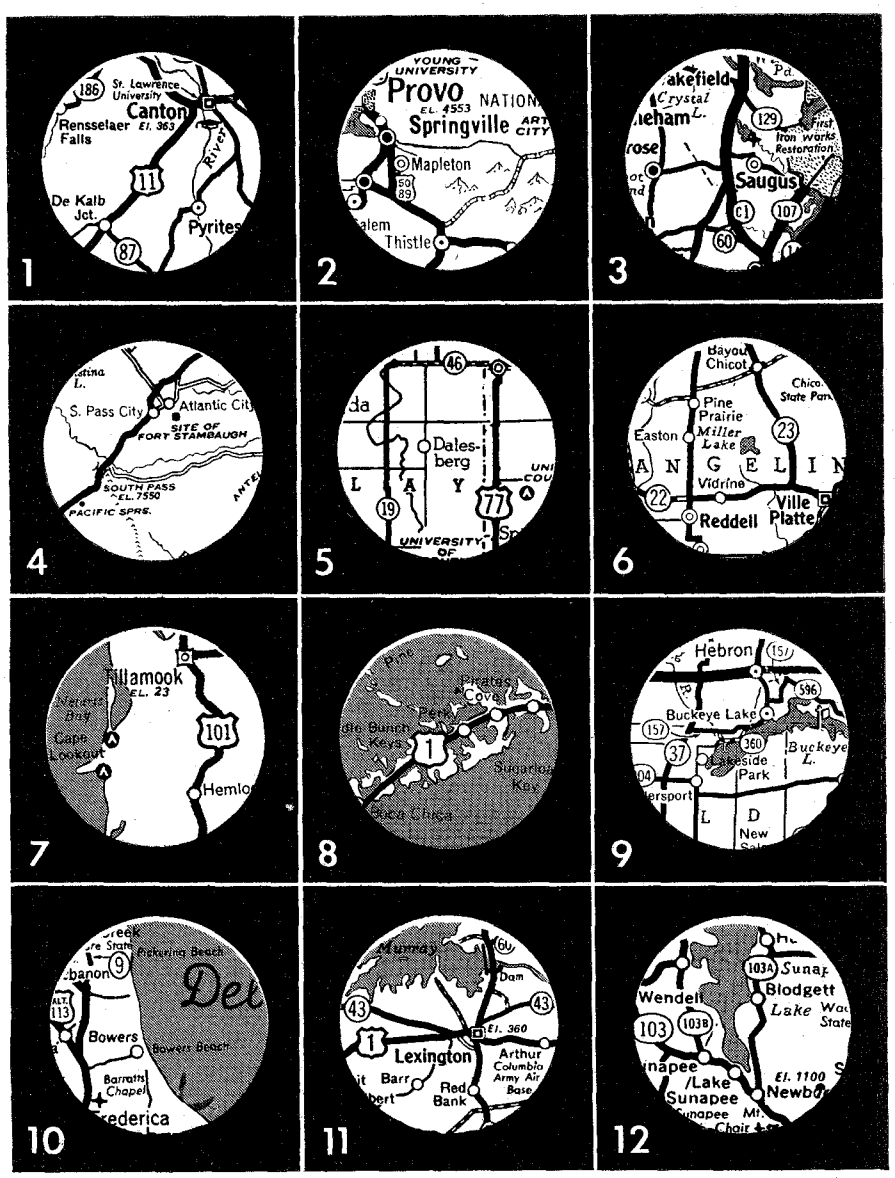
"But that was different. It wasn't up to you. He didn't die because you didn't come up to scratch. It wasn't your fault."

"Sue! Have you done something you——"

"I haven't done anything! That's the whole point! And I never will do anything. I haven't got the stuff. Oh, mother, why did you let me go? Why did you let me?"

Mrs. Midford didn't answer. The question was rhetorical. Nobody could have stopped Sue from taking that morning train.

"It's awful, mother, gradually finding out the truth. Starting out just knowing you're another Ethel Barrymore." Sue gave a nervous, unhappy little chuckle. "You know it's a tough racket, so you sit around being tolerant, excusing them—all the agents and people—because they haven't discovered you yet. You keep trying out for things, and they'd always get that glazed look over their eyes and say, 'We'll call you,' and pretty soon you decide you'll settle for five lines in a soap opera. You understand, just till they get hep to the fact that you're the perfect Juliet blushing unseen and wasting her sweetness on the desert air. And when they don't even want you for the soap opera, you start trying out for the corpse on Dragnet. And the kids that started going the rounds when you did are getting jobs, and when you go to one of their parties and they introduce you around, all they can say is, 'Look, fellows, this is Sue Midford, the prettiest girl in town.' But with other people they can say, 'This is Kitty Carson—you know, she did that cute bit with Fontaine last week on television.' And finally you've got to face it—you can't even act well enough to be a



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(Answers on Page 79)

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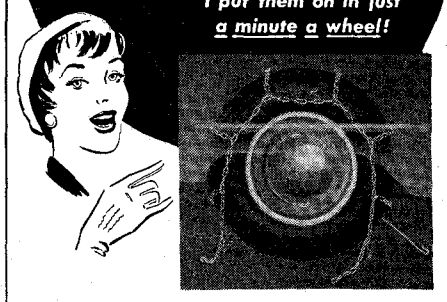

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corpse! So you've got to crawl off someplace and hide till you get used to yourself, to what you really are, just plain small-town Sue Mi——"

"But, honey, maybe two years isn't long enough. Lots of people struggle for years before they get a break. Like Shaw and Wagner and —— If it's money, Sue, we can manage somehow. I really think some friends of Ruth's will buy the house, and then ——"

"It isn't money, mother. It's me. I haven't enough talent to be a ventriloquist's dummy!"

"That's not true! You're sweet and pretty and ——"

"Don't, mother. Millions of girls are sweet and pretty. They have tons of character, too, and miles of charm. Just like me. Only thing missing is the one essential ingredient."

"But you never really had a chance, Sue. Not a really good part that ——"

"I've had plenty of chances, mother. I've muffed more chances than —— Toward the end, it got so the agents'd run for cover when they saw me coming, the way we used to hide from Mrs. Blenkham." Sue stood up and pulled her dress off over her head. "I think I'll take a shower. Is there anything good for breakfast? I'm starved."

Mrs. Midford told her the house was full of Marilyn, two students and an English instructor. Then she went back into the kitchen, where she found David Hanna.

"Morning," he said. "I thought you'd be along in a minute. I have to go out for cigarettes. Anything I can get you at the store?"

Mrs. Midford gave him a list.

The table was cluttered with the morning papers, their edges getting into the sirup and the cream.

"Mr. Holly did awfully well, considering," said Marilyn.

"You can do a lot with pictures these days," said Carl.

Marilyn read aloud, "'No statement was available from the mother of the missing girl, who is reported to be en route to Siam.' When Sue reads that it'll certainly bring her home."

"New York Times very disappointing," said Wong to David. "Nothing of your remarkable interview on telephone."

"Oh, did I say The New York Times? Must have been a slip of the tongue. I mean the New Bedford Times. See?" David held out the paper triumphantly.

The headline blared: MOVIE MOGULS SEEK MISSING GIRL. With gusto he read aloud: "'According to the statement of Modiliagni,' (if I spelled it once I spelled it a thousand times, and they still got it wrong) 'top-notch Italian film producer, Sue Midford, talented young actress, may be in the hands of a Hollywood company being groomed for the taxing role of the Iron Maiden, Joan of Arc's rival for the title of the most dynamic woman of all time. Modiliagni does not rule out the possibility of foul play, however. On a special mission from his Rome office involving the missing girl, he says ——'"

"Remarkable syntax," murmured Carl. "Remarkable ——"

"It's no worse than 'wod cuckoo cumin,'" said Marilyn. "And you needn't be superior. Mr. Holly's got your number." She read, "'The well-known financial wizard, Cyrus King, in charge of the missing girl's financial affairs ——'"

"I never told him my name was Cyrus!"

"Well, it is. And I think he's right. Cyrus is an inevitable name for a financial adviser. Here's what you said. Listen. 'The girl's disappearance may be linked with the famous Ross kidnaping of Philadelphia ——"

"Why, that happened a hundred years ago!" gasped Mrs. Midford.

"Oh, no, mother. Only about eighty. And if they never caught Ross, it stands to reason he's still at large, doesn't it?"

"Ah, here's me!" said Wong happily from the depths of another Boston paper. "'Charlie Wong, brother of the missing girl by a former marriage ——'"

"The meeting of East and West," murmured Carl.

"Hello, everybody," said Sue, from the kitchen doorway. "Anything left for me to eat?" She was wearing green woolen slacks and a cashmere pull-over. Her red hair, still damp from the shower, curled all over her head, like a cherub's. David Hanna let out a sharp, startled breath, as if somebody had suddenly hit him in the stomach.

"Hi," said Marilyn, with an elaborate show of unconcern. "When did you get in?"

"Five o'clock this morning. Bus. Introduce me, please."

Marilyn did. They pushed newspapers away to make room for her at the table.

"You seem to have got into the papers somehow," said David innocently. "We were just reading all about it."

"I was in the papers yesterday," said Sue, helping herself to pancakes. "Page Forty-eight of the Times."

"I didn't know anybody ever got to Page Forty-eight," said Marilyn.

"I was reading the want ads."

Marilyn sighed. "Well, boys, it seems we made fools of ourselves for nothing."

"Oh, that's all right," said Sue. "It's the thought that counts, not the gift itself."

David said, "If you'd care to look over our work, the Boston Mail is by far the best. We feel it's our masterpiece—to date, that is."

Sue took the paper from him and read it with chortles of appreciation. "There was a time when I'd have given my eyeteeth for publicity like this. Who's Modiliagni?"

"Me," said David modestly. "They spelled it wrong."

"What are eyeteeth?" asked Wong.

"The ones with forward-looking vision, of course," said Carl. "They grow next to the mind's eye."

"I wish I'd been here," said Sue. "It must have been no end of fun."

"It certainly was," said Marilyn. "Jolly old no end. But if you had been, it never would have happened, so don't wish it."

The doorbell rang. Simultaneously David and Carl said, "Cheese it, reporters!" and "Here we go again!"

Marilyn stood up. "If it's reporters, I won't let them in."

Carl said, "You can tell them I feel that the over-all financial picture is"—the bell rang again—"on a sound basis of business stability. The economic future of overalls ——"

The bell rang three more times while Marilyn was gone. A hush fell over the kitchen, broken only by each insistent peal.

Marilyn tiptoed back. "Duck," she whispered. "It's Miss Harrid. She's coming around to the back."

They all scattered to various hiding places around the kitchen, except Mrs. Midford, who went into her room to make her bed. Miss Harrid rang and rang and knocked and knocked.

Finally David called, "You can come out now, Mrs. Midford. She's gone."

"I wasn't hiding," she said, returning to the kitchen.

"She left something outside the door," said Marilyn. "A large turgid-looking bowl."

"I always admired the word 'turgid,'" said Carl.

"It's just a little thing I picked up from mother," said Marilyn, opening the back door and retrieving the bowl. "What d'you suppose is in it?" Marilyn lifted the waxed paper from the bowl.

"Well, it's turgid all right," said Sue.

Wong looked at the lumpy gray mass in the bowl with immense interest. "Glue?" he suggested.

"I do wish you children would stop being so silly," said Mrs. Midford. "It's just some of Miss Harrid's grape seeds."

"Oh," they said.

Carl said, "Well, now that that's settled ——"

"What for?" asked Wong.

"You eat them. With blackstrap molasses and yoghurt."

"No," said Wong, backing away from the bowl on the table.

David said, "I think that owing to the kindness of Miss Harrid, we ought to raise chickens."

"Now you're talking," said Marilyn. "There's nothing like grape seeds for chickens."

"So good for their coats," murmured Carl.

Mrs. Midford began to pick up the dishes. "You shouldn't mock her, children. She's only trying to be kind. She says they have a delicious crunchiness."

They all burst into howls of laughter, and Mrs. Midford gave up.

In time they quieted, drifting into a deceptively businesslike mood. They huddled together over a grocery list, with Wong taking an inventory of the pantry and calling out necessary items to them. Then David, Sue and Wong went off in Carl's car to buy the food. Carl and Marilyn went out to the barn to resume the cleaning operations. Mrs. Midford cleaned up the kitchen, straightened her bedroom, went upstairs and dusted Sue's room and put fresh sheets on the bed. Just as she finished, the telephone rang.

It was a call from New York. "This is Aaron Bronson, Bronson Theatrical Agency. Have you made any contact with Sue Midford yet?"

Mrs. Midford's heart pounded unreasonably. "Yes. She came home early this morning."

"Mind putting her on?"

"I'm sorry, but she's out right now. Can I take a message?"

"Sure thing. We've got two contracts down here waiting for her signature."

"What sort of contracts?"

"One's a video spot, and the other's an option with Metro. Have her call me right back when she gets in, will you?"

"Yes, I will. Thank you for calling."

The telephone in New York had clicked silent before she finished speaking. Slowly she put the receiver back. She felt an almost suffocating happiness because at last Sue had got what she wanted. Everything was going to be all right. The Allbrights would buy the house, and Mrs. Midford would go to live in Florida. Marilyn would marry Carl Kraft and they'd have a lot of babies and live happily ever after. Sue would be famous and they'd all go to see her in the movies. She was a very lucky woman to get everything she wanted like that, all in a heap. The finger of Fate, she decided, had suddenly ceased to be turgid.

She thought she'd make some cookies to celebrate. She had just got back to the kitchen and was meditating over her cookbooks when the grocery shoppers tumbled back into the house, loaded with boxes and bags. She had to supervise stowing everything away before she could get Sue to one side to tell her about Mr. Bronson's call.

But Sue did not react properly. "I'll think about it, mother."

"But shouldn't you call him right back? Oh, I'm so happy about it, Sue! Just think, everything you've been working for."

Sue kissed her. "I know, mother. But I still have to think about it. And right now I'm going to help David tear the fence down."

"But the fence isn't important! And this other thing ——"

Sue was staring out the window at the fence. Suddenly she cried, "Look! David, come here! Marilyn and Carl are talking to somebody out there!"

"Gosh, another reporter!" said David.

"And from the look of them, they're feeding him more foolishness," said Sue. "I'd better get out there and snow myself before this thing gets out of hand." She ran out the back door, David after her.

Mrs. Midford sighed. "I guess our hour in the limelight is about over, Wong."

"Peace can be very blissful thing," he said philosophically, as he took three ducks to the sink and began to wash them.

"Will I be in your way if I make some cookies?" she asked somewhat wistfully. Sue's odd attitude did make it seem that there wasn't quite so much to celebrate now.

Wong grinned at her. "Always room in a good kitchen for two good cooks."

The quiet that descended on the house as Wong went about his preparations for the banquet and Mrs. Midford mixed her cookies was interrupted only by their desultory conversation, by Wong softly humming a queer-sounding song, and by the occasional jangling of the telephone, which Mrs. Midford always dutifully answered. First it was the local paper, then the New Bedford paper, then Mr. Holly in Boston. She told them all that Sue had come home, and they lost interest quickly. By the next day, Sue would be back on Page Thirty-two.

"Pretty loud for a beginner, huh?"

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At lunchtime they all trooped in to raid the icebox. They made themselves remarkable triple-decked sandwiches and drank two quarts of milk, while Wong scolded them for getting in his way. Then Marilyn and Carl went off to buy wallpaper and paint to redecorate the halfway room. This inspired Sue and David to go up to his room to analyze its possibilities. Quiet again enveloped Wong and Mrs. Midford.

"It's like having a house full of puppies," she said.

"We all had lots of troubles until now," said Wong. "Now suddenly we have fine home, noble lady to take care of us, place to get big in with safety, so maybe tomorrow, maybe next day, we can start thinking thoughts. Puppy games are only temporary, Mrs. Midford."

Only temporary. That's what she'd told every one of them. The house would be sold, they couldn't stay here forever, they shouldn't plan to. She might have been talking to the wind, judging by the way they'd settled down and made themselves at home. But, of course, you could figure that life itself was only tempo——

The telephone rang again. It was Mr. Bronson. She called to Sue, who came running downstairs with David at her heels.

"Yes, Mr. Bronson. Yes, she did. . . . Well, I had to think about it. . . . I'm sorry you told them that, Mr. Bronson, because I'm not coming. . . . No, I'm not making a mistake this time. . . . No. It's no use. I don't want more money, it isn't that. I'm just not interested —— But I don't want that kind of career any more, Mr. Bronson."

Mr. Bronson raised his voice, shouting so that Mrs. Midford could hear him faintly: "You don't know what you want!"

And Sue's quiet answer, "There you're wrong. I didn't know yesterday, but I know now. You see, Mr. Bronson —— Hello! Hello!" Slowly she let the receiver drop. "He hung up. I suppose he's disgusted."

"Well, he has a right to be," said Mrs. Midford. "After all the struggle and heartache you've been through, and now you get a chance like this ——"

"Don't go soap opera on us, mother. All he's giving me is a chance to make a bigger fool of myself. Publicity may be wonderful, but just getting your name on the front page for twenty-four hours isn't going to turn an eager ham into Helen Hayes."

The house was beginning to fill with wonderful smells from the kitchen. "But, dear, you don't have to be as good as Helen Hayes! There's lots of opportunity for people who ——"

"But I don't want to be half baked! I want to do something I can be good at, even if nobody in the world but me knows I'm doing it."

"Good heavens!" cried Mrs. Midford, running for the kitchen. "My cookies!"

Wong had saved them. She put the last of the batter onto the cooky sheets and chopped onions for Wong while she waited for the cookies to bake. Then she arranged some on a plate to take upstairs to Sue and David.

But Sue and David had discovered the neatly packed rummage in the hall. It was now scattered all over the library, as if a strong wind had blown through it, and Sue and David were sitting on the old rosewood sofa looking at the stereopticon pictures. David's arm was around Sue, who was holding the rickety old projector up to her eyes. Their heads were together, cheek to cheek, as if they thought that by getting close enough, they could both see through the same lenses. Fronds of Sue's bright curls drifted over David's sandy hair. As Mrs. Midford entered the room, Sue slid the machine over David's eyes, saying, "It's just Niagara Falls in Cinerama."

"I brought you some cookies," said Mrs. Midford, setting the plate down. "And you'll have to put every bit of that junk back in ——" She heard a car turn into the drive. "Now who in the world could that be?"

"Just Marilyn and Carl," said Sue, reaching for another picture.

Mrs. Midford trotted to the window to look. "Good heavens, it's the Allbrights!"

"Who're they?"

"Some friends of Ruth's who vibrate to purple."

"Do they really now?" asked David.

"They want to buy the house. Oh, I can't cope with them now, Sue. I'm a mess, and they're so—so superior!"

David and Sue stood up simultaneously. The thought crossed Mrs. Midford's mind that for the last few hours they'd been acting as if they were tied together.

"We'll handle 'em," said David, a wicked Modigliani look coming into his eyes.

"What'll we tell 'em, mother?"

"Oh, I don't know! I really ——" Suddenly the lines of worry left Mrs. Midford's face. A little smile played around the corners of her mouth. "Tell them I'm sorry, but I've decided not to sell."

"But you can't do that, mother! All these years you've wanted to go to Florida and travel around ——"

"Just tell them I've decided not to sell," said Mrs. Midford firmly.

The doorbell pealed through the house. "But you have to have a reason, mother. You can't just ——"

"I have a reason. I don't think it's their business, but if they have to know—tell them my children have come home."

Mrs. Midford got to the kitchen just as Sue let the Allbrights in. She closed the kitchen door, silently crossed the room to Wong and took over his celery-chopping job. After a while she said, "Do you suppose there are other boys who need a place to live?"

"Plenty more. When school opens next week."

"I was just thinking. There are two rooms on the third floor we might fix up. And then the front bedroom, and one over the barn if we could find a way to heat it."

"Yes," said Wong.

"They'd come and go, I suppose. But all of them would be a little lonely and a little crazy, wouldn't they?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Midford chopped a while in silence; then, suddenly looking out the window, she saw Mr. Page and the swami bearing down upon the house with grim determination. The swami was talking, with gestures. Mr. Page looked miserable. Mrs. Midford said, "Look at that, Wong. It's a shame Mr. Page doesn't retire. Having to put up with things like that at his age!"

Wong peered out the window. "Oriental," he said with appreciation. "Would-be holy man."

"How can you tell he's would-be at this distance?"

"True holy men do not make fools of themselves," said Wong. "Customer for house, perhaps?"

"Yes, but ——" Mrs. Midford put down the chopping knife, wiped her hands and started to take off her apron. Then, thinking better of it, she picked up the knife again. "I believe I won't bother. I'll just let the children take care of him."

Wong stopped operations on the ducks, a beatific grin expanding on his face. "I go help," he said. "Needs Oriental to deal properly with Oriental."

"But, Wong, I am sure that he never got closer to the Orient than South Boston."

"Too bad," murmured Wong. "Will make things very difficult for him. But that's ho-kay, isn't it?" He gave Mrs. Midford a most un-Oriental wink and quickly slipped out the kitchen door, leaving the memory of his grin behind him.

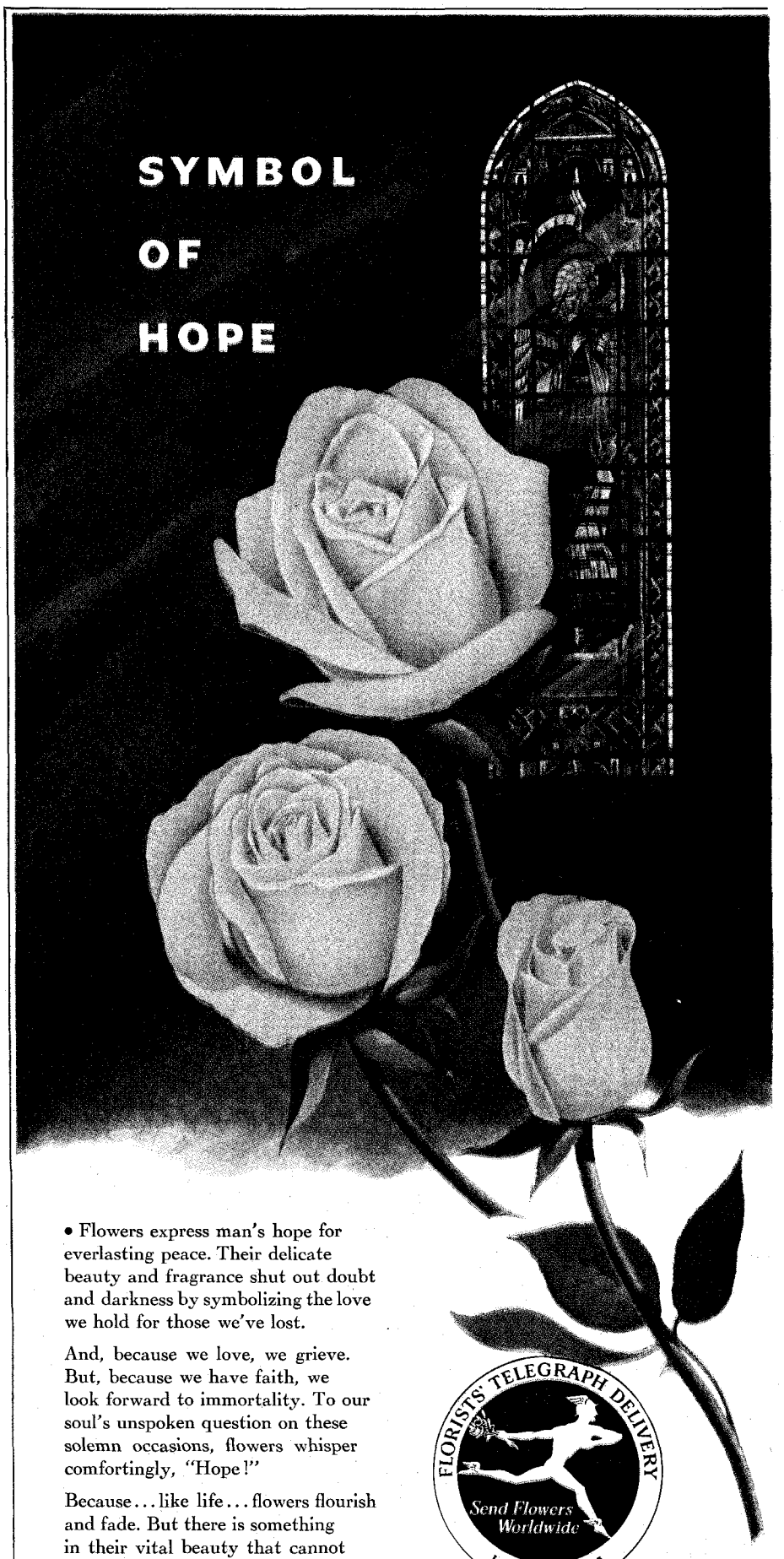
THE END

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 77

1. New York
2. Utah
3. Massachusetts
4. Wyoming
5. South Dakota
6. Louisiana
7. Oregon
8. Florida
9. Ohio
10. Delaware
11. South Carolina
12. New Hampshire



• Flowers express man's hope for everlasting peace. Their delicate beauty and fragrance shut out doubt and darkness by symbolizing the love we hold for those we've lost.

And, because we love, we grieve. But, because we have faith, we look forward to immortality. To our soul's unspoken question on these solemn occasions, flowers whisper comfortingly, "Hope!"

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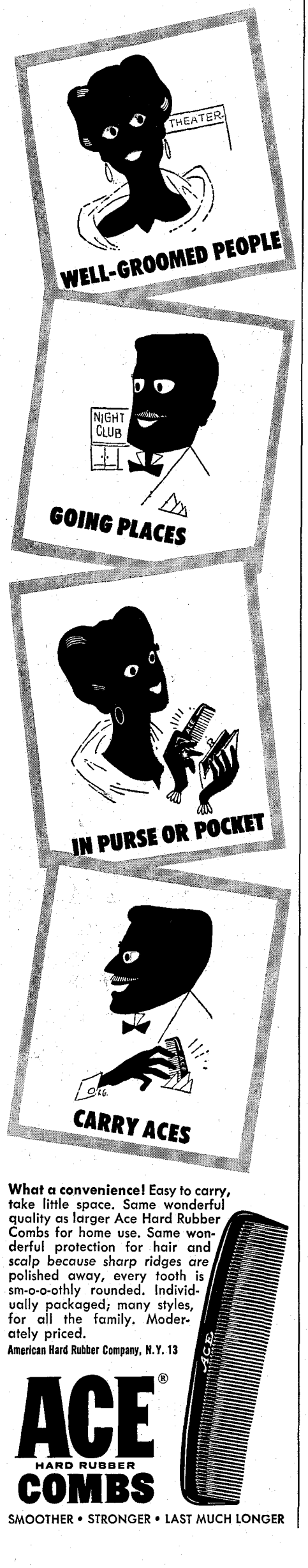
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Fifty-Two Miles to Terror

(Continued from Page 21)

He stepped down hard on the accelerator and the car lurched ahead. Suddenly there was a peculiar, staccato snort on his right, and the red car was up to him, inching past him, and they were racing. There was a car parked in the path of the red car, not two hundred feet ahead, with people getting out of it at the curb, but the snorting grew louder and the red car did not slow down. A hundred feet, less than a hundred feet, so close now that he stamped his foot on the brake and twisted hard to the left on his wheel, just time enough so that the red car whipped between him and the car parked at the curb, roaring with the staccato bursts down the street. *They knew I'd do that. They knew it.* He was terribly angry and yanked the car back into the right lane.

"Did you see that?" Paula gasped. "Biff, did you see that? Those people—they might have been killed!"

"I saw it," he said. "Blamed fools. I'd like to knock their heads together. They knew I'd pull out, Paula. The blamed fools knew I would. Can you tie that?"

"You could have beat 'em, dad," Ruth said contentedly from the back seat, her excitement subsiding. "You just didn't want to, with me and mommy in the car."

They stopped on the main street and had soda and a hot dog at a curbside stand, and when they started again, it was getting quite dark, with the sun finally extinguished against the flat edge of the land. He settled back in his seat and made himself comfortable, not quite so happy as he had been before the red car; angry with the red car for knowing he would pull out. They were near the edge of town now, with the main street becoming road again, and there were the signs up at the gas stations: LAST CHANCE, FILL 'ER UP. NEXT GAS STATION 60 MILES.

There was the red car, sitting like a sleek worm on the apron of the last gas station on the edge of town on his right, glowing with the color of bright blood under the arc lights of the station. The driver had a soft-drink bottle in his hand, hanging out the window, his arm limp, as if the bottle were unbearably heavy.

Without the slightest hesitation, Biff pulled off the road and slid to a stop near the red car. He could see their white shirts gleaming inside the low coupé.

"Hey, you, in there," he said sharply. "If you want to break your necks, go to it! But just your own necks, see? If you can't drive that jalopy properly, stay off the road! You hear me?" He was yelling so loud that it surprised him.

Ruth was hopping up and down in the back, also yelling. "We could beat you any day, so there! Nya-a-a-a-nya-a-a-a!"

"Biff . . . Ruth! Stop it!" Paula was pushing at his shoulder.

He subsided and started the car moving. Suddenly there was a laugh from the red car, clear and sharp, and a piercing rebel yell—the kind you hear at Western movies or in pictures about the Civil War.

They drove on, and now the darkness came in completely to scoop away the land on either side of the road, and all he could see of the road itself was the part in his headlights, skimming into him easily, smoothly. He relaxed, switched on his far beams, and loosened his grip on the wheel, yearning to be at Mildred's. He sighed and stepped on the gas a little too hard.

"Biff, slow down a little," Paula said and closed her window. The wind had chilled quickly as the darkness came.

"Sure, hon," he said, and glanced in the mirror at Ruth in the back seat. She was already asleep.

There had been no car besides his on the road. It was the old road, and everyone else used the new superhighway about ten miles north. But this road was a little shorter, and he knew it well. He wished there were a few cars on the road. It would be a friendly thing to do—dipping headlights to an oncoming car, sort of a friendly bow.

And then the red car drew up behind him. First there had been a glow in his rear-view mirror, and then there was the red car. He knew it was that car because its headlights were so low, hugging the road. A cold finger touched his spine, and he glanced quickly at Paula; she was dozing, and for that he was suddenly grateful.

He speeded up a little and the lights of the red car receded, but then drew up again behind him, making him feel that it was about to crawl up his neck, like some monster insect.

For at least ten minutes more the red car followed him so closely that if he stepped on his brakes, it would ram him, but he knew they were sure he would not do that, just as they were sure back there in Crockerville that he would yank his wheel to the left so that they could careen in between him and the car at the curb.

He thought how foolish it had been to stop at that gasoline station to yell at them that way. He should have remembered it was Saturday night; not much for people in places like Crockerville, on a by-passed road, to do on Saturday nights, and when a couple of them have one of those souped-up jalopies —— He shook his head and made up his mind to stop worrying about the red car. Sooner or later it would turn around and go back; he'd be hanged if he'd speed up more than the sixty he was doing. Let them eat his dust if they wanted it that way, but all the time he knew it would not stay that way, not for long. This was not what they wanted.

It came quickly. There was that peculiar sputtering snort behind him, and suddenly it was beside him. He could have reached out his hand and touched it, but in another instant it was in front of him, staying just a few feet in front. Then he smelled the exhaust fumes coming in through his air vents. The smell grew quickly very strong.

Paula was awake. "What was that?" she said, shaking her head sharply. "Oh, Biff! That car—what's he doing here? When ——" Her hand flew to her throat, and when he saw that, besides everything else he felt, he could feel the anger rising in him too.

"Relax, honey," he said quietly, his voice tight with the effort to sound normal. "You'll wake Ruth. They just want to play a little, but I'm not having any. They'll get tired of playing games in a little while, and then they'll go back. Just take it easy."

In a few minutes the red car began to slow down, and he was forced to use his brake several times to keep from riding up their two inadequate little bumpers. Finally they were going thirty miles an hour. His hands clenched, impatience battling with the anger in him, anger not quite covering the cold finger on his spine.

"What do they want?" Paula asked wildly.

He tried to grin at her. "They're getting even for that hiding I gave them back there. It's nothing. They'll quit soon, Paula. Just relax, now." *They've got to quit.*

"I tried to stop you back there," she said. "You and Ruth, yammering away at them—those —— Biff! What does he want?"

She had seen the driver of the red car put his arm out of his window and motion them forward, an indolent, graceful movement of the white-shirted arm, inviting them ahead.

The coldness went out of his spine. Now he knew what they wanted, and the knowledge was a relief softening his grip on the wheel. "They wanted to race, honey, that's all," he said. "We'll give them their little race, and that will be that. Really got under their skin back in Crockerville. These hot-rodders have a certain kind of pride."

"Biff, don't race them!" she gasped. "It's dangerous!"

"It's more dangerous not to," he said. "They're going to have their little race or else. Well, here goes."

"Biff!"

He stepped hard on the accelerator, drew out abreast of the red car, and then put the accelerator all the way down to the floor. The car leaped ahead and for an instant it seemed he would pass them. He threw a quick sideward glance at the red car, and in that instant when he thought he would pass them he felt a surge of exhilaration flood up through his chest into his head, and thought, *Good old Nelly, still more than a match for a jalopy, souped or not.*

"Biff! For heaven's sake!"

He laughed, his eyes eager and happy. "We'll take 'em, honey! That race they wanted, they got it!"

The staccato snorting grew high-pitched and violent. Before he could pass, the red car was up to him, abreast of him again. He stepped harder on the accelerator, trying to push it through the floor, but his motor was whining now, complaining, and when he flicked his eyes down to the speedometer, he saw the needle wavering uncertainly at eighty-seven, where he had never seen it before. He felt the hesitations and skipping of the motor, and knew it had reached its limit. The red car skimmed ahead, snorting; went ahead easily, with the white arm hanging out the window, its fingers tapping the red door in some kind of lazy rhythm, and in seconds the red car was ahead of them on the road. The white arm lifted in an indolent wave, and then the hand, bathed in his lights, clenched itself into a fist with the thumb extended stiffly, pointed down.

He inched the car back to the right lane while the exhilaration drained out of him. It had been no race, he knew. There had been no chance to win, as in a race; there never had been a chance.

"Slow down! Biff, for heaven's sake, slow down!" Paula was leaning toward him, shouting in his ear. How long had she been shouting? he wondered, and felt a cramp in his right leg, surprised to find his foot still jamming the accelerator against the floor. His fingers were clamped around the wheel as if tightened there with steel bands. It took an actual effort to lift his foot, and they slowed down quickly—seventy, sixty, fifty, forty-five. Forty-five seemed slow, and the wind had stopped yowling at their windows.

"Don't you ever do a thing like that again!" Paula panted, glaring at him. "Never again, you hear me? Never again!"

He glanced back over his shoulder at Ruth. She was awake, sitting rigidly, her hands dug into the seat on both sides of her. Her eyes were wide, frightened.

The red car had slowed down, too, slowing more, coming closer again to them. Lazily, it drifted back almost on top of them, and they were back to thirty miles an hour. Again, gracefully, the white arm came out, waving them ahead.

"Biff!"

"Don't worry," he muttered. "The race is over." Why didn't they go away? Why didn't they just go away? And now he thought of the red car as his enemy; no longer a playful nuisance, but an enemy hounding him, forcing him to drive thirty miles an hour on this empty, straight road.

"Biff," Paula said in a few moments, "let's just stop for a little while. Why not pull off the road and stop? They'll just go away if we stop. I'm—well, I'm afraid, Biff."

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"Not on your life," he snapped. "Who do they think they are? I'm not a child to be pushed around like this." He looked at her and saw her biting her lip nervously, staring hard at the red car so close ahead. "Oh, honey!" He reached over and patted her shoulder. "Sorry I snapped at you like that. But, look—as long as we keep going, it's going to be all right. They'll get bored. They'll look for somebody else to race, the fools. Just relax, honey. We'll get there a little later, that's all."

Ruth piped up from the back seat. She was fine again. "Why'n't you just beat 'em, dad?" she said. "Gee, they're going so slow, you could beat 'em. I know ——"

"Ruth, please be quiet. Let daddy alone." Paula reached back and patted Ruth's knee, but not for a second did she take her eyes off the red car. The white arm was still waving them on, indolently.

A flash of anger hit him and he hooked his thumb over the horn ring and blew his horn, a long blast, and was immediately sorry he had done that. A horn on this road, like a wail in a vacuum. What good was his horn?

But the horn actually broke the spell somehow, and there were sparks from the twin exhausts, sputtering the red car into sudden life. It shot ahead swiftly, leaving the road dark and deserted ahead of them.

Wonder what those maniacs put under that hood? he thought, and said, "Could be they're tired of us slowpokes. Maybe we've seen the last of them."

"I hope so, Biff. Lord, I hope so!" Paula answered, and after a few more minutes, as the road stayed dark and deserted ahead, she settled back in her seat.

He increased his speed to forty-five, and drove tensely ahead, watching the road as if that, too, had suddenly become an enemy. There was nothing up ahead, nothing one instant, and the next instant the two taillights flashed on not two hundred feet in front of him on the road, bright and red, like a monster's eyes. The red car had been sitting on the road without lights, waiting for him. He jammed on the brake and the nose of his car dipped hard with a squeal coming from his tires, but there had been no need for him to do that, because the red car's rear wheels tore against the concrete of the road and accelerated so quickly that he could not have hit it if he had wanted to. They knew he would hit his brake just like that; just as they had known what he would do in Crockerville, and since Crockerville. That was the thing he thought of as the red car shot forward, fast, sputtering ahead, quickly losing itself in distance.

He sucked in his breath as if coming up from a fall into cold water, and then he heard the crying from the back seat. He looked back to see Ruth piled up into a ball on the floor, wailing.

"She's hurt, Biff! Stop the car!" Paula had her door open even before he had the car stopped on the shoulder of the road, and she jumped out to reach for Ruth. He got out on his side and ran around the car. Ruth was standing on the hard-packed dirt of the shoulder, her face buried in Paula's waist.

He took Ruth to the front of the car and they examined her in the light. There was nothing wrong except for a scrape on her elbows and a skinned knee, and in a moment the girl stopped crying.

"Why'd you do that?" she glared at him, hiccuping. "That was a dumb thing to do, all right!"

"I won't do it again, rabbit," he said slowly. "Come on. Everything's fine now. Get in the car."

He saw Paula looking at him, her eyes enormous, frightened. She helped Ruth into the car and slid in herself.

"Biff, do you think we ought to go back to Crockerville?" Paula said, her voice pinched and dreadful. "Didn't you say something about—about having the car checked or something?"

Ruth's face twisted up at him quickly. "You promised we'd be at Aunt Mildred's tonight," she accused. "The kids'll be waiting up; you know that, dad! We got to go to Waco tonight; you said we would."

"Look, Paula," he said finally. "We're over twenty miles out of Crockerville. It really doesn't make any difference which way we go, you understand? Either they're—I mean, either we've had the last of the trouble or, if we have any more, we can stop somewhere up ahead—call in from a ranch house, you know?"

He got out, went around to the trunk and got out the long jack handle, and then went back to his seat, placing the jack handle on the floor of the car in the back.

Paula was near to tears. "Why not just stay here until morning?" she said, quavering, not sure of herself at all. "By then the trouble will be gone. Biff? Biff? Why not? It's not cold."

"No!" She should know that much about him. There were limits. That she should know after eleven years of marriage. He felt a small flash of anger directed at her—that she should think it was in him to sit parked on the side of the road all night because of that red car.

He drove out on the road, peering ahead. The road was empty, dark ahead of his lights. But as he drove he began to think of the signs back there in Crockerville—sixty miles to the next town. What was it now? Terrence? That was it. Terrence. A few gasoline stations, a store or two, a motel.

Forty miles to go to Terrence, along this familiar, well-remembered road, straight, with no turns, with nothing on it but him and that red car, making the road an enemy for the first time. When he thought of that—just him and that red car—he lost his anger at Paula, and considered for an instant turning around to rush back to Crockerville. But that would do no good, the road was an enemy that way too; and he then considered doing as she suggested—pulling off the road to wait for morning. . . . No!

Then there was a faint glow on the road far ahead. A car coming, coming so fast that he knew it was the red car coming, maybe going home, back to Crockerville at last. He gripped the wheel hard, waiting for the red car to pass them, eager for it to pass, and still worried about the red car coming.

But the red car was coming down his lane, on the wrong side of the road. He felt his chest freeze and blinked his eyes, not believing such a thing was happening, and then opened them wide, almost in fascination as the red car kept coming down his lane, its lights blinding, piercing, hurtling straight at them. The breath stopped in his throat.

Paula and Ruth shrieked together, and still he was frozen, unable to breathe or move, until the lights were leaping at him, almost on him, and at last he convulsively jerked on his wheel to his left and drove his car off the road on the shoulder on the other side, into the dirt.

"Chicken!" He heard the yell from the red car clearly as it slammed by the place where his car had been, and he watched the red car careen around behind him, deftly making a screeching turn, and then it was back again, going back up the road again to Terrence.

He set the hand brake, his hands so slippery and wet he had to fumble with the brake several times before it could be done. The yell, "Chicken!" still rang in his ears and, for a moment, almost idly, he wondered what it meant, and then remembered a television program they had seen late one night—races, where two drunks got into their cars and raced at each other to see which would be the one to get out of the way. He remembered saying to Paula that such drivers deserved to be killed, and she

You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

To quicken his toy store's lagging Christmas sales, ambitious Albert hired a band with a Santa Claus leader. Whenever the band's brassy caroling drew a crowd of children and parents, Santa tossed lollipops to the kiddies. Being a musician rather than a pitcher, however, he hit a hapless father in the eye. The father later sued the store.

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If you were the judge, would you make Albert pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

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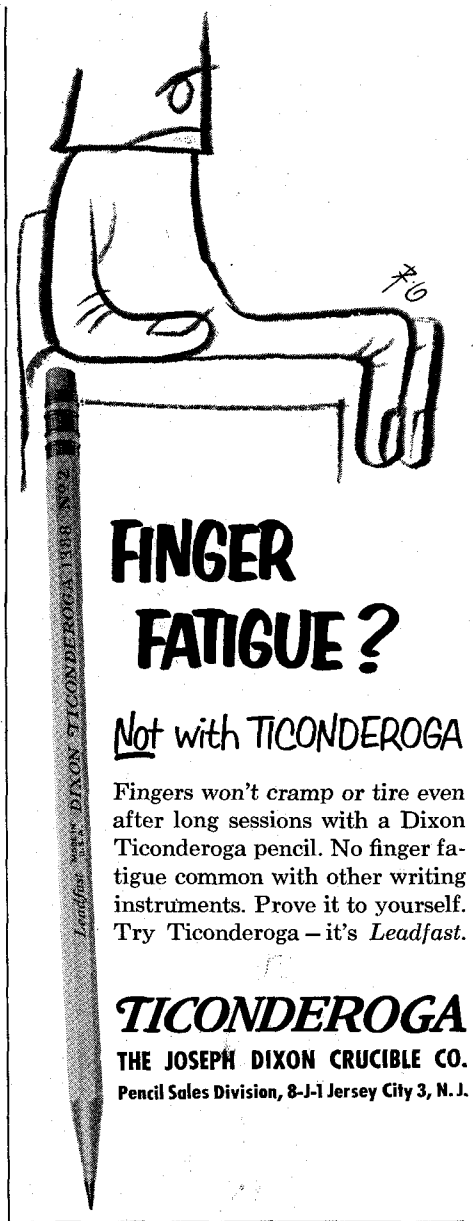
Based upon a 1938 Alabama case.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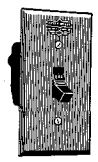

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had said she didn't believe they did such things, even drunks—a "chicken race" they had called it.

Paula had her arms around Ruth and both of them were crying. "They're going to kill us!" Paula choked, tears draining down her cheeks. "Get us out of here, Biff! Get us out of here!"

He wiped his wet hands on his trousers and stared at them, his wife and his child; all of them in his car, which was paid for; on a road which his taxes helped pay for—he stared at them until his eyes smarted.

"Chicken!" The red car would do it again. It had to. It was a ballet of some kind, a ballet in a nightmare where these things had to be played out, danced out, until the dance was ended, and the dance was not ended, that he knew.

"Chicken!" He could hear it yelling in his ears, and he could hear his wife and child sobbing, afraid and in danger of the red car, his partner in this dance—a red car, or a *Panzer* in the Vosges coming over a ridge at him, or a Messerschmitt coming in low over the trees at him near Nuremberg—the same danger, the same thing—and not to him alone, but also now to Paula and his child—and then, as it had been before with him, it was suddenly all right, and the coldness went out of his chest and went, instead, up to his head, where it could help him, as it did before.

He got out and held the door open. "Get out, Paula. Quick, now. Take Ruth and get out."

She slithered across the seat, taking Ruth with her, and stood in the dirt, still crying, looking up at him.

"Biff, please," she said, holding Ruth against her.

"Don't ask questions!" he snapped. "Take Ruth and get into that field. Don't stand there! Get going, Paula!"

He started the car slowly, back on his own side of the road, creeping ahead, alone now in the car, squinting across his lights at the sides of the road, knowing there had to be one near here, it was time for one on this road, where there were so many because the land was flat and needed drainage.

There it was, just ahead, a short concrete culvert over a drainage ditch, not a quarter of a mile from where he had left Paula and Ruth. It was like a tiny bridge, with short, heavy concrete balustrades on each side of it, the bridge just wide enough for two cars, and beneath it the ditch, dry now, crossing under the road. He drove the car over the bridge and stopped it about fifteen feet beyond, on the right side of the road, but a little over the center stripe, too, and checked to make sure his far beams were on. Then he reached into the glove compartment and got out a wrench he kept there and placed it on the accelerator, so that the motor raced a little. That was important; he had to get as much brightness to his lights as possible.

There was a flashlight in his pocket, also from the glove compartment, and then he jumped out of the car, slammed the door shut and ran down the road a little, turned back and looked at his car. His headlights blinded him so that he could not see the bridge at all. Good. He ran back to the bridge and stared up the road, remembered the jack handle, ran to the car, got it out, and stared up the road again. It had to come. The ballet was not over yet. It had to come.

And come it did. First there was a glow on the road, far ahead, and then the glow turned into two focal points of light, coming with great speed at him—on the wrong side of the road.

A vast exultation shook him, and almost too late he jumped over the balustrade and crouched in the culvert. He wanted terribly to watch the red car kill itself, and in his mind he did see it, very accurately, as the red car hurtled down the wrong side of the road, knowing he would turn away at the last instant, knowing that about him, as the red car knew it before—but not this time. A flashing realization—too late—that he was not going to turn away this time, a wild turn of the wheel—a balustrade sharply etched in the lights, not supposed to be there, a shriek and a wilder turn at the wheel, and then noise—a tremendous amount of noise. . . . Chicken!

The red car finally came to a stop, upright, a hundred yards into the field to the right of the road it had come racing down, whole and intact a few seconds before. It had cleared the ditch as if on wings, and had buried its nose in the field, plunging on like a wild plow making an insane furrow; at last shuddering to a stop with its front wheels crumpled and its lights still glowing, one pointed at right angles to the car and the other sending a beacon into the sky.

He had never covered a hundred yards faster in his life. The driver's door was open, sagging like a broken wing. He saw the white shirts inside, and flashed his light at them. They had their hands over their faces, and the one that was not the driver was being violently, convulsively sick, spoiling his white shirt. There was no broken glass and no blood, and he could see, from the way they were sitting, that they were not badly hurt, if at all.

A wild anger at them made him grunt like an animal, and swearing at them through this spouting well of anger, he pulled first the driver, and then the other one, out of the red car onto the field, where they sagged against the side of the car, still holding their faces in their hands. Digging his fists into each one of the white shirts, he dragged them like bags of wheat to the headlight that was not pointed at the sky and stood them there, pulling their hands violently away from their faces, and raised the jack handle, ready and wanting to use it.

They were children. The faces of children stared up at him, blinking their staring, children's eyes at him, whimpering like children; and when they saw the jack handle, they raised their arms over their heads, like children, and began to yammer. The driver could not have been eighteen, and the other even younger. He looked down at them, and much of the anger left him, but not all.

Something had to be done to get the rest out, he knew. Children! All the way from Crockerville—Ruth terrified and sobbing; Paula hysterical in a field alone in the dark—children in a red car.

The red car. He saw that the hood of it was wrenched loose, and he yanked it open. There it was—the bright chrome of the air scoops, the special milled head, the four-barrel carburetors—all of it that gave the red car its special life. He began to hammer at these things with the jack handle until there was a jagged, broken mess under the hood, and the jack handle was bent in his hand, and then the rest of the anger left him.

The two boys were gaping at him, and then at the red car, and he realized that when the life went out of the red car, when the power of the red car died, much of them died, too, and they were left nothing, alone and powerless with their dead car in the field.

He started to walk back to the road, but when he looked back, he saw the boys standing where he had left them, in the glare of the insane light. There was something indecent about the picture he saw, so he went back, reached into the red car and snapped off its lights.

"O.K., come on, you two!" he said, not too roughly. "I'll take you into Terrence with us. Call the sheriff from there." And then the three of them went back to the road, where they found Paula and Ruth waiting by his car, waiting for him.

THE END

"Glad everything is fine at the office. I bet old K.C. is now personally taking the money to the bank."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Case of the Missing Poison

(Continued from Page 41)

Mosher Higley knew her background. He was friendly with John Locke's family. He didn't want Nadine and John Locke to marry."

"Why?" Mason asked.

"Because he knew Nadine was illegitimate and he knew that when that came out, Locke's family wouldn't stand for it. I think perhaps in the long run the old codger was trying to do Nadine a good turn. He knew that she had come here, that she was making friends and—I guess he didn't want that old family skeleton to come out."

"Did Nadine know she was illegitimate?"

"I don't think so."

"Was Mosher Higley her father?"

Newburn hesitated a moment, then said, "No."

"All right," Mason said. "Go on. Tell me your story."

"I hate to do this," Newburn said.

"You've made that very manifest," Mason told him.

"All right," Newburn blurted, "when I learned that Nadine was in trouble and I learned that she'd made that confession, I —— Well, you see, Mosher Higley was dead, and, while Cap'n Hugo was there in the house, the actual title to the house was vested in us under Higley's will. Sue and I were there quite a bit and ——"

"Go on," Mason said. "I don't know how much time we've got. Cut out the preliminaries and get to the point."

"All right," Newburn said. "I knew that she was supposed to have told the doctor, while she was under the influence of dope, something about having given Mosher Higley some cyanide tablets. I don't know how much she told him under the dope or how much came later, but I understood she'd simply taken tablets out of a bottle of sugar substitute, and afterward she'd cut open shotgun shells and thrown them in the lake and —— Well, I picked up a partially filled bottle of those chemical sweetening tablets there at the house, dumped in some shot, drove out and threw the bottle in Twomby's Lake.

"Then I left word that I had to see Nadine at the earliest possible moment. I tried several times to get in touch with her, but my wife was keeping an eagle eye on me. I did get word to Nadine to call me the very first chance she had. She called two or three times, and since Sue was there I'd stall it off as a wrong number. It wasn't until my wife went out to see you that I had my chance to contact Nadine."

"When did you throw this bottle in the lake?" Mason asked.

"Yesterday night."

"No one saw you?"

"No one."

"No fingerprints?"

"I was very careful to avoid leaving any fingerprints on the bottle."

"Where did you get the bottle and the tablets?"

"We use that same sugar substitute. My wife watches her calories very closely. In fact, it was through talking with her that Mosher Higley discovered this sugar substitute."

"Go ahead," Mason said.

"Well, I naturally had to get hold of Nadine and tell her that everything was all right, that she didn't need to worry, to let them go ahead and search for the bottle, and when they found it they'd find there was nothing but harmless pills in it. That would kill her confession."

"You told her that?"

"Yes."

"And what happened?"

"Then I found out that the police had already recovered the bottle and the heat was off. Hang it, Mason, if you ever repeat this to anyone, if—but that's the story."

"All right," Mason said. "I'll give you the rest of the story. The police made another search. They found a second bottle. It was filled with cyanide tablets and shot. The heat's back on. They're looking for Nadine. When they find her they'll arrest her and charge her with murder. The police think I'm responsible for the bottle that was tossed out in the lake with the harmless tablets in it."

"My heaven, Mason," Newburn said, "if the story of what I did comes out, it will ruin my marriage! Sue will divorce me like that!" Newburn snapped his fingers in front of Mason's face.

"The police are going to interview you," Mason said. "What are you going to tell them?"

"I'm going to lie to them. I'll tell them something. I'll work up a story."

"You can't do it," Mason said.

... ...

Midnight Zero

By Herbert Merrill

Where snow-encrusted
poplars lift
Their white arms to the
naked stars,
I walk upon a winter drift
Beneath the open eye of
Mars.

Here is a loveliness as bare
And brutal as a sharpened
knife,
The earth a web of ice, the
air
A razor at the throat of life.

Uneasily I turn about
And make for home and
firelight,
While overhead the trees
cry out
Against the bitter weight of
night.

... ...

Newburn, suddenly angry, said, "Mason, you talked me into telling the truth by telling me I couldn't do it. I—I don't have to tell them that. I ——"

"You can't get away with it," Mason said. "You ——"

"Now just a minute," Newburn interrupted. "You're Nadine's lawyer. You're in this thing. You say the police think you tossed that bottle out there. Well ——"

"Go on," Mason said. "Follow that line of thinking to its logical conclusion and you'll have your neck in a noose."

"You're advising me for your own interests," Newburn said. "If the police think you tossed that other bottle out there, that—that takes me off the spot. They'd rather have something on you than on me."

"And you'd like it that way?" Mason asked.

"Don't get me wrong," Newburn said. "My wife is a congenial companion. On the whole, I'm happy. She's just inherited some property that's lousy with oil. You're looking out for your interests. I'm going to start looking out for my interests." Newburn started walking toward the front door of the clubhouse.

"Just a minute," Mason said. "You ——"

"I'm through with you," Newburn told him. "I'll get a lawyer of my own."

He jerked open the door, went inside and slammed it shut.

Mason hesitated for a moment, then slowly walked down the steps to the car where Della Street was waiting.

"Well?" Della Street asked.

"Now," Mason told her, "I wish I'd had a witness."

"What did he say?" she asked.

Mason started the motor and spun the car into a U-turn.

"The last thing he said was all that counts," he told her.

"And that was?"

"That he was through with me, and that he was getting a lawyer to represent him."

"Well," Della Street asked, "what does he have to conceal?"

Mason said, "He's the one who fixed up the bottle with the sugar-substitute tablets and threw it out in Twomby's Lake."

"Chief!" she exclaimed, her voice triumphant. "He admitted it?"

"He did to me. It's the last time he'll ever admit it," Mason said. "He'll get a lawyer and he'll lie on the witness stand."

"So what do we do?" she asked.

"Now," Mason said, "we can eat."

Della Street thought over the full significance of what had happened; then, after a moment, said dejectedly, "Now I don't want to eat."

It was nearly midnight. Della Street, dark circles under her eyes, sat at her desk watching Mason apprehensively.

Mason was pacing the office floor. He had been pacing the floor with rhythmic regularity ever since their return from a cheerless dinner.

Mason stopped his pacing. "Go on home, Della."

She shook her head. "Not until we hear."

Mason looked at his watch. "It's a quarter of twelve. The police have been staked out at John Locke's apartment all evening. By ten-thirty they began to suspect that he'd given them the slip. By eleven-thirty they were sure of it. They're taking steps as of now."

"What sort of steps?" Della Street asked.

"Look at it the way the police will," Mason said. "They'll know Nadine is missing, that John Locke is missing. They'll suspect that John Locke might be a witness against her. They'll begin to take measures to see that his testimony is protected."

"In other words, you mean that they'll anticipate John and Nadine are getting married?"

"The police aren't fools," Mason said. "That idea is in their minds right now."

"What can they do?"

"Plenty."

"What?"

"For one thing, they can cover the state line, checking stations. They can put out a broadcast in Las Vegas and Yuma. The only chance John had of marrying Nadine was to charter a plane and get to Yuma before the officers missed him."

Della Street, seeming close to tears, said, "That's what comes of my interfering. I didn't think far enough. If I'd waited and let you tell him, you'd have told him to get a plane and ——"

Mason said, "A lawyer isn't supposed to take steps to suppress evidence."

"Well, you could have told him indirectly. I keep thinking that we'll hear any minute. Oh, I hope they made it."

Mason resumed pacing the floor.

"Paul Drake will know?" Della asked.

"Paul Drake's sitting right on top of everything," Mason said. "He'll know what happens."

"Chief," she said, "how many tablets were in that bottle of cyanide the police uncovered?"

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"We don't know," Mason said. "The police aren't taking us into their confidence—not as yet."

"When will we know?"

"If Hamilton Burger is smart we'll know when the case comes to trial."

"You think it'll come to trial?"

"It'll come to trial."

"Even if Nadine and John get married?"

Mason nodded.

"But if they do get married, if John can't testify, then you can beat the case?"

Mason said, "There's something wrong somewhere. We have too many cyanide tablets. Remember that the police recovered one bottle from the lake. John dumped one bunch of tablets down the toilet—at least he says he did. That makes two bottles of cyanide tablets. Then we have one bottle of sugar-substitute tablets that was thrown out in the lake. That's three bottles altogether, one of them containing harmless tablets, two containing cyanide."

"But Jackson Newburn threw that bottle of sugar substitute out in the lake ——"

"And he's going to deny it," Mason said. "The police would like to pin that on me. They won't be very tough with Jackson Newburn—if he can think up a nice story to tell the police about how it happened he was down at the High-Tide Motel to meet Nadine."

"But can he do that, chief? Can he tell a lie that won't have loose ends you can pick up?"

Before Mason could answer, the telephone rang sharply.

Della Street snatched it up, said, "Hello. Yes, Paul."

The receiver made squawking noises.

Mason, standing by the corner of the desk, anxiously watching Della Street, needed no words to tell him what had happened. He saw the dismay on her face.

"Oh, Paul," she said chokingly. Suddenly her eyes filled with tears.

Mason walked over to the hat closet, took his hat and moved over to the light switch.

"All right, I'll tell him," Della Street said tearfully and hung up.

"Paul wants us to stop by his office," she said. "They caught Nadine and John Locke halfway to Yuma. The fool was driving his own car. The police had the license number. Police are triumphant. They have given a statement to the press."

Della Street came toward Mason. Mason clicked the light switch, circled Della Street's waist with his arm, let her cry on his shoulder, there in the warm darkness of the law office.

Paul Drake entered Mason's private office shortly after noon with the early editions of the newspapers.

"How bad is it?" Mason asked without looking at the papers.

"They really went to town," Drake said. "Hamilton Burger has been strictly ethical. He has smugly refused to make any comment, but Sergeant Holcomb, of the Homicide Squad, was fortunately available and he made a statement."

"In Hamilton Burger's office?" Mason asked.

"In Hamilton Burger's office, and also in the presence of a quote beaming Hamilton Burger, who was seen unconsciously nodding his head from time to time unquote."

"How very interesting," Mason said. "How bad is it?"

"It couldn't be worse. Sergeant Holcomb stated that he had handled enough homicide cases in which Perry Mason was the attorney so that ingenious attempts to throw him off the trail were almost routine. The phony bottle of evidence with the sugar-substitute pills didn't fool the police for a minute. They realized that Nadine must have secured cyanide from the laboratory in which John Locke was working, so when John Locke failed to show up at his apartment, police started a thorough investigation. They found that John Locke had been met at his favorite restaurant by a man who answered the description of Perry Mason. By ten o'clock, when police found that it was impossible to locate either Nadine Farr or John Locke, the versatile Sergeant Holcomb furnished the answer. Establishing roadblocks on the Las Vegas highway and the Yuma highway, the police managed to locate the eloping couple just outside of Indio. It wasn't even necessary for them to use the roadblock because John Locke was driving his own car and the police had secured the description of that car, together with its license number, and had alerted the highway patrol."

"How clever," Mason said sarcastically.

"Oh, the boys are really basking in the sunlight of their own self-approval," Drake said. "It's nauseating. There are pictures of a glowing district attorney who adheres to professional ethics by making no comment. There are pictures of a glowing Sergeant Holcomb smoking a big black cigar. There are pictures of the tearful couple as they were apprehended on their way to Yuma to be married."

"Modesty never was one of Sergeant Holcomb's virtues," Mason said.

"Notice how nicely Hamilton Burger beams," Drake said.

"Let him beam," Mason said. "What about Jackson Newburn—anything?"

"There's silence—a complete unfathomable silence," Drake said. "You want to read this bunch of stuff?"

"Not now," Mason told him. "Let's not kid ourselves, Paul. We've had a knockout punch. We're down for the count of nine. We're going to get up and we're going to go on fighting, but it hurts."

"You're darn right it hurts," Drake admitted.

"What about Nadine's background?" Mason asked. "You said you had the dope on it."

Drake said, "This whole thing goes back some twenty-five years to a time when Nadine Farr's mother was employed by Mosher Higley as a confidential secretary."

"Good heavens," Della Street exclaimed, "then you mean that Nadine Farr may really be the daughter of Mosher Higley?"

"Not so fast—not so fast," Drake warned. "You're getting a couple of carts before the horse, and getting the wrong horse into the harness."

Mason grinned. "Tell it your own way, Paul, but let's have it fast."

Drake said, "Mosher Higley and a man by the name of Wesley Mann Jennings were in partnership in a construction company. Rose Farr was the confidential secretary and office manager. She carried figures in her head that it would take the bookkeeping department half an hour to dig out. She could answer the phone, reach decisions, relay messages and get things done in a matter of seconds. She knew more about the business than anyone in it."

"Don't condense that part of it, Paul," Della Street said. "I like to hear you dwell on this paragon of secretarial efficiency. I find that secretaries are uniformly underestimated."

"This one wasn't," Drake said. "Both Higley and Jennings appreciated her. I think both were in love with her. Higley was a fourflusher. Wesley Jennings was married. Rose Farr liked Wesley. But someone tipped off Wesley's wife. The latter used that as a means of trying to grab all of Jennings' property, forcing him to sell his partnership interest and all that.

"You know how those things go. When a marriage splits up and a man tries to tell his story, it sounds pretty drab because he can't remember all of the little things that come up in daily married life. But when a woman gets on the witness stand she remembers every time the husband found a button off his shirt and kicked over the dressing table in protest."

Della Street, smiling, said, "You may condense that part, Paul."

"It's the truth," Drake said. "Any woman can take just two months of an ordinary marriage and, by keeping a notebook and embellishing things a little bit, make a man sound like a perfect brute. Well, anyway, Wesley Jennings' wife turned out to be a mean one. She wanted money—lots of money and more money. She wanted to force a dissolution of the partnership and wanted Jennings to liquidate everything so she could get it in the form of cash.

"So Jennings stalled things along as best he could, and he and Rose Farr worked together trying to raise as much cash as they could in a secret fund, so that he could offer his wife an attractive cash settlement. Rose Farr, knowing the business the way she did, was helping Wesley Jennings all she could. They were, of course, planning to get married just as soon as Mrs. Jennings would make a property settlement and get a divorce. That was another lever that Mrs. Jennings was using to get more and more cash."

"Go on," Mason said. "What happened? In view of the fact that Nadine bears her mother's name, I am assuming ——"

"You're assuming right," Drake said. "Wesley Jennings shot himself. About eight months later Nadine was born."

"Why in the world did he commit suicide and leave Rose Farr to face a situation like that?" Della Street asked.

"Well," Drake said, "when you look at it one way, it's reasonable. It could have been that when Rose Farr found she was going to have a baby, Wesley Jennings knew he was licked. His wife was just looking for something that would give her a good excuse to nail a charge of adultery on top of mental cruelty."

"What happened after that?" Della Street asked.

"Rose Farr left the business. No one knew what happened to her. She had her baby, then died after a few months. Now here's the point, Perry. Rose Farr wrote a letter. She sealed it. She left it with a bank to be delivered to her daughter, Nadine, when Nadine reached her eighteenth birthday. No one knows what was in that letter. It was delivered to Nadine. In all probability, Rose Farr took that opportunity to tell Nadine that she was an illegitimate child, but she also told her some things that caused Nadine to do a lot of thinking. Within thirty days after Nadine had that letter she looked up Mosher Higley. Higley thereupon took Nadine in to live with him and started giving her an education. There was no affection between them. In fact, Higley hated her, and the way things look now, he probably feared her."

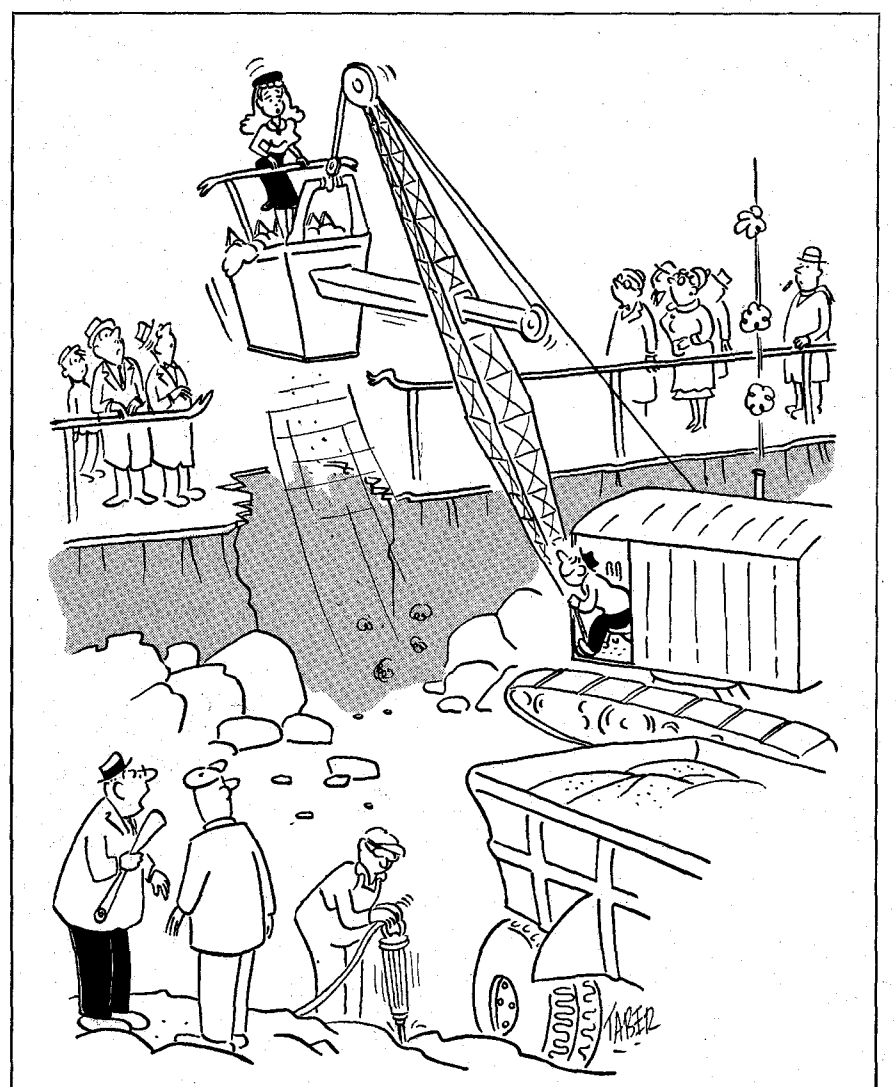
"In other words," Mason said, "there was something in that letter that changed the entire picture."

Drake nodded and said. "There must have been."

Mason's voice was speculative. "It could have been that Higley had cheated his partner's estate in settling up the partnership. It could have been that there was something a little fishy about Wesley Jennings' death. Perhaps it wasn't suicide. Perhaps Higley was the one who pulled the trigger and made it look like suicide. Hang it, Paul, I've got to find out what was in that letter!"

"You and the district attorney," Paul said.

Mason said, "This is a case where we don't seem to be able to get any of the breaks, Paul. That letter can't be used as evidence to prove any facts we might want



"I'm afraid Benson isn't keeping his mind on the job."

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"What John lacks in brains he makes up for by keeping his mouth shut."

uncovered, but it can be used against Nadine to establish a motive.

"Look at the thing from the viewpoint of the district attorney. Here's an illegitimate child, the offspring of an illicit affair. She reaches the age of eighteen. She opens a letter from her mother. There is information in that letter which enables her to go to Mosher Higley and blackmail him. If Mosher Higley were alive we could at least attempt to prove the truth of any facts stated in that letter. But now we can't go into those facts. But that letter can establish motivation.

"From the district attorney's viewpoint, Mosher Higley had no affection for Nadine Farr. She had no affection for him. She uncovered information that enabled her to move in on him. She forced him to send her to school and college. She lived in his house. John Locke fell in love with Nadine. Mosher Higley was a friend of the Locke family. He didn't want John Locke to fall for an illegitimate child who was also a blackmailer. He tried to be a gentleman. He didn't go to Locke's family and tell them the story. He simply told Nadine to get out. So, a few days later, Mosher Higley gets cyanide of potassium in his chocolate and Nadine sobs out a confession to a doctor that it was all a horrible mistake."

Paul Drake pinched his lower lip between his thumb and forefinger. "And how can you counter anything like that, Perry?"

Mason shook his head. "If I could think of the answer to that, Paul, I'd be more than a lawyer. I'd be a wizard."

"Can the police get all that information?" Drake asked.

"You got it," Mason said.

Drake thought that over, then nodded. "Yes, I suppose the same sources of information are open to them if they think about it."

"They'll think about it, Paul."

"But," Drake said, "you'll have one advantage—you can get Nadine to tell you what was in that letter."

"So can the police, Paul."

"How?"

Mason put his two fists together and twisted them as though wringing out a wet rag.

Mason sat in the visitors' room at the jail. On the other side of the heavily meshed screen, Nadine Farr, looking complacent and more beautiful than ever, regarded Mason with calm, thoughtful eyes.

"Are you going to put me on the witness stand?" she asked.

Mason studied her thoughtfully. "Let's get it straight, Nadine. If I put you on the witness stand, you're going to have to tell about the letter your mother left for you."

She was silent for several thoughtful seconds.

"So," Mason said, "I'm going to have to know what was in that letter."

She shook her head. "I told you I'd never tell that to anyone."

"As your lawyer I'm going to have to know these things," Mason told her.

Again she shook her head.

"Perhaps," the lawyer went on, "you don't appreciate just how desperate the situation is. Hamilton Burger is going to accuse you of blackmail. He's going to claim that you blackmailed Mosher Higley into giving you a home, into giving you an education, into making you a residuary legatee under his will."

"And then what?" she asked.

"And then the jury will be so prejudiced against you that if there is any evidence whatever that you poisoned Higley, they'll return a verdict of first-degree murder."

"So what do we do?"

"So we counter," Mason said patiently, "by showing them that you didn't blackmail Mosher Higley."

She met his eyes steadily. "Has it ever occurred to you that the reason I haven't tried to explain what happened is that the district attorney is right?"

Mason raised his eyebrows.

"I blackmailed him," she said, "and I'm only sorry I didn't blackmail him for more."

Mason glanced around apprehensively to where the matron was standing at the far end of the room.

"Get that bitterness out of your voice," he said.

She said, "Mosher Higley was a murderer. He murdered my father, and because

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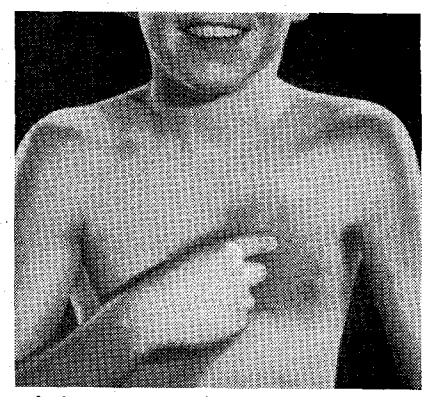

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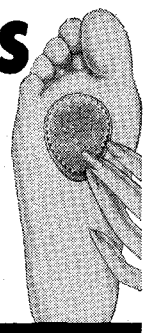

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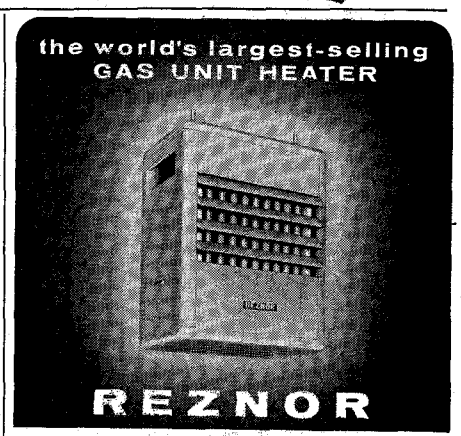

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of what happened he sent my mother to her death."

"What happened to the letter your mother left for you?"

"I burned it."

"What was in it?" Mason asked.

She said, "My mother tried her best to explain to me what had happened, to explain the reason that I had been born out of wedlock, to tell me the awful handicap that she had wished on me. That was what she tried to tell me. She tried to explain. But in between the lines I found some clues that I kept thinking over. At the time my father was supposed to have killed himself, the affairs of the partnership were involved in a scandal over the construction of a big schoolhouse. Mosher Higley had manipulated things so that my father had the responsibility for that job, but actually the pay-off had been made by Mosher Higley. My father was supposed to have committed suicide when he learned that my mother was pregnant and that his wife was going to subpoena my mother as a witness in a divorce action. My father didn't commit suicide. Mosher Higley killed him when my father faced Mosher Higley with proof that Higley was the one who was responsible for the crooked deal on the schoolhouse job. Mosher made it look like suicide."

"Go on," Mason said dryly.

She said, "Mosher Higley didn't know what was in the letter my mother had left for me. He did know she had left a letter with the bank, to be delivered to me when I was eighteen. I found out he was desperately afraid of what might be in that letter. He wondered how much my mother knew. I ran a bluff. I told Mosher Higley there was evidence in that letter that would prove that he had killed my father, that he had manipulated the affairs of the partnership afterward so that he had cheated the estate out of a fortune. I threatened to hire detectives to prove that he was a murderer, that he had taken money which rightfully should belong to me as my father's daughter, even if I was illegitimate."

"Keep talking," Mason said.

"That's all there was to it. He agreed that I was to come and live with him in his house, that he was to finish my education, which had been pretty sketchy. Believe me, the world had been pretty rough to me. I was an orphan and illegitimate and I took all the hard knocks. I wanted an education. After that I didn't care what happened."

"You hated Mosher Higley?"

"I hated him and he hated me. We maintained an outward semblance of affection because I was living there in the house with him and I had certain duties as sort of a sublimated housekeeper. Believe me, I paid for everything I received. But the point is, I received it. I made the best settlement I could. It wasn't the sort of settlement I wanted, but it was the only way I could go ahead and get an education."

"Then, when the district attorney intimates that you blackmailed Mosher Higley," Mason said, "he ——"

"He's telling the absolute truth," Nadine Farr said.

"If only you had come to me when you opened your mother's letter and had let me handle things as your attorney," Mason groaned.

"You couldn't have done any better than I did," she interrupted. "Remember there wasn't the faintest shred of evidence. All there was was a suspicion. I had to run a bluff. I was free to use blackmail. You couldn't have gone that far."

Mason was thoughtfully silent for a few moments, then he said, "Not blackmail. I'd have put detectives to work and obtained proof."

"You couldn't. He was too smart. He'd covered his trail too well. But I knew how to frighten him, and I did it. It was all right for a while. Then he gradually came to a realization that I'd been bluffing. I don't know what tipped him off, but he knew. So, when John and I fell in love, he played his trump card. He said I must get out of John's life forever. He said if I didn't disappear of my own volition, he would tell John's family all about my illegitimacy and that I was an adventuress, a blackmailer."

Mason digested the information.

"Now then," she said, "how does all that affect my case?"

"It makes it look as if you could have killed him."

"That's exactly the way I did feel. You've been saying I mustn't lie to my attorney. All right, now I've told you the truth."

Mason pushed back his chair, nodded to the matron.

"All right," she said, "I guess that gesture of yours answers any questions I may have as to how much chance I stand in front of a jury."

Mason's face was granite-hard and utterly expressionless as he left the visiting room and faced the reporters who were waiting for him in the corridor.

"Well," Mason asked, facing the exploding flashlights, "what do you want?"

"We want Nadine's story," one of the reporters said.

Mason's smile was frosty. "You know you won't get that. That will come out in court and not before."

"All right," one of the reporters said, "tell us about the case. What's the situation? What's going to be the position of the defense?"

"The position of the defense," Mason said slowly and deliberately, "is that my client had been crucified upon a cross of coincidence. And that, gentlemen, is all you're going to get out of me."

The case of the People of the State of California versus Nadine Farr was a case which in the parlance of the newspaper world "had everything."

The defendant was universally described by the press as dazzlingly beautiful. It was known that the man who was in love with her was going to be forced to testify against the woman he had been on the point of marrying when she was apprehended. It was known that the district attorney was going to try to prove that this demure and dazzling defendant was a cold-blooded blackmailer, that she had poisoned Mosher Higley when he had rebelled against further blackmail and had refused to permit an illegitimate child who had been blackmailing him to marry the son of one of his close friends.

The case, moreover, held legal thrills. It was generally conceded that Perry Mason, as attorney for the defense, had been caught in one of his spectacular and unorthodox tricks. The district attorney might have trouble proving that Mason had "planted" a bottle containing harmless tablets in place of the cyanide which had been thrown in the lake by the defendant, but the district attorney was certainly going to try. There was, moreover, the question of whether a tape-recorded confession made to a physician while the patient was under the influence of drugs could be received in evidence.

It was freely predicted in legal circles that in this case Mason's defense didn't have a leg to stand on. The only thing that he could hope to do was to conjure up an array of legal technicalities and by legal legerdemain and forensic ingenuity defeat the progress of justice.

Whether or not he would be able to accomplish this was the subject of considerable speculation. The odds were ten to one against him. He was, in the opinion of courthouse attachés, in the position of the pitcher that had gone to the well once too often.

And now Hamilton Burger was moving in for the kill. The jurors had been qualified, empaneled and sworn. Hamilton Burger made an opening statement which was a masterpiece of sarcastic invective, and which closed with the statement:

"You, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, have doubtless read the statement of counsel for the defense made to the press that his client was crucified upon a cross of coincidence. The prosecution expects to prove that the defendant deliberately became a poisoner, a murderess, a blackmailer, and became ensnared in the toils of her own iniquity."

Hamilton Burger bowed to the jury and, turning, lumbered back to his seat at the counsel table for all the world like some huge, vindictive grizzly bear that had the power and the savagery to smash down all opposition.

"Does the defense wish to make a statement?" Judge Ashurst asked.

"Not at this time," Mason said.

The judge turned to the district attorney. "Call your first witness."

"Dr. Medley P. Granby," Hamilton Burger said.

Doctor Granby came forward and was sworn.

"Stipulate to the doctor's qualifications as a physician and surgeon subject, of course, to the right of cross-examination," Mason said.

"Very well," Hamilton Burger said. "Doctor, your full name is Dr. Medley Prosner Granby, and you are the physician who took care of Mosher Higley during his lifetime and during his last illness?"

"I am."

"Did you see Mosher Higley as he was dying?"

"I arrived very shortly after Mosher Higley had expired."

"What was his physical appearance at that time? What did you notice?"

"I noticed that there was a redness of the skin, that there had been a history of ——"

"Just a moment," Mason interrupted. "We object to any history so-called, on the ground that that is hearsay. . . . I take it, doctor, that you are now referring to something that was told you by nurses in charge of the case."

"That is true."

"That would be hearsay," Judge Ashurst ruled. "Just confine yourself to the physical appearance."

"I noticed a peculiar redness of the skin. I noticed that the man had evidently been drinking chocolate when he had the fatal ——"

"Just a moment," Mason said. "I move that that part of the answer may go out as being a conclusion of the witness and not responsive to the question. The fact that he had evidently been drinking chocolate is very definitely a conclusion of the witness."

"This is an expert medical witness. He is entitled to give his opinion," Hamilton Burger said.

"He can draw medical conclusions," Mason said, "but he can't become an expert on circumstantial evidence. He can tell what he saw. He can make medical deductions under proper circumstances."

"Oh, if the court please," Hamilton Burger said, "this is very evidently a technicality."

"The defendant serves notice," Mason said, "that under the circumstances of this case the defendant intends to rely upon every technicality which the law gives for her protection. These things the prosecutor sneeringly refers to as technicalities are simply the safeguards that the law provides a defendant to prevent a defendant from being unjustly convicted. The defense intends to insist that none of these safeguards be ignored."

"The motion of the defense is granted. The part about the decedent having evidently been drinking chocolate will be stricken," Judge Ashurst ruled.

"Very well," Hamilton Burger said with exasperation. . . . "Just what did you see, doctor? Now you understand the objection that has been raised by the defense. Tell us what you saw with your own eyes."

"Tom!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

TO BE CONTINUED

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All Golfers Get Mad

(Continued from Page 25)

ax. He was about to bring it down crashing when someone in the gallery, obviously familiar with the Bolt temperament, cried out, "There she goes!" The crowd laughed. Tommy narrowly checked the impulse, flipped the club to his caddie and stalked off the course.

On the way to the clubhouse he was approached by a reporter.

"I know, I know!" roared Bolt, who was to have an even more celebrated run-in with the press after blowing an early lead in last year's National Open. "You want to ask me about my disposition. That's the only time you sports writers mention my name. Only when I blow up or bust a club. Why don't you mention Middlecoff and Mangrum and all the rest? They get just as mad as I do. Everyone gets mad in golf."

The point Tommy raised was a good one. Of the 2,500,000 golfers in the United States who play some 65,000,000 rounds each year, it is estimated that all of them, with varying degrees of provocation, lose their temper. Some burst their moorings altogether and beat their heads on the turf. Others break up clubs. There are also the ball throwers, the caddie cursers, the slow burners and those who pick up in disgust. Lady golfers often cry.

To those who have never played the game, the ease with which a temper can be lost and the grace with which getting mad is accepted are somewhat puzzling. Why, it is asked, do otherwise rational human beings tend to blow their tops on the golf course?

Lloyd Mangrum, one of the game's top money winners, explains, "Golf is the only sport I know in which a player pays for every mistake. In other sports, a man can muff a serve, miss a pitch or throw an incomplete pass and still have another chance to square himself. But in golf, every swing counts against you. Competing under such strain, the golfer naturally gets mad."

It is Mangrum's view that no golfer, whether he's a par-busting professional or a grass-digging duffer, is immune to temper outbursts under certain circumstances. However, nobody can predict just which mishap will trigger the explosion.

In the Los Angeles Open of 1954, for example, the gallery and sports writers were unusually impressed by the calm behavior of a rookie pro from Indianapolis named Fred Wampler, Jr. While trying to protect his lead on the eighteenth hole of the third round, he fluffed an easy chip shot into a trap. With no visible trace of temper, he pitched out. Now on the green, he missed an easy putt. He was still unruffled. The next day he wasted several strokes while shooting a seventy-five, but remained a model of comportment. He managed to win the tournament by a stroke. The papers applauded him the next day as "a young Ben Hogan, an icy-veined competitor."

In a tournament the following week at Pebble Beach, California, Wampler four-putted on the tenth green of the first round and smacked one out of bounds on the eleventh. He got so furious that he charged off the course and left town. Asked to explain this startling change in temperament, Wampler replied, "In golf, you get mad in one of two ways—secretly or obviously. I happened to hit my detonating point at Pebble Beach."

By long and conscientious training, some pro golfers have conditioned themselves to exercise restraint in front of galleries and not blow up until confined to the privacy of their locker room or hotel. There are times, however, when the urge can't wait. Bob Rosburg, a studious young pro from San Francisco who is the scion of a socially prominent family, muffed an eighteen-inch putt on the ninth hole of one tournament. Rosburg, who never remonstrates in public, strolled nonchalantly off the green and ducked behind a clump of trees, out of view of the crowd. There he quietly smashed his putter against a stump. Now depressurized, he came out with a narrow grin and finished the round, putting with a No. 2 iron.

It is Rosburg's feeling that destroying a club should not cast a shadow on a golfer's reputation as a sportsman.

"The sport isn't like boxing or football, where a guy can take out his bitterness on an opponent," he says. "In golf, it's strictly you against your clubs. Some golfers prefer taking it out on their ball. They wind up and throw it a mile. Personally, I prefer the sticks."

While not rated a bona fide top-blower, President Eisenhower is generally considered a good example on the golf course of the strong and simmering type. According to Ed Dudley, pro at Augusta National Golf Club in Georgia, who played with Ike often before his recent heart attack, the President does two things to express displeasure with his shooting.

"First," says Dudley, "he clams up. He won't say a word. And second, he doesn't merely walk to his ball; he sprints to it. He can hardly wait to get even."

Professional Al Besselink believes that most tempers are lost after hooked or sliced drives. Besselink's theory, however, is unacceptable to Jimmy Demaret, known in golf as "Sunny Jim," except when he misses a short putt.

"You can always recover on a hole from a bad drive," Demaret says, "but there's no recovering from a bad putt. It's missing those six-inchers that causes guys to break up their sticks."

There is some evidence that misdirected drives and missed putts are equally responsible for temper explosions—and here again substantiation can be found in the case studies of Terrible-Tempered Tommy Bolt. At the Tournament of Champions in Las Vegas in 1953, Tommy was two under par at the tenth hole of the first round, and running in front, when he muffed a four-foot putt. He promptly snapped his putter. On the twelfth hole his tee shot took a bad hop and bounded into the rough. En route to the ball he demolished his driver.

Word was now circulating about the course that a Bolt eruption was taking place on the back nine. Other contestants soon found themselves with only their wives and relatives in their galleries. Forbidden by the rules to replace broken clubs for the remainder of the round, Bolt finished with only twelve sticks. He shot a seventy-three while putting with a two-iron and driving with a two-wood.

The next day Tommy was the unsuspecting principal in probably the strangest bet in the history of golf. Las Vegas hotelman Wilbur Clark posted odds of 6–5 that Bolt would not finish the second round with the regulation fourteen clubs in his bag. For a town famous for its plungers, there were surprisingly few takers, most gamblers complaining that the price was too short.

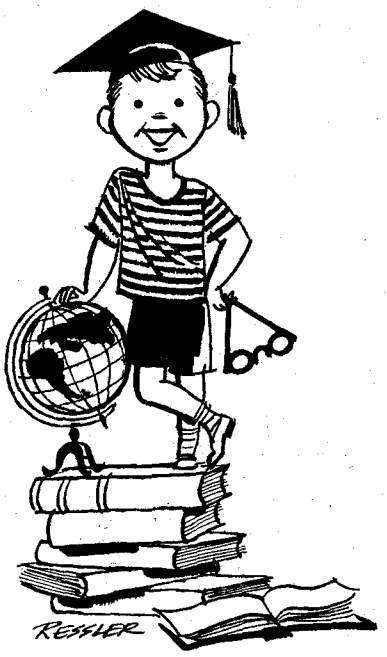
"The money, amounting to several hundred dollars, was put up," says Clark, "and all of us set out to follow Bolt around the course. There were several critical moments when it looked like I was a cinch to collect, especially on one hole, after he had messed up a chip shot. He slammed down his iron and it bounced three feet into the air, but the darned thing didn't break. Tommy shot a sour seventy-four that day, but I still lost the bets."

Responsibility, in a sense, for contributing to the derangement of many golfers has been assumed by an easygoing amateur named Harry Lillis Crosby. The sponsor of the Bing Crosby Open at Monterey, California, believes that the tournament's notorious sixteenth hole on the Cypress Point course has probably caused more lids to be flipped than any other hole in the world. This is a treacherous 240-yard par three, with a 225-yard chasm between the tee and the green. A hooked drive will land in the ocean to the left. A slice will drop in the ocean to the right. But worst of all is a shot that misses both the green and the ocean and terminates on the rocky beach.

"Last year," Bing recalls, "Porky Oliver plopped his tee shot into some seaweed. He refused to move his ball and take the penalty. He chose to play the lie. After a few fruitless whacks, he got so mad it took him thirteen strokes to get out and he wound up on the hole with a sixteen.

"But the thing that happened to Henry Ransom on the sixteenth," Bing claims, "was more tragic yet. Henry was three under par at the time. His tee shot on the sixteenth was short and to the right, and the ball rolled back down onto the beach. The green was at the top of a cliff. Henry planted his feet in the sand and took a lick with a wedge, but the ball hit the cliff and rolled back

(Continued on Page 90)



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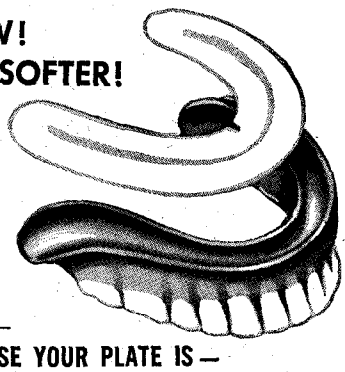

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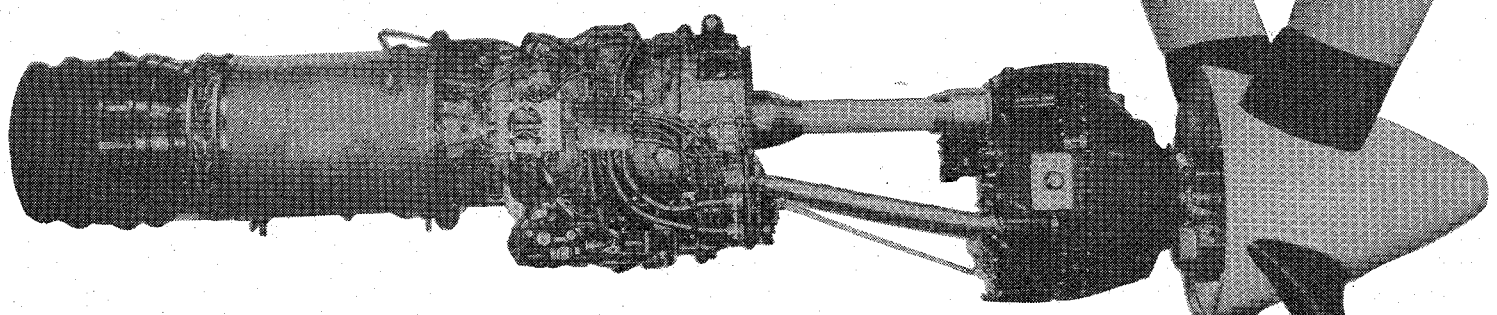

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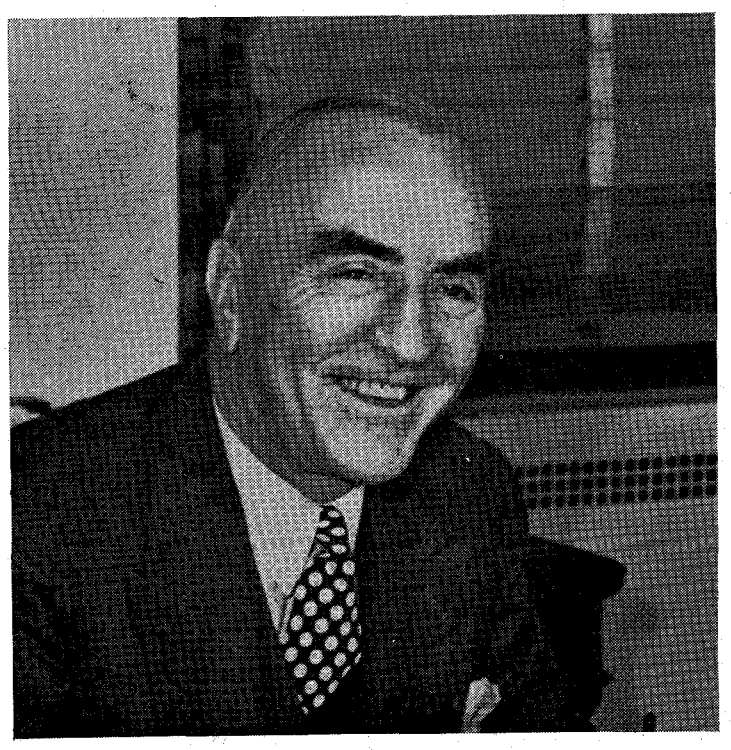

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(Continued from Page 87)

into the sand. He hit again, with the same result. He did this seven times. Finally he got mad and took an awful lash at it. This time the ball hit the cliff, caromed back and hit him in the stomach. Pretty good belt too. Henry picked up the ball and started to walk away. His caddie yelled, 'Hey, where are you going?' Ransom replied, 'Listen, son, when that thing starts hitting back, it's time to quit.'"

At least one tournament sponsor has taken legal steps to eliminate temper outbursts. George S. May, promoter of Chicago's Tam O'Shanter tournament, richest golf event in the world, has included in his contract with each entrant a clause under the heading, "Deportment of Contestants." This clause stipulates that a golfer may be disqualified or assessed a two-stroke penalty for any of the following reasons: (1) using profanity, (2) throwing clubs, (3) causing damage to the putting surface by jabbing a putter into the green, (4) willfully hitting sand onto the putting surface after a shot and (5) making unwarranted criticism of the golf course and/or the tournament.

But even in the face of stiff punishment, there are still times when the golfer's urge to erupt is too overpowering. In the Tam O'Shanter tournament of 1953, Porky Oliver, a customarily happy soul who weighs 229 pounds, was leading the field at the end of the second round. On the eighteenth hole of the third round Porky got into trouble. His third shot landed in a temporary grandstand behind the green. A tournament official tossed out the ball without penalty, but Oliver argued forcefully that the ball was not dropped in the proper area.

Finally returning to his shooting, he flubbed an approach, missed an easy putt and took a seven. Now Porky was spectacularly unhappy. He tracked down the official who had thrown out his ball and spoke to him in a manner not recommended for Eagle Scouts. For this rhetoric, Oliver was penalized two strokes, boosting his total for the third round from seventy-seven to seventy-nine. Moreover, before he could tee off the next day, he had to apologize to the official. As things happened, the two-stroke penalty cost him approximately $500 in prize money.

While this was a respectable loss, it was still in the penny-ante class compared to what a blowup once cost an amateur at Palm Beach. In the Seminole Pro-Amateur tournament, professional Lawson Little had drawn as his amateur partner a wealthy New Yorker named Earl T. Smith. The Little-Smith team had been purchased by Smith in a Calcutta pool which totaled $100,000. Calcutta pools—currently under fire by the golfing fathers—are auctions preceding tournaments, in which each contestant, or team, entered in the event is sold to the highest bidder. The money is distributed after the tournament on the basis of order-of-finish, with 40 per cent of the pool usually going to the person buying the winner.

On the par-four eighteenth hole of the final round, the Little-Smith twosome needed only a five to win first money. In best-ball play such as this, only the lower score of the two partners is counted.

"I got involved in two traps on the eighteenth and was out of the running," Little recalls, "but Smith hit the green in two. On his third shot he putted to within a foot of the hole. I smiled smugly and said to myself, 'At last we're home free.' Then, when the ball stopped an inch short on his fourth shot, Smith had a momentary flash of anger and suddenly knocked the ball back to reputt it, as one might in a pleasure round with friends. I screamed, 'Don't touch it! Don't touch it!' But I was too late. While the ball was still rolling, he tapped it into the cup. Knocking it back counted as his fifth stroke—and for hitting a moving ball he drew a two-stroke penalty, which gave us a seven on the hole. That impulse cost Smith the forty-thousand-dollar first prize in the Calcutta."

Among people who play golf, it is generally agreed that one of the overriding causes for loss of temper is distractions. With amateurs, this might stem from a caddie's shifting feet while a shot is in progress, from the cough of a playing companion or from the distant chirp of a sparrow.

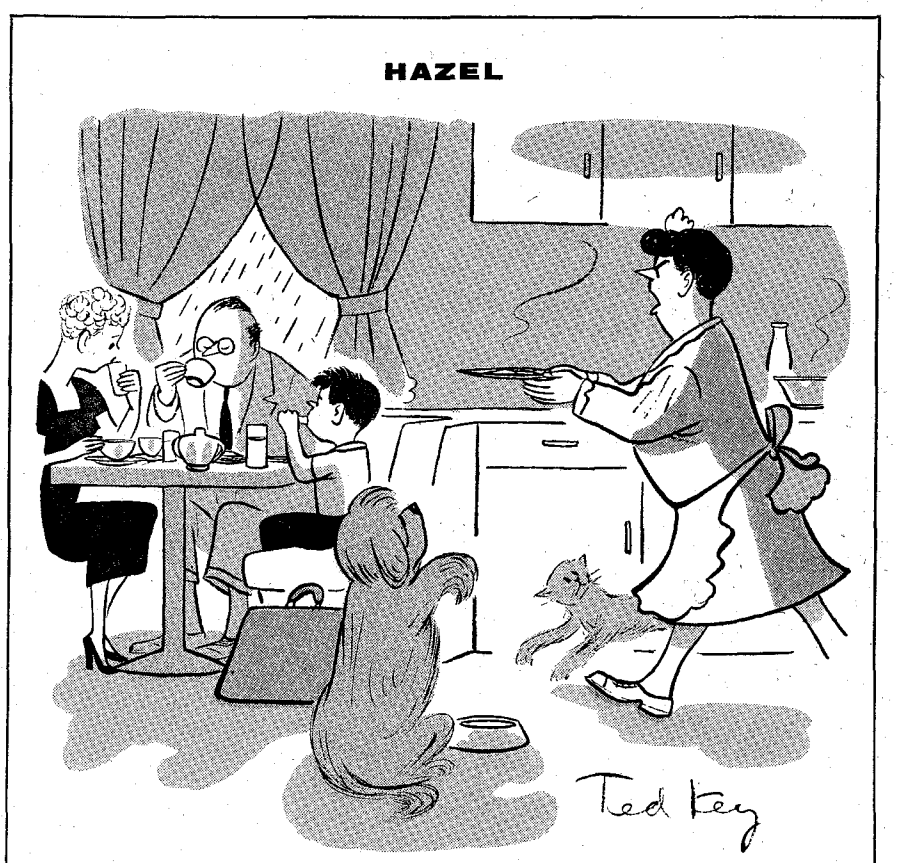
With the pros, it's mostly a matter of photographers. The struggle between pro golfer and cameraman has gone unabated now for decades, with neither side showing any inclination to surrender. The battle reached an interesting stage last year. Cary Middlecoff, surrounded on the green by photographers, stepped away from the ball and said tartly, "Look, you guys, this is the way I make my living." One of the cameramen replied, "And this is the way we make ours." Whereupon Middlecoff proffered his putter and snapped, "O.K., supposing you play this shot and I'll take pictures of you."

Ben Hogan, playing in the Los Angeles Open of 1951, approached the same problem in another way. Ben's caddie appeared on the first hole carrying a huge sign which read, No CAMERAS PLEASE! Naturally, this was a challenge to any self-respecting photographer. Before long, all the cameramen on the course had gathered around Hogan, shooting pictures not only of him but of the sign as well. Ben soon hoisted the white flag. At the end of the first round the sign went down.

Oddly, veteran cameramen are less affected by the blunt belligerence of the Hogans, Middlecoffs and Bolts than by the silent truculence of a Sam Snead. Sam, they say, leaves the deepest emotional scars. One photographer recently explained, "When Snead gets mad at a cameraman, he never says anything. He just drops his club and stares you down. He has the coldest eyes I've seen."

E. J. (Dutch) Harrison, a tournament campaigner for more than twenty-five years, points with amusement to professional golfers who will blow up when they hear the click of a camera or the faint crackle of a popcorn bag. Harrison is seconded in this by Joe Novak, former president of the Professional Golfers Association and author of several books on golf.

"It's getting so a person watching a tournament doesn't dare swallow any more," says Novak. "He is expected to behave like a guest in the Union League club. Golf galleries are increasing each year and purses are increasing accordingly. Both customers and photographers are necessary. Players should adopt new training methods to accustom themselves to more noise. Golfers have no more right to silence while concentrating than, say, Stan Musial, who must concentrate on hitting a ball with 40,000 people screaming around him."



"Neither rain nor sleet nor snow can stay this courier from the swift completion of her appointed rounds."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Getting mad in golf is not just a recent habit which can be attributed to tensions of the Atomic Age. It is reported that the first two men who played golf in this country over a course they laid out in a Yonkers pasture in 1888 got into an argument that didn't cool until several days later. Then, as professional golf developed, some of the old-timers got pretty wild.

"I remember a guy in the 'Thirties named Lefty Stackhouse," says Howard Capps, former traveling secretary for the P.G.A., "who had the most interesting temper response of all the pros I've seen. Each time he fluffed a shot he would deliver vicious uppercuts to his chin. It's a good thing he could take it, because he packed a solid punch. One day I saw him get so mad he placed his hand on top of a ball washer and beat on it with his putter. He broke a couple of bones."

While Capps concedes that Tommy Bolt rates justly high among the all-time temper losers, Tommy has yet to measure up to a performer of a few years back named Clayton Heafner. In California, in the 1940 Oakland Open, Heafner, leading on the final round, struck a ball that lodged in a tree.

"He called for the rules committee," says Capps, "and it was finally decided he would have to drop another ball and take the penalty. His alternative was to play the lie. Heafner got so angry at this ruling that he chose to climb the tree. He was a big man who weighed about two hundred and ten. When he was halfway up, the ball dropped to the ground. Heafner insisted that its falling was purely an act of God. This time the rules committee sided with Heafner. The decision proved highly unpopular with the gallery and they heckled Heafner for the balance of the round. This got him so upset that he blew his lead and lost the tournament by a stroke to Jimmy Demaret."

The tree incident got nationwide publicity. At a later tournament that winter, an announcer at the first tee jocularly introduced Clayton to the gallery as "Tree Man Heafner."

"Clayton glared angrily at the announcer," says Capps, "struck his tee shot and then ordered his caddie to pick up the ball. Heafner headed for the clubhouse. It was the quickest pickup in tournament history."

Though men over the years have enjoyed a marked edge in the temper department, lady golfers are catching up fast. Helen Dettweiler, professional at Thunderbird Country Club, in Palm Springs, who has toured with the women, remembers a pleasure round one day at Augusta, Georgia, with Babe Zaharias.

"Babe tried to slug her drive on the eighteenth hole," says Miss Dettweiler, "but misfired and hit a dribbler. She got so mad she slammed her driver against a metal tee marker and broke the club. Another time, I saw the pro, Beverly Hanson, miss a putt in a tournament and get so sore she hurled her putter at least fifty feet. The club landed in a tree. The match was delayed while she borrowed a ladder and climbed up to retrieve her stick."

But according to Miss Dettweiler, women golfers usually don't get that physical. As an instructor of both men and women, she reports, "Most men will blow off steam immediately, and then forget fast. Women will contain themselves longer, let their anger build up and really let go at the finish. After a hard victory or a tough defeat, women golfers often are reduced to tears or even hysterics."

Regardless of how one gets mad in golf, psychiatrists assure us it's nothing to be especially alarmed about. A well-known mental specialist in Hollywood points out that people flare up on the course, himself included, largely because of their inability to do a simple thing they have done many times before.

"Then," he adds, "every golfer sets a different standard of perfection, which, if not attained, can result in an eruption. The Sunday duffer might blow up if he feels he won't break a hundred. The pro might get mad if he feels he won't break seventy."

There is indisputable evidence, however, that some golfers can't be happy under any conditions. In the 1954 San Diego Open, for example, Tommy Bolt shot a seventy-seven on each of the first two rounds. He never attempted the third round. He jumped into his car, stopped at his hotel only long enough to gather his belongings and sped out of the city.

Returning to San Diego in 1955, Bolt—who eventually won the tournament—broke a P.G.A. record on the first round by shooting seven straight birdies. He wound up the eighteen holes at the Mission Valley Country Club with a course record of sixty-four, eight under par. Tommy's reaction was described by Mel Gallagher in the Los Angeles Examiner the next day as follows:

"Happy? Not Mr. Bolt. The tempestuous Tommy came off the eighteenth green with a grimly set mouth and his black eyes flashing indignation." Asked by another writer the reason for his distress, Bolt replied sharply, "I blew a couple of soft shots. I should have had a sixty-two."

THE END

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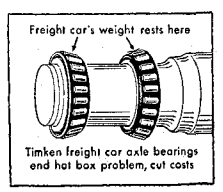

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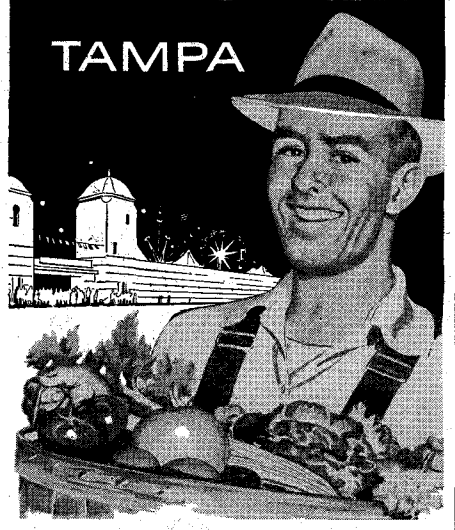

Jan. 31-Feb. 11, 1956

This winter, while you are vacationing in Florida, be sure to see the Florida State Fair —world's largest annual winter exposition.

This great show window of The Sunshine State presents a colorful panorama of Florida agriculture, industry, commerce and culture; its diversified resources, and amazing growth.

Hundreds of elaborate exhibits highlight the productivity of Florida's farms, groves and ranches. Beef cattle, dairy cattle, swine, poultry and horticultural shows are special features.

Here, too, you'll find the fun that goes with the world's largest midway, auto races, thrill shows, grandstand attractions and special events. Tampa, the only city in the world certain to be invaded and captured by pirates each February, will again be the scene of a full week of high carnival during the Gasparilla Pirate Festival beginning February 6.

Include a visit to the Florida State Fair in your Florida vacation plans this winter.

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Keeping Posted

Jimmy Cagney Isn't What He Seems

Pete Martin had the rare experience of doing the basic talk-out of the Jimmy Cagney autobiography in less than a week's time. Entertainment folk have so many irons in the fire and have to flit about over so much geography that pursuing and pinning them down usually takes months. Cagney has plenty of fire irons, too, and his geographic idiosyncrasies include four farms, two on each seaboard; but in line with his philosophy that the way to work is to work, he decided to chuck everything else and just pour out the words in one grand torrent. So the collaborators (who are on page 32 this week) holed up at Cagney's farm on Martha's Vineyard island in Massachusetts—or off Massachusetts; drat words anyway.

There Martin ran into another surprise. This may sound like a press agent's gimmick, but isn't: the rough, tough, swaggery Cagney of the movies turned out to be such a mild and modest fellow that it was a factor to contend with. For

Farmer Cagney does his chores.

instance, when it came time to select a title for the story, Cagney said he wouldn't stand for an "I" or "Me" in it. His arm was twisted until finally he stood for it. Mrs. Cagney is not unmodest, but after her husband went back to his regular work, Martin returned to Martha's Vineyard and the lady helped him warm up some of the actor's understatement. That's one of the delightful things a wife is for, right?

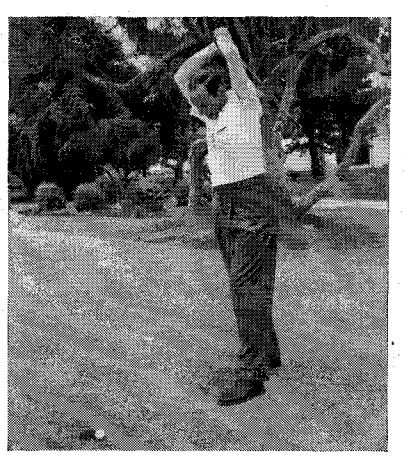
Of course, Martin cased many other people, east and west, including swell sessions in New York with Petey Leyden and Arty Klein, grammar-school buddies of Cagney; and with Cagney's close pal, actor Frank McHugh—who is quite a sketch. One evening McHugh came to Martin's hotel room and carefully hung his umbrella on the doorknob so he wouldn't forget it. After he left, with umbrella, it was found that he had forgotten to take his cigar case and glasses. Mrs. Martin (who wrote about Judy Holliday recently in the Post) pursued him to the elevator, but he was a gonner. However, by and by there was a tap, tap on the door; now McHugh remembered that he wished to smoke and see.

This brings to mind that Cagney and a few famed cinema people meet occasionally in their Hollywood homes to eat and spin yarns, calling themselves the Boys' Club. Martin, an able eater and spinner himself, was invited as one of the rare guests, and he was charmed to have an empty chair at the table introduced to him as McHugh, who lives mostly in New York. As Cagney tells all about the Club in his next chapter, let's call this a footnote to next week.

Are They Commuters or Mountaineers?

It says on page 22 that Mill Valley, San Francisco's vertical suburb, has 10,000 steps hung on the side of Mount Tamalpais, and the photo shows Elmont Waite and George Wells, the perspiring co-authors who say so. Waite, since settling in, or up on, Mill Valley after the war, has carried thirteen tons of rocks up those steps to build retaining walls, so that his house, with wife and three young people, won't ski down the mountain. His other job is in town, where he commutes to the San Francisco Chronicle. Wells, ex-journalist and a war combat officer, says he and his wife live in a tree house which three redwoods keep from dropping into a canyon. He writes books, commuting from his bedroom to his typewriter room.

Golf Soothes the Nerves, It Says Here



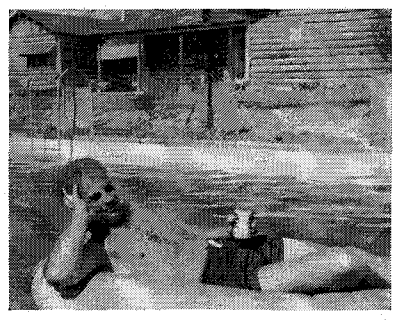
Durslag should control his temper.

Does Melvin Durslag, who, on page 25, describes how golfers get mad at their happy pastime, get mad at golf himself? Nope, he cured himself of it several years ago by giving up the game. He figured that at his West Los Angeles home he could make divots just as well with a hoe, and he became happy.

However, a while ago, Dr. Jacob Smith, a cousin who practices surgery in San Francisco, talked Durslag into playing a round with him, declaring that golf is a tonic for the nerves. After futilely chopping up the landscape for seventeen holes, Durslag seethed, "Doctor, from now on I will pray for socialized medicine." But on the eighteenth hole, wowie! Durslag hit a dream of a drive 225 yards down the middle, one of those errors which make divoteers get mad for another six months while trying to do it again. When the ball stopped rolling, a dog bounded out on the fairway, gratefully picked up the ball and departed. Durslag tried to approach the dog with a No. 5 iron, but the animal got away over the horizon. "Now, now," said Doctor Smith expansively. "You may play another ball." But Durslag must have been annoyed, for he immediately gave up golf forever, again.

He Was Buried In an Avalanche

No wonder snow ranger Monty Atwater, of page 26, grew up to be a leader in taming the murderous avalanches of the Rocky Mountains. Some time before Monty was born his father was buried in one of the awful slides. Rescuers got him out before it was too late, but it was a terribly close call—another man had been standing right beside him, and his body was found the following spring. So

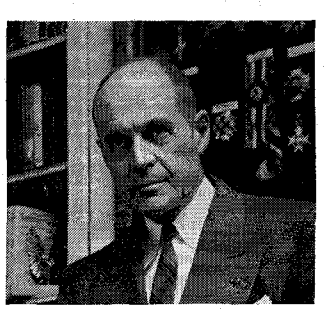


Monty himself presently came into the world, and when he was ten months old a slide buried a house in a mining camp with his mother and himself inside. Another close call, but they were dug out unharmed. The only casualty was a batch of bread in the cook stove. Monty reflects, "Avalanches must be in my horoscope."

Well, summer comes even in the life of an avalanche buster, and in this season Monty is apt to be found in cool water in a swimming pool. He explains that between winters a creature of ice and snow has to be kept in semirefrigeration.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"My Battles in War and Peace"



Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway, one of our greatest fighting men, rose from Army brat to Chief of Staff. Now he tells his story, including his version of that controversy with the Secretary of Defense.

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And the healthiest King in town.
For his cooks made Jell-O in a great big bowl,
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The list of health values in the fresh orange has continued to mount through the years . . . vitamin C, pro-vitamin A, B vitamins, minerals, amino acids, the remarkable protopectins.

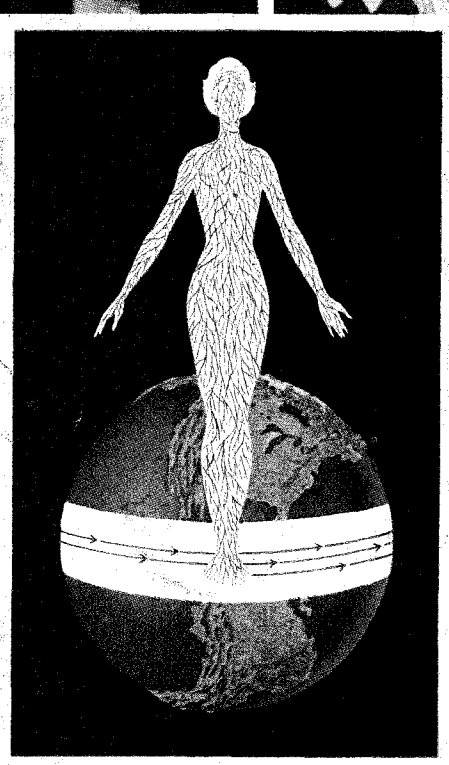
Now the bio-flavonoids are making front-page news. Science knows now that the bio-flavonoids, when teamed with vitamin C in oranges, fortify body health from childhood to old age in a new way largely overlooked in the past.

They have a direct effect *on the capillary system* . . . the millions of tiny blood vessels that nourish every part of your body. They help keep these tiny vessels strong and elastic . . . *efficient* in their job. They also strengthen weak capillaries. Thus, when combined with other factors in the fresh orange, they have an important bearing on the prevention of disease, the way your children grow, the way *you* look and feel!

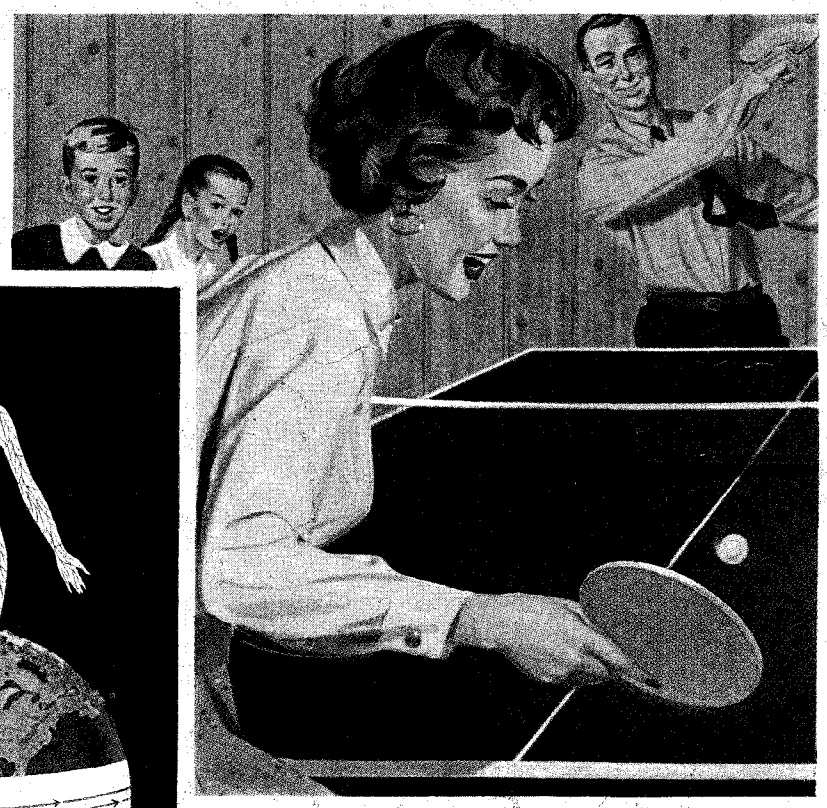
One Sunkist Orange a day gives you a rich supply of bio-flavonoids. They are abundant in the *fresh* orange but not in processed juice. Like the recently announced protopectins, they are found almost entirely in the "meat" of the fresh orange. And they are scarce in most other foods.

Shouldn't you see that each member of your family eats one fresh orange every day?

Healthy children. The bio-flavonoids team with vitamin C and many other values in fresh oranges to do a better job of building sturdy bones and strong muscles, developing sound teeth and gums, fighting colds and infections.

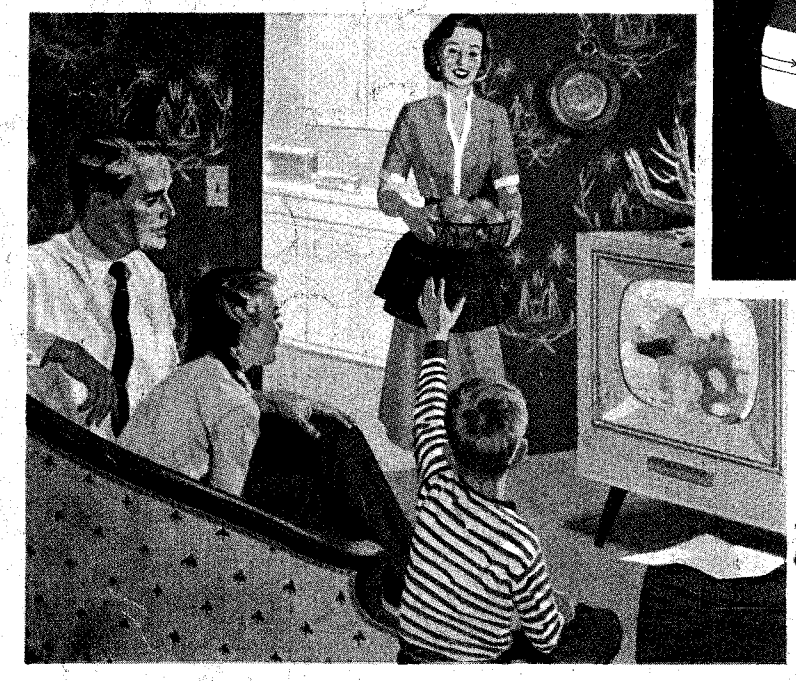


60,000 miles long! Your capillary system would circle the earth 2½ times. It's little wonder doctors say, "You're only as young as your capillaries."

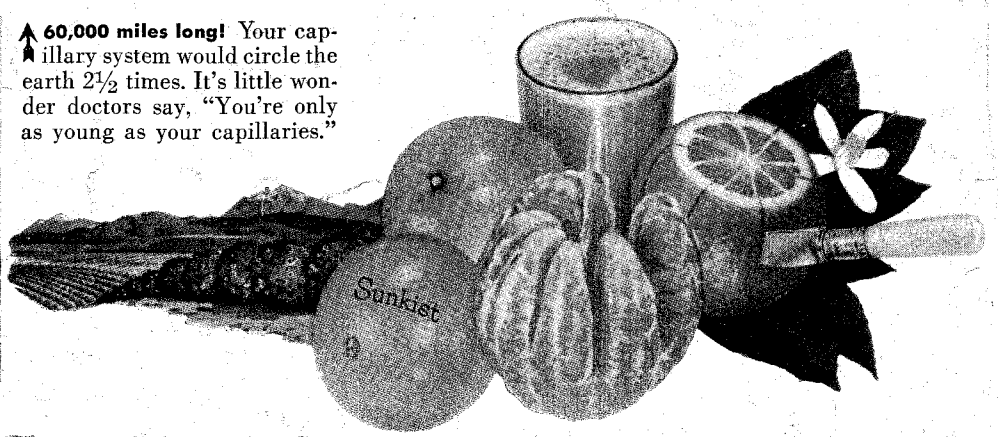


Your own good health. The bio-flavonoids work with vitamin C in fresh oranges to keep your capillary system young, to give you extra energy and the glow of health.

Sunkist Navel Oranges are wonderful eating. Easy to peel, no seeds, richer flavor. How fortunate that this luscious fruit is so important to health. Look for the name Sunkist on the skin.



Nothing so easy to serve as Sunkist Navel Oranges! *Just hand them out*—after school, after meals, at TV time. When you squeeze them for juice, don't strain it. Keep the healthful solids that contain the bio-flavonoids and so many other values.



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